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THE WORKS

OF

H O M E R,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

BY A. POPE, ESQ.

P R E F A C E.

HOMER is universally allowed to have had the greatest invention of any writer whatever. The praise of judgment Virgil has justly contested with him, and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellencies; but his invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greatest of poets, who most excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the invention that in different degrees distinguishes all great geniuses: the utmost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, which masters every thing besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes art with all her materials, and without it, judgment itself cast at best but steal wisely; for art is only like a prudent steward that lives on managing the riches of nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them to which the invention must not contribute: as in the most regular gardens, art can only reduce the beauties of nature to more regularity, and such a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reason why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, because they find it easier for themselves to pursue their observations through an uniform and bounded walk of art, than to comprehend the vast and various extent of nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradise, where if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nursery, which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind, out of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richness of the soil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are over-run and oppress by those of a stronger nature.

It is to the strength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself when he reads him. What he writes is of the most animating nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person; the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a specta-

tor. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes,

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν, ὡσεὶ τὲ πύρρ' ἔχων πᾶσα γῆ-
μοιο,

"They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it." It is however remarkable that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendour: it grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetical fire, this "vivida vis animi," in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendour. This fire is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass, reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but every where equal and constant: in Lucan and Statius, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: in Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardour by the force of art: in Shakspeare it strikes before we are aware like an accidental fire from heaven; but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

I shall here endeavour to show, how this vast invention exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any poet, through all the main constituent parts of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteristic which distinguishes him from all other authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was likewise a powerful star, which, in the violence of its course, drew all things within its vortex. It seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compass of nature, to supply his maxims and reflections; all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to furnish his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things, for his descriptions; but, wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of fable. That which Aristotle calls the "Soul of Poetry," was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in this part, as it is naturally the first; and I speak of it both as it meant

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the design of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the probable, the allegorical, and the marvellous. The probable fable is the recital of such actions as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of nature: or of such as, though they did, become fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an epic poem, the return of Ulysses, the settlement of the Trojans in Italy, or the like. That of the *Iliad* is the anger of Achilles, the most short and single subject that ever was chosen by any poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vast variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, speeches, battles, and episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other epic poets have used the same practice, but generally carried it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every episode and part of story. If he has given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises; and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his action for those of Archemoras. If Ulysses visits the shades, the Æneas of Virgil, and Scipio of Silius, are sent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armour, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed this close imitation of Homer, but, where he had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Simon, and the taking of Troy was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medea and Jason in Apollonius, and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the allegorical fable: if we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy, which Homer is generally supposed to have wrapped up in his allusions, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us! how fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons; and to introduce them into

actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadowed! This is a field in which no succeeding poets could dispute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and science was delivered in a plainer manner; it then became as reasonable in the more modern poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance, for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention, as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

The marvellous fable includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the gods. He seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry, and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity. For we find those authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the gods, constantly laying their accusation against Homer as the chief support of it. But whatever cause there might be to blame his machines in a philosophical or religious view, they are so perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set: every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his gods continue to this day the gods of poetry.

We come now to the characters of his persons; and here we shall find no author has ever drawn so many, with so visible and surprising a variety, or given us such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of courage is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of the *Iliad*. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomed forward, yet listening to advice, and subject to command; that of Ajax is heavy, and self-confiding; of Hector, active and vigilant; the courage of Agamemnon is inspired by love of empire and ambition; that of Menelaus mixed with softness and tenderness for his people: we find in Idomeneus a plain direct soldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the under parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in wisdom; and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is artificial and various, of the other natural, open and regular. But they have, besides, characters of courage; and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence; for one in the war depends still upon caution, the other upon experience. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from striking us in this open man-

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mer; they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguished, and where they are marked most evidently, affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus seems no way peculiar but as it is in a superior degree; and we see nothing that differences the courage of Mnestheus from that of Sergesthus, Cloanthus, or the rest. In like manner, it may be remarked of Siatius's heroes, that an air of impetuosity runs through them all; the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will pursue it through the epic and tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely superior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The speeches are to be considered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or disagree with the manners of those who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the Iliad, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem. Every thing in it has manners (as Aristotle expresses it) that is, every thing is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible in a work of such length, how small a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is less in proportion to the narrative; and the speeches often consist of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally just in any person's mouth upon the same occasion. As many of his persons have no apparent characters, so many of his speeches escape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftener think of the author himself when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: all which are the effects of a colder invention, that interests us less in the action described: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If, in the next place, we take a view of the sentiments, the same presiding faculty is eminent in the sublimity and spirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone sufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his sentiments in general, is, that they have so remarkable a parity with those of the scripture; support, in his *Gnomologia Homerica*, has collected innumerable instances of this sort. And it is with justice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime and noble; and that the Roman author seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments, where he is not fired by the Iliad.

If we observe his descriptions, images, and similes, we shall find the invention still predominant. To what else can we ascribe that vast comprehension of images of every sort, where we see each circumstance of art, and individual of nature summoned together by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things in their various views presented themselves in an instant, and had their impressions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full prospects of things, but several unexpected peculiarities and side-views, unobserved by any painter but Homer.

Nothing is so surprising as the descriptions of his battles, which take up no less than half the Iliad, and are supplied with so vast a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeness to another; such different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the same manner; and such a profusion of noble ideas, that every battle rises above the last in greatness, horror, and confusion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and descriptions in any epic poet; though every one has assisted himself with a great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil especially, that he has scarce any comparisons which are not drawn from his master.

If we descend from hence to the expression, we see the bright imagination of Homer shining out in the most enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the first who taught that language of the gods to men. His expression is like the colouring of some great masters, which discovers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touched with the greatest spirit. Aristotle had reason to say, He was the only poet who had found out living words; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is impatient to be on the wing, and a weapon thirsts to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like; yet his expression is never too big for the sense, but justly great in proportion to it. It is the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises from it, and forms itself about it, for in the same degree that a thought is warmer, an expression will be brighter; as that is more strong, this will become more periphrastic: like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearness, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense.

To throw his language more out of prose, Homer seems to have affected the compound epithets. This was a sort of composition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the diction, but as it assisted and filled the numbers with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the images. On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his invention, since (as he has managed them) they are a sort of supernumerary pictures of the persons or things to which they are joined. We see the motions of Hector's plumes in the epithet *καυχάλορος*, the landscape of Mount Neritis in that of *εινεσιφύλλος*, and so of others; which particular images could not have been insisted upon so long as to express them in a description (though but of a single line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a short simile, one of these epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his versification, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his invention in that. He was not satisfied with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but searched through its differing dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he considered these as they had a great mixture of vowels and consonants, and ac-

cordingly employed them as the verse required either a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the Ionic, which has a peculiar sweetness from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two syllables; so as to make the words open themselves with a more spreading and sonorous fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the broader Doric, and the feebler Eolic, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering some letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his measures, instead of being fetters to his sense, were always in readiness to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a farther representation of his notions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signified. Out of all these he has derived that harmony, which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding them (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practised in the case of Italian operas) will find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, though they are so just to ascribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed, the Greek has some advantages both from the natural sound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verse, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatsoever graces it was capable of: and in particular never failed to bring the sound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its sense. If the Grecian poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reason is that fewer critics have understood one language than the other. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatise of the Composition of Words. It suffices at present to observe of his numbers, that they flow with so much ease, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the muses dictated: and at the same time with so much force and inspired vigour, that they awaken and raise us like the sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a pleasurable river, always in motion, and always full: while we are borne away by a tide of verse, the most rapid, and yet the most smooth imaginable.

Thus, on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extensive and copious than any other, his manners more lively and strongly marked, his speeches more affecting and transported, his sentiments more warm and sublime; his images and descriptions are full and animated, his expression more raised and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope in what has been said of Virgil, with regard to any of these heads, I have no ways derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than

the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguished excellence of each: it is in that we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in invention, Virgil has in judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it: each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work: Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty: Homer scatters with a generous profusion, Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring like Aeneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But, after all, it is with great parts, as with great virtues; they naturally border on some imperfection; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great judgment decline to coldness; and as magnanimity may run up to profusion or extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief objections against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among these we reckon some of his marvellous fictions, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls, as with gigantic bodies, which exerting themselves with unusual strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glories and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his speaking horses, and Virgil his myrtles distilling blood, where the latter has not so much as contrived the easy intervention of a deity to save the probability.

It is owing to the same vast invention, that his similes have been thought too exuberant and full

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of circumstances. The force of this faculty is seen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itself to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded: it runs out into embellishments of additional images, which, however are so managed as not to overpower the main one. His similes are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeably to the original, but is also set off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggested to him at once so many various and correspondent images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it; those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his grosser representations of the manners and the vicious and imperfect manners of his heroes: but I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madam Dacier, "that those times and manners are so much the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours." Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was shown but for the sake of lucre, when the greatest princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines? On the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern critics, who are shocked at the servile offices and mean employments in which we sometimes see the heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity, in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages, in beholding monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient author in the heathen world; and those who consider him in this light, will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest antiquity, and entertaining themselves with a clear and surprising vision of things no where else to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greatest objections will vanish, and what usually creates their dislike, will become their satisfaction.

This consideration may farther serve to answer for the constant use of the same epithets to his gods and heroes, such as the star-darting Phœbus, the blue-eyed Pallas, the swift-footed Achilles, &c. which some have censured as impertinent and tediously repeated. Those of the gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to be-

long to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were used: they were a sort of attributes, with which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Mont. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of surnames, and repeated as such; for the Greeks, having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add some other distinction of each person; either naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like: as Alexander the son of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer, therefore, complying with the custom of his country, used such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And, indeed, we have something parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of Harold Hardfoot, Edmund Ironside, Edward Longshanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a farther conjecture. Hesiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of heroes distinct from other men: a divine race, who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called demigods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the islands of the blessed*. Now, among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raised against Homer, are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the superstructure by undermining the foundation: one would imagine, by the whole course of their parallels, that these critics never so much as heard of Homer's having written first a consideration which whoever compares those two poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they praise the fable and moral of the *Æneis* to those of the *Iliad*, for the same reasons which might be the objects above the *Æneis*: as that the hero is a virgin's son; and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other; or else they blame him for not doing what he never designed; as because Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as *Æneas*, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: it is thus that rapine edges in his comparison of Homer and Virgil. Others select those particular passages of Homer, which are not so laboured as some that Virgil drew out of them; this is the whole management of Scaliger in his *Poetics*. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes through a false delicacy and refinement, often from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardness of their

* *Preface to her Homer.*

* *Hesiod, lib. 2. ver. 155; &c.*

own translations; this is the conduct of Perault in his *Parallels*. Lastly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguishing between the personal merit of Homer, and that of his work; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the *Iliad*, they found it upon the ignorance of his times and the prejudice of those that followed: and in pursuance of this principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the causes of his fame, which were in reality the consequences of his merit. The same might as well be said of Virgil, or any great author, whose general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of *Mont de la Motte*; who yet confesses upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he must have been the greatest poet of his nation, and that he may be said in this sense to be the master even of those who surpassed him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief invention; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteristic of poetry itself) remains unequalled by his followers, he still continues superior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one sort of critics: but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudest and most universal applauses, which holds the heart of a reader under the strongest enchantment. Homer not only appears the inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has swallowed up the honour of those who succeeded him. What he has done admitted no increase, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He showed all the stretch of fancy at once; and, if he has failed in some of his flights, it was but because he attempted every thing. A work of this kind seems like a mighty tree which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes, and produces the finest fruit: Nature and art conspire to raise it; pleasure and profit join to make it valuable. And they who find the justest faults, have only said, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richness of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the translation, with the same view to the chief characteristic. As far as that is seen in the main parts of the poem, such as the fable, manners, and sentiments, no translator can prejudice it but by wilful omissions or contradictions. As it also breaks out in every particular image, description, and simile; whoever lessens or too much softens those, takes off from this chief character. It is the first grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unaimed; and for the rest, the diction and verification only are his proper province; since these must be his own; but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be considered what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of these in the Greek. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash para-

phrase can make amends for this general defect; which is no less in danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expression. If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preserves than a version almost literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but those which are necessary for transfusing the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation: and I will venture to say, there have not been more men misled in former times by a servile dull adherence to the latter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical insolent hope of raising and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the fire of the poem is what a translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing: however, it is the safest way to be content with preserving this to the utmost in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than the author is in any particular place. A great secret in writing, to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where he is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style; some of his translators have swelled into sustain, in a proud confidence of the sublime; others sunk into flatness, in a cold and timorous notion of simplicity. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain signs of false mettle); others slowly and servily creeping in his train, while the poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extremes, one would sooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for such commendations as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call simplicity, and the rest of the world will call dullness. There is a graceful and dignified simplicity, as well as a bold and forced one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a sultan: it is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dressed at all. Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rusticity.

This pure and noble simplicity is no where in such perfection as in the scripture and our author: One may affirm, with all respect to the inspired writings, that the divine spirit made use of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author of the *Iliad*, his style must of course bear a great resemblance to the sacred books than that of any other writer. This consideration (together with what has been observed of the purity of his thoughts) may, methinks, induce a translator on the one hand to give into several of those general phrases and manners of expression, which have attained a veneration even in our own language from being used in the Old Testament; as on the

rather, to avoid those which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner confined to mystery and religion.

For a farther preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness those moral sentences and proverbial speeches which are so numerous in this poet. They have something venerable, and as I may say oracular, in that unadorned gravity and shortness with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Grecisms and old words, after the manner of Milton, if done without much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable antique cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as platoon, campaign, junco, or the like (into which some of his translators have fallen) cannot be allowable; those only excepted, without which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction which are a sort of marks, or moles, by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight: those who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects, and those who are, seem pleased with them as beauties. I speak of his compound epithets, and of his repetitions. Many of the former cannot be done literally into English without destroying the purity of our language. I believe such should be retained as slide easily of themselves into an English compound, without violence to the ear, or to the received rules of composition; as well as those which have received a sanction from the authority of our best poets, and are become familiar through their use of them; such as the cloud-compelling Jove, &c. As for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly expressed in a single word as in a compound one, the course to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be so turned as to preserve their full image by one or two words, may have justice done them by circumlocation; as the epithet *ὄρεσιβύλλος* to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous translated literally "leaf-the-king," but affords a majestic idea in the periphrasis. "The lofty mountain shakes his waving woods." Others that admit of differing significations, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation according to the occasions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, *ἀνθελας*, or "far-shooting" is capable of two explanations; one literal, in respect to the darts and bow, the ensigns of that god; the other allegorical, with regard to the rays of the sun: therefore, in such places where Apollo is represented as a god in person, I would use the former interpretation; and where the effects of the sun are described, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the same epithets which we find in Homer; and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already shown) to the ear of those times, is by no means so to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing

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them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occasions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a translator may at once show his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may divide them into three sorts; of whole narrations and speeches, of single sentences, and of one verse or hemistich. I hope it is not impossible to have such a regard to these, as neither to lose so known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in those speeches where the dignity of the speaker renders it a sort of insolence to alter his words; as in the messages from gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of state, or where the ceremonial of religion seems to require it, in the solemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other cases, I believe, the best rule is, to be guided by the nearness, or distance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too close, one may vary the expression; but it is a question whether a professed translator be authorized to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the versification. Homer (as has been said) is perpetually applying the found to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully possessed of his image: however, it may be reasonably believed they desire this, in whose verse it so manifestly appears a superior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but those who have, will see I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I must confess myself utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than an entire translation in verse has yet done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which, there is scarce any paraphrase more loose and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or six lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the *Odysses*, ver. 312. where he has spun twenty verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpose, if he did not in other places of his notes insist so much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a strong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, inasmuch as to promise, in his rhyming preface, a poem of the mysteries he had revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to strain the obvious sense to this end. His expression is involved in sustain, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of *Buffy d'Amboise*, &c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears from his preface and remarks to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in poetry. His own boast of having fin-

nished half the *Iliad* in less than fifteen weeks, shows with what negligence his version was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery spirit that animates his translation, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general; but for particulars and circumstances he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful. As for its being esteemed a close translation, I doubt not many have been led in to that error by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above mentioned. He sometimes omits whole similes and sentences, and is now and then guilty of mistakes, in to which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticism.

It is a great loss to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to translate the *Iliad*. He has left us only the first book, and a small part of the sixth; in which if he has in some places not truly interpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in passages where he wanders from the original. However, had he translated the whole work, it would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuses is like that of great ministers: though they are confessedly the first in the commonwealth of letters, they must be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which, in my opinion, ought to be the endeavour of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character: in particular places, where the sense can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest and most poetical, as most agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his style, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preserve, in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more sedate or narrative, a plainness and solemnity; in the speeches, a fullness and perspicuity; in the sentences, a shortness and gravity: nor to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor sometimes the very cast of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or customs of antiquity; perhaps, too, he ought to include the whole in a shorter compass, than has hitherto been done by any translator who has tolerably preserved either the sense or poetry. What I would farther recommend to him, is to study his author rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned soever, or whatever figure they may make in the estimation of the world; to consider him attentively in comparison with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next these, the archbishop of Cambray's *Telemachus* may give him the true idea

of the spirit and turn of our author, and Boswell's admirable treatise of the Epic poem, the justest notion of his design and conduct. But, after all, with whatever judgment and study a man may proceed, or with whatever happiness he may perform such a work, he must hope to please but a few; those only who have at once a taste of poetry, and competent learning. For to satisfy such as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; since a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not modern, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is submitted to the public, from whose opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges so little as our best poets, who are most sensible of the weight of this task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some concern, as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this translation by judgments very different from theirs, and by persons for whom they can have no kindness, if an old observation be true, that the strongest antipathy in the world is that which exists to men of wit. Mr. Addison was the first whose advice determined me to undertake this task, who was pleased to write to me upon that occasion in such terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr. Swift promoted my interest with that warmth with which he always serves his friend. The humanity and frankness of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. I must also acknowledge, with infinite pleasure, the many friendly offices, as well as sincere criticisms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in translating some parts of Homer; as I wish for the sake of the world he had prevented me the rest. I must add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I shall take a farther opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose good nature (to give it a great panegyric) is no less extensive than his learning. The favour of these gentlemen is not entirely undeserved by one who bears them so true an affection. But what can I say of the honour so many of the great have done me, while the first names of the age appear as my subscribers, and the most distinguished patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among these it is a particular pleasure to me to find, that my highest obligations are to such who have done most honour to the name of poet; that his Grace the Duke of Buckingham was not displeased I should undertake the author to whom he has given (in his excellent essay) so complete a praise.

- "Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
- "For all books else appear so mean, and poor.
- "Verse will seem prose: but still persist to read,
- "And Homer will be all the books you need."

That the Earl of Halifax was one of the first to favour me, of whom it is hard to say whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generosity or his example. That such a genius as my Lord Bollingbroke, not more distinguish-

ed in the great scenes of business, than in all the useful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refused to be the critic of these sheets, and the patron of their writer. And that so excellent an imitator of Homer as the noble author of the tragedy of Heroic Love, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing pastorals, to my attempting the *Iliad*. I cannot deny myself the pride of confessing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of several particulars of this translation.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguished by the Earl of Carnarvon: but it is almost absurd to particularize any one generous action in a person whose whole life is a continued series of them. Mr. Stanhope, the present secretary of state, will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleased to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late lord chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence: and I am sa-

tisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favour at Athens, that has been shown me by its learned rival, the university of Oxford. If my author had the wits of after-ages for his defenders, his translator has had the beauties of the present for his advocates; a pleasure too great to be changed for any fame in reversion. And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the satisfaction of life. This distinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is shown to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular parties, or the vanities of particular men. Whatever the success may prove, I shall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendship of so many persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of these years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuseful to others, nor disagreeable to myself.

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POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Contention of Achilles and Agamemnon

In the war of Troy, the Greeks, having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseis and Briseis, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseis, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused, and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his God, who infects a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a counsel, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseis. The king being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseis, in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her suit incenses Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two and twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Æthiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.

ACHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly Goddesses sing!
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
Whose limbs unbury'd on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore;
Since great Achilles and Atreides strove,
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of
Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour,
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power?
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
The king of men his reverend priest defy'd,
And for the king's offence the people dy'd.

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
Suppliant the venerable father stands,
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:
By these he begs; and lowly bending down,
Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.
He sued to all, but chief implor'd for grace
The brother kings of Atreus' royal race.

Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground;
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.
But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseis to these arms again;

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If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,
The priest to reverence, and release the fair.
Not so Atreides: he, with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the sacred fire, and thus reply'd:

Hence, on thy life, and fly these hostile plains,
Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains;
Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod,
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy God.
Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;
And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in
Till time shall rise every youthful grace, [vain;
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,
In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.
Hence then, to Argos shall the maid retire,
Far from her native soil, and weeping fire.

The trembling priest along the shore return'd,
And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the sounding main:
Till, safe at distance, to his God he prays,
The God who darts around the world his rays.

O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,
Thou source of light! whom Tenedos adores,
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's
shores:

If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;
God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy.

Thus Chryses pray'd: The favouring power
And from Olympus lofty tops descends. [attends,
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound;
Fierce as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound;
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
And gloomy darkness roll'd about his head.
The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.
On mules and dogs th' infection first began;
And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.
For nine long nights through all the dusky air
The Pyres thick-flaming shot a dismal glare.
But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
Inspir'd by Juno, Thetis' god-like son
Conven'd to council all the Grecian train;
For much the Goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.

Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
Achilles thus the king of men addrest:
Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,
And measure back the seas we cross before?
The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,
'Tis time to save the few remains of war.
But let some prophet, or some sacred sage,
Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;
Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove,
By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.
If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
Let altars smoke, and scatombs be paid.
So heaven aton'd shall dying Greece restore,
And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more.

He said, and sat: when Chalcas thus reply'd:
Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,
That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view
The past, the present, and the future knew:
Uprising slow, the venerable sage
Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age,
Belov'd of Jove, Achilles! would'st thou know
Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow?
First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word
Of sure protection, by thy power and sword.
For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.
Bold is the task, when subjects grown too wise,
Instruct a monarch where his error lies;
For though we deem the short-liv'd fury past,
'Tis sure, the Mighty will revenge at last.

To whom Pelides. From thy inmost soul
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without controul.

Ev'n by that God I swear, who rules the day,
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,
And whose blest oracles thy lips declare;
Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
No daring Greek of all the numerous band
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand;
Not ev'n the chief by whom our hosts are led,
The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head.

Encourag'd thus, the blameless man replies;
Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
But he, our chief, provok'd the raging pest,
Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd priest;
Nor will the God's awaken'd fury cease,
But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase,

Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
To her own Chrysa send the black-eyed maid.
Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer,
The priest may pardon, and the God may spare.

The prophet spoke; when with a gloomy frown
The monarch started from his shining throne;
Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire.
Augur accurs! denouncing mischief still,
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill! [bring,
Still must that tongue some wounding message
And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?
For this are Phœbus' oracles explor'd,
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their Lord?
For this with falsehoods is my honour stain'd,
Is heaven offended, and a priest profan'd;
Because my prize, my beauteous maid I hold,
And heavenly charms prefer to proffer'd gold!
A maid, unmatched in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace.
Not half so dear were Clytemnestra's charms,
When first her blooming beauties blest my arms.
Yet if the Gods demand her, let her fail;
Our cares are only for the public weal:
Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,
And suffer, rather than my people fall.
The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,
So dearly valued, and so justly mine.
But since for common good I yield the fair,
My private loss let grateful Greece repair;
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain.
Insatiate king, (Achilles thus replies)
Fond of the power, but fonder of the prize!
Would'st thou the Greeks their lawful prey should

yield,
The due reward of many a well fought field?
The spoils of cities raz'd, and warriors slain,
We share with justice, as with toil we gain:
But to resume what'er thy avarice craves
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The spoils of Ilium shall thy loss requite,
Where'er by Jove's decree our conquering powers
Shall humble to the dust her lofty towers.

Then thus the king. Shall I my prize resign
With tame content, and thou possist of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a God in fight,
Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.
At thy demand shall I restore the maid?
First let the just equivalent be paid;
Such as a king might ask; and let it be
A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim,
This hand shall seize some other captive dame;
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
Ulysses' spoils, or ev'n thy own be mine.
The man who suffers, loudly may complain;
And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.
But thus when time requires—It now remains
We launch a bark to plow the watery plains;
And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
With chosen pilots, and with labouring oars.
Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,
And some deputed prince the charge attend:
This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfil,
Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will;

Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
 Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main;
 Let hence Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
 The God propitiate, and the pest alluage,
 At this Pelides, frowning stern, reply'd:
 O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!
 Inglorious slave to interest, ever join'd
 With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!
 What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,
 Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?
 What cause have I to war at thy decree?
 The distant Trojans never injur'd me:
 To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led,
 Safe in her vales my warlike couriers fed;
 Far hence remov'd, the hoarse-responding main,
 And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,
 Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,
 Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
 Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng;
 T' avenge a private, not a public wrong;
 What else to Troy th' assembled nations draws,
 But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause?
 Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve?
 Disgrac'd and injur'd by the man we serve?
 And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,
 Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
 A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine,
 As thy own actions if compar'd to mine.
 Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
 Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.
 Some trivial presents, to my ships I bear,
 Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.
 But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;
 My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.
 Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
 What spoils, what conquests, shall Atides gain?
 To this the king: Fly, mighty warrior! fly;
 Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
 There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
 And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
 Of all the kings (the Gods distinguish'd care)
 To power superior none such hatred bear:
 Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
 And wars and horrors are thy savage joy;
 If thou hast strength, 'twas heaven that strength
 bestow'd,
 For know, vain man! thy valour is from God.
 Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away,
 Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway:
 I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
 Thy short liv'd friendship, and thy groundless hate.
 Go, threat thy earth-born myrmidons; but here
 'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
 Know, if the God the beauteous dame demand,
 My bark shall waft her to her native land;
 But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,
 Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:
 Ev'n in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,
 Thy lov'd Briseis with the radiant eyes.
 Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the
 Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power; [hour,
 And hence to all our host it shall be known,
 That kings are subject to the Gods alone.
 Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd,
 His heart swell'd high, and laboured in his breast.
 Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,
 Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:

That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
 Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haugh-
 ty lord;
 This whispers soft, his vengeance to controul,
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
 Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,
 While halfsunheath'd appear'd the glittering blades,
 Minerva swift descended from above,
 Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove
 (For both the princes claim'd her equal care);
 Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
 Achilles seized, to him alone confest;
 A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
 He fees, and sudden to the Goddess cries,
 Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes:
 Descends Minerva in her guardian care,
 A heavenly witness of the wrongs I bear
 From Atreus' son: then let those eyes that view
 The daring crime, behold the vengeance too.
 Forbear! (the progeny of Jove replies)
 To calm thy fury I forsake the skies:
 Let great Achilles, to the Gods resign'd,
 To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
 By awful Juno this command is given;
 The king and you are both the care of heaven.
 The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
 But stealth, obedient, thy revenging steel.
 For I pronounce (and trust a heavenly power)
 Thy injur'd honour has its fated hour,
 When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
 And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
 Then let revenge no longer bear the sway,
 Command thy passions, and the Gods obey.
 To her Pelides. With regardful ear.
 'Tis just, O Goddess! I thy dictates hear.
 Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:
 Those who revere the Gods, the Gods will bless.
 He said; observant of the blue-ey'd maid;
 Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.
 The Goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
 And joins the sacred senate of the skies.
 Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,
 Which thus redoubling on Atides broke.
 O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
 Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
 When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
 Or nobly face the horrid front of war?
 'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try,
 Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.
 So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,
 And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
 Scourge of thy people, violent and base!
 Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,
 Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,
 Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy last,
 Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,
 Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,
 Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
 On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
 This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
 An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
 From whom the power of laws and justice springs
 (Tremenduous oath! inviolate to kings):
 By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
 Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain. [spread
 When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to
 The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,

Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave
Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to save:
Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know
This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe.

He spoke: and furious hurl'd against the ground
His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around.
Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain,
The raging king return'd his frowns again.

To calm their passions with the words of age,
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage,
Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd,
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd;
Two generations now had pass'd away,
Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd.
And now th' example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable man;
Who thus with mild benevolence began:

What shame, what woe is this to Greece! what
To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy!
That adverse Gods commit to stern debate
The best, the bravest of the Grecian state.
Young as ye are, this youthful head restrain,
Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.
A Godlike race of heroes once I knew,
Such, as no more these aged eyes shall view!
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Drys the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name;
Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,
Or Polyphemus, like the Gods in fight?
With these of old to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led:
Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
And smit with love of honourable deeds.
Strongest of men, they pierc'd the mountain boar,
Rang'd the wild deserts round with monsters gore,
And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore.
Yet these with soft, persuasive arts I sway'd;
When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.
If in my youth, ev'n these esteem'd me wise;
Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.
Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave;
That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave:
Nor thou Achilles, treat our prince with pride;
Let kings be just, and sovereign power preside;
There, the first honours of the war adorn,
Like Gods in strength, and of a goddess born;
Him, awful majesty exalts above
The powers of earth, and scepter'd sons of Jove.
Let both unite, with well consenting mind,
So shall authority with strength be join'd.
Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;
Rule thou thyself, as more advanc'd in age.
Forbid it Gods! Achilles should be lost,
The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host.

This said, he ceas'd: the king of men replies:
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,
No laws can limit, no respect control.
Before his pride must his superiors fall,
His word the law, and he the lord of all?
Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourselves obey?
What king can bear a rival in his sway?
Grant that the Gods his matchless force hath given;
His soul reproach a privilege from Heaven?
Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,
And furious, thus, and interrupting, spoke:

Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chains;
To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain;
Should I submit to each unjust decree:
Command thy vassals, but command not me.
Seize on Briseis, whom the Grecians doom'd?
My prize of war, yet tamely see resum'd;
And seize secure; no more Achilles draws
His conquering sword in any woman's cause.
The Gods command me to forgive the past;
But let this first invasion be the last:
For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,
Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade.
At this they ceas'd; the stern debate expir'd:
The chiefs in sullen majesty retir'd.

Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.
Mean time Atrides launch'd with numerous oars
A well-rigg'd ship for Cris's sacred shores:
High on the deck was fair Chryseis plac'd,
And sage Ulysses with the conduct grac'd;
Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,
Then, swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

The host to expiate, next the king prepares,
With pure lustrations, and with solemn prayers
Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleans'd, and cast th' ablutions in the main.
Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid,
The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
And waft their grateful odours to the skies.

The armies thus in sacred rites engag'd,
Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd.
To wait his will, two sacred heralds stood,
Calthybus and Eurybates the good.
Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent (he cries)
Thence bear Briseis as our royal prize:
Submit he must; or, if they will not part,
Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart.

Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;
Pensive they walk along the barren sands:
Arriv'd, the hero in his tent they find,
With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.
At awful distance long they silent stand,
Loth to advance, or speak their hard command;
Decent confusion! Thus the godlike man
Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began:

With leave and honour enter our abodes,
Ye sacred ministers of men and Gods!
I know your message; by constraint you came;
Not you, but your imperious lord I blame.
Patroclus haite, the fair Briseis bring;
Conduct my captive to the haughty king.
But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow,
Witness to Gods above, and men below!
But first, and loudlest, to your prince declare,
That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear;
Unmov'd as death Achilles shall remain,
Though prostrate Greece should bleed at ev'ry
vein:

The raging chief in frantic passion lost,
Blind to himself, and useless to his host,
Unskil'd to judge the future by the past,
In blood and slaughter shall repent at last.

Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought:
She, in soft sorrow, and in pensive thought,
Past silent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft look'd back, slow moving o'er the strand;

Not to his leis the fierce Achilles bore;
But sad retiring to the sounding shore,
O'er the wild margin of the deep
That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung:
There, bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,
Thus loud lamented to the stormy main:

O parent Goddess! since in early bloom
Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;
Sure, to so short a race of glory born,
Great Jove in justice should this span adorn:
Honour and fame at least the Thunderer ow'd,
And ill he pays the promise of a God;
If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,
Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize.
Far from the deep recesses of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,
The Goddess-mother heard. The waves divide;
And like a mist the rose above the tide;
Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
And thus the sorrows of his soul explores.
Why grieves my son? Thy anguish let me share,
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.

He deeply sighing said: To tell my woe,
Is but to mention what too well you know.
From Thebè sacred to Apollo's name,
(Ætion's realm) our conquering army came,
With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils,
Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils:
But bright Chryseis, heavenly prize! was led,
By vote selected, to the general's bed.
The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain
His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain;
The fleet he reach'd, and lowly bending down,
Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,
Entreating all: but chief implor'd for grace
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race.
The generous Greeks their joint consent declare,
The priest to reverence, and release the fair;
Not to Atreides: He, with wonted pride,
The fire insulted, and his gifts deny'd:
The insulted fire (his God's peculiar care)
To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the prayer:
A dreadful plague ensues; th' avenging darts
Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.
A prophet then, inspir'd by Heaven, arose,
And points the crime, and thence derives the woes.

Myself the first th' assembled chiefs incline
T' avert the vengeance of the power divine;
Then rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd;
Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd:
The fair Chryseis to her fire was sent,
With offer'd gifts, to make the God relent;
But now he seiz'd Briseis heavenly charms,
And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,
Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;
And service, faith, and justice plead in vain.
But, Goddess! thou thy suppliant son attend,
To high Olympus' shining court ascend,
Urge all the ties to former service ow'd,
And sue for vengeance to the thundering God.
Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast,
That thou stood'st forth of all th' æthereal host,
When bold rebellion shook the realms above,
Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.
When the bright partner of his awful reign,
The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,

The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driven,
Durst threat with chains th' omnipotence of Heaven,
Then call'd by thee, the monstrous Titan came,
(Whom Gods Briareus, Men Ægeon name)
Through wondering skies enormous stalk'd along;
Not * he that shakes the solid earth so strong:
With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,
And brandish'd round him all his hundred
Th' affrighted Gods confess'd their awful lord,
They dropt the tethers, trembled, and ador'd.
This, Goddess, this to his remembrance call,
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;
Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
To heap the shores with copious death, and bring
The Greeks to know the curse of such a king:
Let Agamemnos lift his haughty head
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durst disgrace
The boldest warrior of the Grecian race.

Unhappy son! (fair Thetis thus replies,
While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)
Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,
To fates averse, and nurs'd for future woes?
So short a space the light of Heaven to view!
So short a space! and fill'd with sorrow too!
O might a parent's careful wish prevail,
Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,
And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun,
Which now, alas! too nearly threatens my son.
Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go
To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow.
Mean time, secure within thy ships, from far
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
The fire of Gods and all th' æthereal train,
On the warm limits of the farthest main,
Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
The seats of Æthiopia's blameless race;
Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move
The high tribunal of immortal Jove.

The Goddess spoke: the rolling waves unclose;
Then down the deep she plung'd from whence she
And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast, [role,
In wild resentment for the fair he lost.

In Carya's port now sage Ulysses rode;
Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd;
The sails they fur'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnacle ty'd
Next on the shore their hecatomb they land,
Chryseis last descending on the strand.
Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane;
Where at his solemn altar as the maid
He gave to Chryseis, thus the Hero said;
Hail! reverend prince! to Phœbus' awful dome
A suppliant I from great Atreides come:
Unransom'd here receive the spotless fir;
Accept the hecatombs the Greeks prepare;
And may thy God, who scatters darts around,
Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound.
At this, the fire embrac'd the maid again,
So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.
Then near the altar of the starting king,
Dispos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring.

* Neptune.

With water purify their hands, and take
The sacred offering of the salted cake;
While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air,
And solemn voice, the priest directs his prayer:
God of the silver bow, thy ear incline,
Whose power miracles fill the divine;
Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
And gulls sail Chrysa with distinguish'd rays!
If, sir'd to vengeance at the priest's request,
Thy dreadful darts inflict the raging pest;
Once more attend! avert the wasteful woe,
And smite propitious, and unbend thy bow.

So Chryses pray'd, Apollo heard his prayer:
And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
Between their horns the salted barley threw,
And with their heads to Heaven the victims flew:
The limbs they sever from th' enclosing hide;
The thighs, selected to the Gods, divide:
On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.
The priest himself before his altar stands,
And burns the offering with his holy hands;
Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire;
The youths with instruments surround the fire:
The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails dress'd,
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest:
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare.
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
With pure libations they conclude the feast;
The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
And, pleas'd, dispense the flowing howls around.
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
The Peans lengthen'd till the sun descends:
The Greeks, restor'd, the grateful notes prolong;
Apollo listens, and approves the song.

'Twas night; the chiefs beside their vessel lie,
Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky:
Then launch, and hoist the mast; indulgent gales,
Supply'd by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails;
The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
The parted ocean foams and roars below:
Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.
Far on the beach they haul their bark to land
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand);
Then part, where stretch'd along the winding bay
The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But raging still, amidst his navy fate
The stern Achilles, stedfast in his hate;
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind:
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

Twelve days were past, and now the dawning
light

The Gods had summon'd to th' Olympian height:
Jove first ascending from the watery bowers,
Leads the long order of æthereal powers.
When like the morning mist in early day,
Rose from the flood the Daughter of the Sea;
And to the seats divine her slight address'd.
There, far apart, and high above the rest,
The Thunderer sat; where old Olympus shrouds
Hundred heads in heaven, and props the clouds.
Suppliant the Goddess stood: one hand she plac'd
Beneath his beard, and one his knee embrac'd:

If e'er, O Father of the Gods! she said,
My words could please thee, or my actions aid;
Some marks of honour on my son bestow,
And pay in glory what in life you owe.
Fame is at least by heavenly promise due
To life so short, and now dishonour'd too.
Avenge this wrong, oh ever just and wise!
Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise;
Till the proud king, and all the Achaian race,
Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace.

Thus Theris spoke, but Jove in silence held
The sacred councils of his breast conceal'd.
Not so repuls'd, the Goddess closer press'd,
Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear request:
O fire of Gods and men! thy suppliant hear;
Refuse, or grant; for what has Jove to fear?
Or, oh! declare, of all the powers above,
Is wretched Theris least the care of Jove?

She said, and sighing thus the God replies,
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies?

What hast thou ask'd? Ah why should Jove en-
In foreign contests, and domestic rage, [gaze
The Gods complain, and Juno's fierce alarms,
While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?
Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway
With jealous eyes thy close access survey;
But part in peace, secure thy prayer is sped:
Witness the sacred honours of our head,
The nod that ratifies the will divine,
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign,
This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows---
He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod:
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God:
High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook.

'Swift to the seas profound the Goddess flies,
Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.
The shining synod of th' immortals wait
The coming God, and from their thrones of state
Arising silent, wrapt in holy fear,
Before the majesty of heaven appear;
Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the
throne,

All, but the God's imperious queen alone:
Late had she view'd the silver-tooted dame,
And all her passions kindled into flame.
Say, artful manager of heaven (she cries)
Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?
Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate,
In vain the partner of imperial state.
What favourite Goddess then those cares divides,
Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides?

To thus the Thunderer: Seek not thou to find
The sacred councils of Almighty mind:
Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee.
What fits thy knowledge, thou the first sh:
The first of Gods above, and men below;
But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that
Deep in the close recesses of my soul. [roll

Full on the fire the Goddess of the skies
Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,
And thus return'd: Austere Saturnus, say
From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway?
Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,
And all thy councils take the destin'd course.

But 'tis for Greece I fear : for late was seen
In close consult the Silver-footed Queen.
Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.
What fatal favour has the Goddess won,
To grace her fierce, inexorable son ?
Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my people slain.

Then thus the God : Oh restless fate of pride,
That strives to learn what heaven resolves to hide ;
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.
Let this suffice ; th' immutable decree
No force can shake : what is, that ought to be.
Goddess submit, nor dare our will withstand,
But dread the power of this avenging hand ;
Th' united strength of all the Gods above
In vain resists th' omnipotence of Jove.

The Thunderer spoke, nor durst the Queen reply ;
A reverend horror silenc'd all the sky.
The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw
His mother menac'd, and the Gods in awe ;
Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design,
Thus interpos'd the Architec't Divine :
The wretched quarrels of the mortal state
Are far unworthy, Gods ! of your debate :
Let men their days in senseless strife employ,
We, in eternal peace and constant joy.
Thou Goddess-mother, with our fire comply,
Nor break the sacred union of the sky ;
Lest, rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,
The red lightning, and dethrone the Gods.

If you submit, the Thunderer stands pleas'd ;
The gracious power is willing to be pleas'd.

Thus Vulcan spoke ; and rising with a bound,
The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,
Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,
Goddess, (he cried) be patient and obey.
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.
What God so daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand against the force of Jove ?
Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,
Hurl'd headlong downward from the ethereal
Toft all the day in rapid circles round ; [height ;
Nor, till the sun descend'd, touch'd the ground :
Breathless I fell, in giddy motions lost ;
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast.

He said, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,
Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen re-
Then to the rest he fill'd ; and in his turn, [ceiv'd.
Each to his lips apply'd the nectar'd urn.
Vulcan with aukward grace his office plies,
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.

Thus the blest Gods the genial day prolong,
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.
Apollo tun'd the lyre ; the Muses round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound.
Mean time the radiant sun, to mortal sight
Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.
Then to their starry domes the Gods depart,
The shining monuments of Vulcan's art :
Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head,
And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT,

The Trial of the Army, and Catalogue of the Forces.

Jupiter, in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the army to battle ; in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence and the late plague, as well as by the length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the princes in council, that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of Ulysses, who chastises the insolence of Therites. The assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor followed, which was, to make a general muster of the troops, and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans, and in a large catalogue.

The time employed, in this book consists not entirely of one day. The scene lies in the Grecian camp and upon the sea-shore ; toward the end it removes to Troy.

Now pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye,
Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders lie,
Th' immortals slumber'd on their thrones above ;
But the ever wakeful Jove.

To honour Thetis' son he bends his care,
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war :
Then bids an empty phantom rise to fight,
And thus commands the vision of the night :

Fly hence, deluding dream! and, light as air,
To Agamemnon's ample tent repair;
Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattled train,
Lead all his Grecians to the dusty plain.
Declare, ev'n now 'tis given him to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend;
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.

Swift as the word the vain illusion fled,
Descends, and hovers o'er Atreides' head;
Cloth'd in the figure of the Pilius sage,
Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age;
Around his temples spreads his golden wing,
And thus the flattering dream deceives the king:

Canst thou, with all a monarch's cares oppress'd,
Oh, Atreus son! canst thou indulge thy rest?
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war presides,
To whom its safety a whole people owes,
To waste long nights in indolent repose.
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's commands I bear;
Thou, and thy glory, claim his heavenly care.
In just array draw forth th' embattled train,
Lead all thy Grecians to the dusty plain;
Ev'n now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend,
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
Awake; but waking, this advice approve,
And trust the vision that descends from Jove.

The phantom said; then vanish'd from his sight,

Resolves to air, and mixes with the night.
A thousand schemes the monarch's mind employ;
Elate in thought he sacks untaken Troy:
Vain as he was, and to the future blind;
Nor saw what Jove and secret fate design'd,
What mighty ills to either host remain,
What scenes of grief, and numbers of the slain!
Eager he rises, and in fancy hears
The voice celestial murmuring in his ears.
First on his limbs a slender vest he drew,
Around him next the regal mantle threw;
Th' embroidered sandals on his feet were tied,
The starry Faulchion glitter'd at his side;
And last his arm the massy sceptre loads,
Unstain'd, immortal, and the gift of Gods.
Now rosy morn ascends the court of Jove,
Lifts up her light, and opens day above.
The king dispatch'd his heralds with commands
To range the camp, and summon all the bands;
The gathering hosts the monarch's word obey;
While to the fleet Atreides bends his way.
In his black ship the Pylian prince he found;
There calls a senate of the Peers around;
Th' assembly plac'd, the king of men express
The counsels labouring in his artful breast:

Friend and confederates! with attentive ear
Receive my words, and credit what you hear.
Late as I slumber'd in the shades of night,
A dream divine appear'd before my sight;
Whole visionary form like Nestor came,
The same in habit, and in voice the same.

The heavenly phantom hover'd o'er my head,
And, dost thou sleep, Oh, Atreus' son? (he said)
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war presides,
To whom its safety a whole people owes;
To waste long nights in indolent repose.
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear,
Thou and thy glory claim his heavenly care.
In just array draw forth th' embattled train,
And lead the Grecians to the dusty plain;
Ev'n now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend;
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs on yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
This hear obedient, and the Gods obey!
The vision spoke, and past in air away.

Now, valiant chiefs! since Heav'n itself alarms;
Unite, and rouse the sons of Greece to arms.
But first, with caution try what yet they dare,
Worn with nine years of unsuccessful war!
To move the troops to measure back the main,
Be mine; and your's the province to detain.

He spoke, and sat; when Nestor rising said,
(Nestor, whom Pylos' sandy realms obey'd)
Princes of Greece, your faithful ears incline,
Nor doubt the vision of the Powers divine;
Sent by great Jove to him who rules the host,
Forbid it, Heaven! this warning should be lost!
Then let us haste, obey the God's alarms,
And join to rouse the sons of Greece to arms.

Thus spoke the sage: The kings without delay
Dissolve the council, and their chief obey:
The sceptred rulers lead; the following host
Pour'd forth by thousands, darkens all the coast.
As from some rocky cleft the shepherd sees
Clustering in heaps on heaps the driving bees,
Rolling, and blackening, swarms succeeding
swarms,

With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms;
Dusky they spread, a close embody'd crowd,
And o'er the vale descends the living cloud.
So, from the tents and ships, a lengthening train
Spreads all the beach, and wide o'er shades the
Along the region runs a deafening sound; [plain;
Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling
Fame flies before, the messenger of Jove, [ground,
And shining soars, and claps her wings above.
Nine sacred heralds now, proclaiming loud
The monarch's will, suspend the listening crowd,
Soon as the throngs in order rang'd appear,
And fainter murmurs dy'd upon the ear,
The king of kings his awful figure rais'd;
High in his hand the golden sceptre blaz'd:
The golden sceptre, of celestial frame,
By Vulcan form'd, from Jove to Hermes came:
To Pelops he th' immortal gift resign'd;
Th' immortal gift great Pelops left behind,
In Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus ends,
To rich Thyestes next the prize descends:
And now the mark of Agamemnon's reign,
Subjects all Argos, and controls the main.

On this bright sceptre now the king reclin'd,
And artful thus pronounc'd the speech design'd:
Ye sons of Mars, attend your leader's care,
Heroes of Greece, the heroes of the war!

Of partial Jove with justice I complain,
And heavenly oracles believ'd in vain.
A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
Renown'd, triumphant, and enrich'd with spoils.
Now shameful flight alone can save the host,
Our blood, our treasure, and our glory lost.
So Jove decrees, resistless lord of all!
At whose command whole empires rise or fall:
He shakes the feeble props of human trust,
And towns and armies humbles to the dust.
What shame to Greece a fruitless war to wage,
Oh, lasting shame in every future age!
Once great in arms, the common scorn we grow,
Repuls'd and baffled by a feeble foe:
So small their number, that if wars were ceas'd,
And Greece triumphant held a general feast,
All rank'd by tens, whole decades when they dine
Must want a Trojan slave to pour the wine.
But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown,
And Troy prevails by armies not her own.
Now nine long years of mighty Jove are run,
Since first the labours of this war begun:
Our courage torn, decay'd our vessels lie,
And scarce ensure the wretched power to fly.
Haste then, for ever leave the Trojan wall!
Our weeping wives, our tender children call:
Love, duty, safety, summon us away,
'Tis nature's voice, and nature we obey.
Our shatter'd barks may yet transport us o'er,
Safe and inglorious, to our native shore.
Fly, Grecians, fly, your sails and oars employ,
And dream no more of Heav'n-defended Troy.

His deep design unknown, the hosts approve
Atides' speech. 'The mighty numbers move.
So roll the billows to th' Ægean shore,
From East and South when winds begin to roar,
Burst their dark mansions in the clouds, and sweep
The whitening surface of the ruffled deep,
And as on corn when western gulls descend,
Before the blast the lofty harvest bends:
Thus o'er the field the moving host appears,
With nodding plumes, and groves of waving
spears.

The gathering murmur spreads, their tramping
Beat the loose sands, and thicken to the fleet.
With long rebounding cries they urge the train
'To fit the ships, and launch into the main.
They toil, they sweat, thick clouds of dust arise,
The doubling clamours echo to the skies.
Ev'n then the Greeks had left the hostile plain,
And fate decreed the fall of Troy in vain;
But Jove's imperial queen their flight survey'd,
And sighing, thus bespoke the blue-eyed maid:
Shall then the Grecians fly! O dire disgrace!
And leave unpunish'd this perfidious race?
Shall Troy, shall Præm, and th' adulterous spouse,
In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows?
And bravest chiefs, in Helen's quarrel slain,
Lie unreveng'd on yon detested plain?
No: let my Greeks, unmov'd by vain alarms,
Once more resolute shine in brazen arms.
Haste, Goddess, haste! the flying host detain,
Nor let one sail be hoisted on the main.

Pallas obeys, and from Olympus' height
Swift to the ships precipitates her flight;
Ulysses, first in public cares, she found,
For prudent counsel like the Gods renown'd:

Oppress'd with grievous grief the hero stood,
Nor drew his sable vestals to the flood.
And is it thus, divine Laertes' son,
Thus fly the Greeks (the martial maid begun)
Thus to their country bear their own disgrace,
And fame eternal leave to Priam's race?
Shall beautiful Helen still remain unfreed,
Still unreveng'd a thousand heroes bleed?
Haste, generous Ithacus! prevent the shame,
Recall your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.
Your own resistless eloquence employ,
And to the immortals trust the fall of Troy.

The voice divine confess'd the warlike maid,
Ulysses heard, nor uninspir'd obey'd:
Then meeting first Atides, from his hand
Receiv'd th' imperial sceptre of command.
Thus grac'd, attention and respect to gain,
He runs, he flies, through all the Grecian train,
Each prince of name, or chief in arms approv'd,
He stir'd with praise, or with persuasion mov'd.

Warriors, like you, with strength and wisdom
By brave examples should confirm the rest. [bl
The monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears;
He tries our courage, but repents our tears:
Th' unwary Greek: his fury may provoke;
Not thus the king in secret council spoke.
Jove loves our chief, from Jove his honour springs,
Beware! for dreadful is the wrath of kings.

But if a clamorous vile plebeian rose,
Him with reproof he check'd, or tam'd with blows,
Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield;
Unknown alike in council and in field!
Ye Gods, what dastards would our host command,
Swept to the war, the lumber of a land!
Be silent, wretch, and think not here allow'd
That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd:
To one sole monarch Jove commits the sway;
His are the laws, and him let all obey.

With words like these the troops Ulysses stir'd,
The loudest silence, and the fiercest cool'd.
Back to th' assembly roll'd the thronging train,
Desert the ships, and pour upon the plain.
Murmuring they move, as when old Ocean roars,
And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores:
The groaning banks are burst with bellowing
sound,

The rocks murmur, and the deeps rebound.
At length the tumult sinks, the noises cease,
And a still silence hushes the camp to peace,
There too only clamour'd in the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:
Aw'd by no shame, by no respects contrail'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold:
With witty malice studious to defame;
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim;
But chief he glory'd, with licentious style,
To lash the great, and monarchs to revile,
His figure such as might his soul proclaim;
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame;
His mountain shoulders half his breast o'erspread,
Thin hairs bestrew'd his long misshapen head.
Spleen to mankind his envious heart posset,
And much he hated all, but most the best.

Ulysses or Achilles still his theme;
But royal scandal his delight supreme.
Long had he liv'd the scorn of every Greek,
Next when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak

Sharp was his voice, which, in the shrillest tone,
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne :
Amidst the glories of so bright a reign,
What moves the great Atreides to complain ?
'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breast inflames,
The golden spoil, and thine the lovely dames,
With all the wealth our wars and blood bestow,
Thy tents are crowded, and thy chests o'erflow :
Thus at full ease in heaps of riches roll'd,
What grieves the monarch ? Is it thirst of gold ?
Say, shall we march with our unconquer'd powers,
(The Greeks and I) to Ilion's hostile towers,
And bring the race of royal bastards here,
For Troy to ransom at a price too dear ?
But safer plunder thy own host supplies ;
Say, would'st thou seize some valiant leader's prize ?
Or, if thy heart to generous love be led,
Some captive fair, to bless thy kingly bed ?
Whate'er our master craves, submit we must,
Plagued with his pride, or punish'd for his lust.
Oh women of Achaia ! men no more !
Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store
In loves and pleasures on the Phrygian shore ;
We may be wanted on some busy day,
When Hector comes : so great Achilles may :
From him he forc'd the prize we jointly gave,
From him, the fierce, the fearless, and the brave :
And dost he, as he ought, resent that wrong,
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.
Fierce from his seat at this Ulysses springs,
In generous vengeance of the king of kings ;
With indignation sparkling in his eyes,
He views the wretch, and sternly thus replies :
Peace, factious monster, born to vex the state,
With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate :
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor, rashly vain
And singly mad, asperse the sovereign reign.
Have we not known thee, slave ! of all our host,
The man who acts the least, upbraids the most ?
Think not the Greeks to shameful flight to bring,
Nor let these lips profane the name of king.
For our return we trust the heavenly Powers ;
Be that their care ; to fight like men be ours.
But grant the host with wealth the general load,
Except detraction, what hast thou bestow'd ?
Suppose some hero should his spoils resign,
Art thou that hero, could those spoils be thine ?
Gods ! let me perish on this hateful shore,
And let these eyes behold my son no more ;
If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear
To strip those arms thou ill deserv'st to wear,
Expel the council where our princes meet,
And send thee scourg'd and howling thro' the fleet.
He said, and cowering as the dastard bends,
The weighty sceptre on his back descends :
On the round bunch the bloody tumors rise ;
The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes :
Trembling he sat, and, shrunk in abject fears,
From his vile visage wip'd the scalding tears.
While to his neighbour each express'd his thought :
Ye Gods ! what wonders has Ulysses wrought !
What fruits his conduct and his courage yield ;
Great in the council, glorious in the field !
Generous he rises in the crown's defence,
To curb the factious tongue of insolence.
Such just examples on offenders shown,
Sedate silence, and assert the throne.

'Twas thus the general voice the hero prais'd,
Who, rising, aigh th' imperial sceptre rais'd :
The blue-ey'd Pallas, his celestial friend,
(In form a herald) bade the crowds attend.
Th' expecting crowds in still attention hang,
To hear the wisdom of his heavenly tongue.
Then deeply thoughtful, pausing ere he spoke,
His silence thus the prudent hero broke :
Unhappy monarch ! whom the Grecian race,
With shame deserting, heap with vile disgrace.
Not such at Argos was their generous vow,
Once all their voice, but, ah ! forgotten now :
Ne'er to return, was then the common cry,
Till Troy's proud structures should in ashes lie.
Behold them weeping for their native shore !
What could their wives or helpless children more ?
What heart but melts to leave the tender train,
And, one short month, endure the wintery main ?
Few leagues remov'd, we with our peaceful feat,
When the ship tosses, and the tempests' beat :
Then well may this long stay provoke their tears,
The tedious length of nine revolving years.
Not for their grief the Grecian host I blame ;
But vanquish'd : baffled ! oh, eternal shame !
Expect the time to Troy's destruction given,
And try the faith of Chalcas and of Heaven.
What pass'd at Aulis, Greece can witness bear,
And all who live to breathe this Phrygian air.
Beside a fountain's sacred brink we rais'd
Our verdant altars, and the victims blaz'd ;
('Twas where the plane-tree spreads its shades
around)
The altars heav'd ; and from the crumbling ground
A mighty dragon shot, of dire portent ;
From Jove himself the dreadful sign was sent.
Strait to the tree his sanguine ipire he roll'd,
And curl'd around in many a winding fold.
The topmast branch a mother-bird posses'd ;
Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest ;
Herself the ninth ; the serpent, as he hung,
Stretch'd his black jaws, and crush'd the crying
While hovering near, with miserable moan, [young
The drooping mother wail'd her children gone.
The mother last, as round the nest she flew,
Seiz'd by the beating wing, the monster flew :
Nor long surviv'd ; to marble turn'd, he stands
A lasting prodigy on Aulis' sands.
Such was the will of Jove ; and hence we dare
Trust in his omen, and support the war.
For while around we gaze with wondering eyes,
And trembling sought the powers with sacrifice,
Full of his God, the reverend Chalcas cried,
Ye Grecian warriors ! lay your fears aside.
This wondrous signal Jove himself displays,
Of long, long labours, but eternal praise.
As many birds as by the snake were slain,
So many years the toils of Greece remain ;
But wait the tenth, for Ilion's fall decreed :
Thus spoke the prophet, thus the fates succeed.
Obey, ye Grecians ! with submission wait,
Nor let your sight avert the Trojan fate.
He said : the shores with loud applauses sound,
The hollow ships each deafening shout rebound.
Then Nestor thus—These vain debates forbear,
Ye talk like children, not like heroes dare.
Where now are all your high resolves at last ?
Your leagues concluded, your engagements past,

Now'd with libations and with victims then,
 Now vanish'd like their smoke; the faith of men!
 While useless words consume th' unactive hours,
 No wonder Troy to long resists our powers.
 Rise, great Atreides! and with courage sway;
 We march to war, if thou direct the way.
 But leave the few that dare resist thy laws,
 The mean deserters of the Grecian cause,
 To grudge the conquests mighty Jove prepares,
 And view with envy our successful wars.
 O, that great day when first the martial train,
 Big with the fate of Ilion, plow'd the main,
 Jove on the right, a prosperous signal sent,
 And thunder rolling shook the firmament.
 Encourag'd hence, maintain the glorious strife,
 Till every soldier grasp a Phrygian wife,
 Till Helen's woes at full reveng'd appear,
 And Troy's proud matrons render tear for tear.
 Before that day, if any Greek invite
 His country's troop to base, inglorious flight;
 Stand forth that Greek! and hoist his sail to fly,
 And die the dastard first, who dreads to die.
 But now, O monarch! all thy chiefs advise:
 Nor what they offer, thou thyself despise.
 Among those counsils, let not mine be vain;
 In tribes and nations to divide the train;
 His separate troops let every leader call,
 Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.
 What chief, or soldier, of the numerous band,
 Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command,
 When thus distinct they war, shall soon be known,
 And what the cause of Ilion not o'erthrown;
 If fate resists, or if our arms are slow,
 If Gods above prevent, or men below.

To him the king: How much thy years excel
 In arts of council, and in speaking well?
 O would the Gods, in love to Greece, decree
 But ten such sages as they grant in thee;
 Such wisdom soon should Priam's force destroy,
 And soon should fall the haughty towers of Troy!
 But Jove forbids, who plunges those he hates
 In fierce contention and in vain debates.
 Now great Achilles from our aid withdraws,
 By me provok'd; a captive maid the cause:
 If e'er as friends we join, the Trojan wall
 Must shake, and heavy will the vengeance fall!
 But now, ye warriors, take a short repast:
 And, well-refresh'd, to bloody conflict haste.
 His sharpen'd spear let every Grecian wield,
 And every Grecian fix his brazen shield;
 Let all excite the fiery steeds of war,
 And all for combat sit the rattling car.
 This day, this dreadful day, let each contend;
 No rest, no respite, till the shades descend;
 Till darkness, or till death, shall cover all:
 Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall!
 Till bath'd in sweat be every manly breast,
 With the huge shield each brawny arm deprest,
 Each aching nerve refuse the lance to throw,
 And each spent courser at the chariot blow.
 Who dares, inglorious, in his ships to stay,
 Who dares to tremble on this signal day;
 That wretch, too mean to fall by martial power,
 The birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.

The monarch spoke; and straight a murmur
 rose,

Low as the surges when the tempest blows,

That dash'd on broken rocks tumultuous roar,
 And foam and thunder on the stormy shore.
 Straight to the tents the troops dispersing bend,
 The fires are kindled, and the smokes ascend;
 With hasty feast they sacrifice, and pray
 To avert the dangers of the doubtful day.
 A steer of five years' age, large limb'd, and fed,
 To Jove's high altar Agamemnon led:
 There bade the noblest of the Grecian peers;
 And Nestor first, as most advanc'd in years.
 Next came Idomeneus, and Tydeus' son,
 Ajax the left, and Ajax Telamon;
 Then wife Ulysses in his rank was plac'd;
 And Menelaus came unbid, the last.
 The chiefs surround the destin'd beast, and take
 The sacred offering of the salted cake.
 When thus the king prefers his solemn prayer:
 Oh thou! whose thunder rends the clouded air,
 Who in the heaven of heavens has fix'd thy throne,
 Supreme of Gods! unbounded and alone:
 Hear! and before the burning sun descends,
 Before the night her gloomy veil extends,
 Low in the dust be laid yon hostile fires,
 Be Priam's palace sunk in Grecian fires,
 In Hector's breast be plung'd this shining sword,
 And slaughter'd heroes groan around their lord!

Thus pray'd the chieft; his unavailing prayer
 Great Jove refus'd, and tost in empty air:
 The God averie, while yet the fumes arose,
 Prepar'd new toils, and doubled woes on woes.
 Their prayers perform'd, the chiefs the rite pursue,
 The barley sprinkled, and the victim slew,
 The limbs they sever from th' enclosing hide,
 The thighs, selected to the Gods, divide.
 On these, in double cauls involv'd with art,

The choicest morsels lie from every part.
 From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire,
 While the fat victim feeds the sacred fire.
 The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails drest,
 Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest;
 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
 Soon as the rage of hunger was suppress'd,
 The generous Nestor thus the prince address'd:

Now bid thy heralds sound the loud alarms,
 And call the squadrons sheath'd in brazen arms:
 Now seize th' occasion, now the troops survey,
 And lead to war when Heaven directs the way.
 He said; the monarch issued his commands;
 Straight the loud heralds call the gathering bands.
 The chiefs enclose their king: the host divide,
 In tribes and nations rank'd on either side.
 High in the midst the blue-ey'd Virgin flies;
 From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes:
 The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal shield,
 Blaz'd on her arm, and lighten'd all the field:
 Round the vast orb an hundred serpents roll'd,
 Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in gold.

With this each Grecian's manly breast the warms,
 Swells their bold hearts, and strings their nervous
 No more they sigh, inglorious, to return, [arms;
 But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

As on some mountain, through the lofty grove,
 The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above;
 The fires expanding as the winds arise,
 Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies:

So from the polish'd arms, and brazen shields,
A gleamy splendor flash'd along the fields.
Not less their number than th' embody'd cranes;
Or milk-white swans in *Ælius*' watery plains;
That o'er the windings of *Clytæ*'s springs, twinges;
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling
Now tower aloft, and course in airy rounds;
Now light with noise; with noise the field resounds.
Thus numerous and confus'd; extending wide,
The legions crowd *Scamander*'s flowery side;
With rushing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,
And thundering footsteps shake the sounding shore.
Along the river's level meads they stand,
Thick as in spring the flowers adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees; or thick as insects play,
The wandering nation of a summer's day,
That, drawn by milky steams, at evening hours,
In gather'd swarms surround the rural bowers;
From pail to pail with busy murmur run
The gilded legions, glittering in the sun.
So throng'd, so close, the Grecian squadrons flood
In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood.
Each leader now his flatter'd force conjoins
In close array, and forms the deepening lines.
Not with more ease, the skilful shepherd swain
Collects his flocks from thousands on the plain.
The King of Kings, majestically tall,
Towers o'er his armies, and outshines them all;
Like some proud bull that round the pastures leads
His subject-herds, the monarch of the meads.
Great as the Gods, th' exalted chief was seen,
His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien;
Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread,
And dawning conquest play'd around his head.
Say, *Virgins*, seated round the throne divine,
All-knowing Goddesses! immortal nine! [height,
Since earth's wide regions, heaven's unmeasur'd
And hell's abyss, hide nothing from your sight,
(We, wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,
But guess by rumour, and but boast we know)
Oh, say what heroes, fir'd by thirst of fame,
Or urg'd by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came?
To count them all, demands a thousand tongues,
A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs.
Daughters of Jove, assist! inspir'd by you
The mighty labour dauntless I pursue:
What crowded armies, from what climes they bring,
Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs, I sing.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE SHIPS.

The hardy warriors whom *Ætolia* bred,
Penelus, *Leitus*, *Prothoënor* led:
With these *Arcefilaus* and *Cionius* stand,
Equal in arms, and equal in command.
These head the troops that rocky *Anlis* yields,
And *Æteon*'s hills, and *Hyrie*'s watery fields,
And *Schœnos*, *Scholus*, *Græa* near the main,
And *Mycalessa*'s ample piney plain.
Those who on *Peteon* or *Ilesion* dwell,
Or *Harma* where *Apollo*'s prophet fell;
Heleon and *Hylæ*, which the springs o'erflow;
And *Medeon* lofty, and *Ocalea* low;
Or in the meads of *Haliartus* stray,
Or *Theſpis* sacred to the God of Day.
Oncheſtus, Neptune's celebrated groves;
Copæ, and *Thiſbè*, fam'd for silver doves;
For flocks *Erythræ*, *Gliffa* for the vine;
Platea green, and *Nylæ* the divine.

And they whom *Thebè*'s well-built walls enclose
Where *Mydæ*, *Eutrefus*, *Coroné* rose;
And *Arnè* rich, with purple harvests crown'd;
And *Anthedon*, *Ætolia*'s utmost bound.
Full fifty ships they send, and each conveys
Twice sixty warriors through the foaming seas.
To these succeed *Aspledon*'s martial train,
Who plough the spacious *Orchomenian* plain.
Two valiant brothers rule th' undaunted throng,
Ilmen and *Aſcalaphus* the strong:
Sons of *Aſtyochè*, the heavenly fair,
Whose *Virgin* charms subdued the God of War*
(In *Actor*'s court as she retir'd to rest,
The strength of Mars the blushing maid compress'd)
Their troops in thirty sable vessels sweep,
With equal oars, the hoarse-resounding deep.

The *Phocians* next in forty barks repair,
Epitrophus and *Schedius* head the war.
From those rich regions where *Cephiſſus* leads
His silver current through the flowery meads;
From *Panopæa*, *Chryſa* the divine,
Where *Anemoria*'s stately turrets shine,
Where *Pytho*, *Daulis*, *Cyparissus* flood,
And fair *Lilæa* views the rising flood.
These rang'd in order on the floating tide,
Close on the left, the bold *Ætoliens* ride.

Fierce *Ajax* led the *Locrian* squadrons on,
Ajax the less, *Oileus*' valiant son;
Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;
Swift in pursuit, and active in the fight;
Him, as their chief, the chosen troops attend,
Which *Bèſſæ*, *Thronus*, and rich *Cynos* send:
Opus, *Calliarus*, and *Scarphe*'s bands, [stands,
And those who dwell where pleasing *Augia* }
And where *Boëgrius* floats the lowly lands,
Or in faint *Taphe*'s *Sylvan* seats reside:
In forty vessels cut the liquid tide.
Eubœa next her martial sons prepares,
And sends the brave *Abantes* to the wars:
Breathing revenge, in arms they take their way
From *Chalcis*' walls, and strong *Eretria*;
Th' *Iteian* fields for generous vines renown'd,
The fair *Caristos*, and the *Styrian* ground;
Where *Dios* from her towers o'erlooks the plain,
And high *Cerinthus* views the neighbouring main.
Down their broad shoulders falls a length of hair;
Their hands dismiss not the long lance in air;
But with portended spears in fighting fields,
Pierce the tough corselets and the brazen shields
Twice twenty ships transport the warlike bands,
Which bold *Elphenor*, herce in arms, commands.

Full fifty more from *Athens* stem the main,
Led by *Mnestheus* through the liquid plain,
(*Athens* the fair, where great *Erethæus* sway'd,
That own'd his nurture to the blue-eyed Maid,
But from the teeming furrow took his birth,
The mighty offspring of the foodful earth.
Him *Pallas* plac'd amidst her wealthy fane,
Ador'd with sacrifice and oxen slain;
Where, as the years revolve, her altars blaze,
And all the tribes resound the Goddess' praise.)
No chief like thee, *Mnestheus*! Greece could yield
To marshal armies in the dusty field,
Th' extended wings of battle to display,
Or close th' embody'd host in firm array.
Nestor alone, improv'd by length of days,
For martial conduct bore an equal praise.

With these appear the Salsimian bands,
Whom the gigantic Telamon commands; [course,
In twelve black ships to Troy they steer their
And with the great Athenians join their force.
Next move to war the generous Argive train
From high Trœsen, and Mafeta's plain,
And fair Ægina circled by the main:
Whom strong Tyrimbè's lofty walls surround,
And Epidaur with viny harvests crown'd;
And where fair Aênien and Hermion show
Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.
These by the brave Euryalus were led,
Great Sthenelus, and greater Diomed,
But chief Tydides bore the sovereign sway;
In four-score barks they plough the watery way.

The proud Mycênê arms her martial powers,
Cleonê, Corinth, with imperial towers,
Fair Aramthyzæ, Orniæ's fruitful plain,
And Egeon, and Adrastus' ancient reign;
And those who dwell along the sandy shore,
And where Pellênê yields her fleecy store,
Where Helicê and Hyperesia lie,
And Gonoëssa's spires salute the sky.
Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band,
A hundred vessels in long order stand,
And crowded nations wait his dread command.
High on the deck the king of men appears,
And his resplendent arms in triumph wears;
Proud of his host, unrivall'd of his reign,
In silent pomp he moves along the main.

His brother follows, and to vengeance warms
The hardy Spartans exercis'd in arms;
Phœas and Brysila's valiant troops, and those
Whom Lacedæmon's lofty hills enclose:
Or Messê's towers for silver doves renown'd,
Amyclæ, Lâsæ, Augia's happy ground,
And those whom Oetylos' low walls contain,
And Helos, on the margin of the main:
These, o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cause,
In sixty ships with Menelaus draws:
Eager and loud from man to man he flies,
Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes;
While, vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears
The fair-one's grief, and sees her falling tears.

In ninety sail, from Pylo's sandy coast,
Nestor the sage conducts his chosen host:
From Amphigenia's ever fruitful land;
Where Æpy high, and little Pteleon stand;
Where beauteous Arênê her structures shows,
And Thryen's walls Alpheus' streams enclose:
And Derion, fam'd for Thamyris' disgrace,
Superior once of all the tuneful race,
Till, vain of mortals empty praise, he strove
To match the seed of cloud-compelling Jove!
Too daring bard! whose unsuccessful pride
Th' immortal Muses in their art defy'd.
Th' avenging Muses of the light of day
Depriv'd his eyes, and snatch'd his voice away;
No more his heavenly voice was heard to sing,
His hand no more awak'd the silver string.

Where under high Cyllênê, crown'd with wood,
The shaded tomb of old Ægyptus stood;
From Ripâ, Stratie, Tegæa's bordering towns,
The Phœcean fields, and Orchomenian downs,
Where the fat herds in plenteous pasture rove;
And Stympheia's lush her surrounding grove,
Parrhasia, on her snowy cliffs reclin'd,
And high Enipeë shock by wintry wind,

And fair Mantinea's ever-pleasing sit;
In sixty sail th' Arcadian bands unite.
Bold Agapenor, glorious at their head,
(Anceus' son) the mighty squadron led.
Their ships, supply'd by Agamemnon's care,
Through roaring seas the wondering warriors bear;
The first to battle on th' appointed plain,
But new to all the dangers of the main.

Those, where fair Elis and Buprasium join;
Whom Hyrmin, here, and Myrminæ confine,
And bounded there where o'er the valleys rose
The Olenian rock; and where Alifium flows;
Beneath four chiefs (a numerous army) came:
The strength and glory of th' Epean name.
In separate squadrons these their train divide,
Each leads ten vessels through the yielding tide:
One was Amphimachus, and Thalphius son
(Eurydamas' son, and that Teitus son);
Dionæus, from Amarynceus' line;
And great Polyzænes, of force divine.

But those who view fair Eubœa o'er the seas
From the blest islands of th' Echinades,
In forty vessels under Megeus move,
Begot by Phileus the belov'd of Jove.
To strong Dulichium from his fire he fled,
And thence to Troy his hardy warriors led.

Ulysses followed through the watery road,
A chief, in wisdom equal to a God.
With those who Cephalenia's isle enclos'd,
Or till their fields along the coast oppos'd;
Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods,
Where Ægilia's rugged sides are seen,
Crocyliæ rocky, and Zacynthus green.

These in twelve galleys with vermilion prœres,
Beneath his conduct fought the Phrygian shores,
Thoas came next, Andræmon's valiant son,

From Pleuron's walls, and chalky Calydon,
And rough Pylênê, and th' Olenian steep,
And Chalcis beaten by the rolling deep.
He led the warriors from th' Ætolian shore,
For now the sons of Oeneus were no more!
The glories of the mighty race were fled!
Oeneus himself, and Meleager dead!
To Thoas came now trust the martial train,
His forty vessels follow through the main.

Next eighty barks the Cretan king commands,
Of Gnoffus, Liclus, and Gortyna's bands,
And those who dwell where Rhytion's domes arise,
Or white Lycastus glitters to the skies,
Or where by Phœstus silver Jardan runs;
Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons.
These march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy care,
And Merion, dreadful as the God of war.

Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules,
Led nine swift vessels through the stormy seas,
From Rhodes with everlasting sunshine bright,
Jalyssus, Lindus, and Camirus white.
His captive mother fierce Alcides bore,
From Ephyra's walls, and Selle's winding shore,
Where mighty towns in ruins spread the plain,
And saw their blooming warriors early slain.
The hero, when to many years he grew,
Alcides' uncle, old Licymnius, slew;
For this, constrain'd to quit his native place
And shun the vengeance of the Herculean race,
A fleet he built, and with a numerous train
Of willing exiles, wander'd o'er the main;

Where, many seas and many sufferings past,
On happy Rhodes the chief arriv'd at last:
There in three tribes divides his native band,
And rules them peaceful in a foreign land;
Increas'd and prosper'd in their new abodes,
By mighty Jove, the fire of men and Gods;
With joy they saw the growing empire rise,
And showers of wealth descending from the skies.

Three ships with Nireus fought the Trojan shore,
Nireus, whom Aglaë to Charopus bore,
Nireus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,
The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race;
Pelides, only match'd his early charms;
But few his troops, and small his strength in arms.

Next thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain,
Of those Calydonæ's sea-girt isles contain;
With them the youth of Nyssus repair,
Cafus the strong, and Crapathus the fair;
Cos, where Eurypylus posselt the sway,
Till great Alcides made the realms obey:
These Antiphus and bold Phidippus bring,
Sprung from the God by Theseus the king.
Now, Muse, recount Pelasgic Argos' powers,
From Alos, Alope, and Trechin's towers:
From Phthia's spacious vales; and Hella, blest
With female beauty far beyond the rest.
Full fifty ships beneath Achilles' care,
Th' Achaïans, Myrmidons, Hellenians bear;
Thesealians all, though various in their name;
The same their nation; and the chief the same.
But now, inglorious, stretch'd along the shore,
They hear the brazen voice of war no more;
No more the foe they face in dire array;
Close in his fleet the angry leader lay;
Since fast Briseis from his arms was torn,
The noblest spoil from sack'd Lyrnessu-borne.
Then, when the chief the Theban walls o'erthrew,
And the bold sons of great Evenus flew.
There mourn'd Achilles, plung'd in depth of care,
But soon to rise in slaughter, blood, and war.

To these the youth of Phylacé succeed,
Itona, famous for her fleecy breed,
And grassy Pteleon deck'd with cheerful greens,
The bowers of Ceres; and the sylvan scenes,
Sweet Pyrrhasus, with blooming flowrets crown'd,
And Autron's watery dens, and cavern'd ground.
These own'd as chief Protefilas the brave,
Who now lay silent in the gloomy grave:
The first who boldly touch'd the Trojan shore,
And dy'd a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore;
There lies, far distant from his native plain;
Unfinish'd his proud palaces remain,
And his sad comfort beats her breast in vain.
His troops in forty ships Podarces led,
Iphicles' son, and brother to the dead;
Nor he unworthy to command the host;
Yet still they mourn'd their ancient leader lost.

The men who Glaphyra's fair soil partake,
Where hills encircle Bœbe's lowly lake,
Where Phære hears the neighbouring waters fall,
Or proud Iöclus lifts her airy wall,
In ten black ships embark'd for Ilion's shore,
With bold Eumylus, whom Alceste bore.
All Pelias' race Alceste far outshin'd,
The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.

The troops Methonè or Thaumachia yields,
Olizon's rocks, or Melibœa's fields,

With Philoctetes sail'd, whose matchless art
From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart.
Seven were his ships; each vessel fifty row,
Skill'd in his science of the dart and bow.
But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground,
A poisonous Hydra gave the burning wound;
There groan'd the chief in agonizing pain,
Whom Greece at length shall wish, nor wish in
His forces Medon led from Lemnos' shore, [vain.
Oileus' son, whom beauteous Rhena bore. [tain'd.
Th' Oechalian race, in those high towers con-
Where once Eurytus in proud triumph reign'd,
Or where her humbler turrets Tricca rears,
Or where Ithomè, rough with rocks, appears;
In thirty fall the sparkling waves divide,
Which Podalirius and Machaon guide.
To these his skill their * Parent-God imparts,
Divine professors of the healing arts.

The bold Ormenian and Astærian bands
In forty barks Eurypylus commands,
Where Titan hides his hoary head in snow,
And where Hyperia's silver fountains flow.

Thy troops, Argissa, Polypœtes leads,
And Eleon, shelter'd by Olympus' shades,
Gyrtonè's warriors; and where Orthè lies,
And Oleosson's chalky cliffs arise.
Sprung from Pirithous of immortal race,
The fruit of fair Hippodamè's embrace,
(That day when, hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head;
To distant dens the shaggy Centaurs fled)
With Polypœtes join'd in equal sway
Leontes leads, and forty ships obey.

In twenty sail the bold Perrhæbians came,
From Cyphus; Guncus was their leader's name.
With these the Enians join'd, and those who freeze
Where cold Dodona lifts her holy trees;
Or where the pleasing Titaresius glides,
And into Peneus rolls his easy tides;
Yet o'er the silver surface pure they flow,
The sacred stream unmix'd with streams below,
Sacred and awful! From the dark abodes
Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of Gods!

Last under Prothous the Magnesians flood,
Prothous the swift, of old Tenthedion's blood;
Who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with piny boughs,
Obscures the glade, and nobs his shaggy brows;
Or where through flowery Tempè Peneus stray'd
(The region stretch'd beneath his mighty shade);
In forty sable barks they stemm'd the main.
Such were the chiefs, and such the Grecian train.

Say next, O Muse! of all Achaia breeds,
Who bravest fought, or reign'd the noblest steeds?
Eumeleus' mares were foremost in the chace,
As eagles fleet, and of Pheretian race:
Bred where Pieria's fruitful fountains flow,
And train'd by him who bears the silver bow.
Fierce in their fight, their nostrils breath'd a flame,
Their height, their colour, and their age the same;
O'er fields of death they whirl the rapid car,
And break the ranks, and thunder through the war.
Ajax in arms the first renown acquir'd,
While stern Achilles in his wrath retir'd
(His was the strength that mortal might exceed,
And his, th' unrivall'd race of heavenly steeds).
But Thetis' son now shines in arms no more;
His troops, neglected on the sandy shore,

* Aesculapian,

In empty air their sportive javelins throw,
Or whirl the disk, or bend unidle bow;
Unfain'd with blood his cover'd chariots stand;
Th' immortal couriers graze along the strand;
But the brave chiefs th' inglorious life deplor'd,
And wandering o'er the camp, requir'd their lord.

Now, like a deluge, covering all around,
The slicing armies swept along the ground:
Swift as a flood of fire, when storms arise,
Floats the wide field, and blazes to the skies.
Earth groan'd beneath them; as when angry Jove
Hurls down the forked lightning from above,
On Airmé when he the thunder throws,
And fires Typhæus with redoubled blows,
Where Typhon, prest beneath the burning load,
Still feels the fury of th' avenging God.

But various Iris, Jove's commands to bear,
Speeds on the wings of winds through liquid air;
In Priam's porch the Trojan chiefs the found,
The old consulting, and the youths around.
Polites' shape, the monarch's son, she chose,
Who from Æetes' tomb observ'd the foes,
High on the mound; from whence in prospect lay
The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.
In this dissembled form, she haites to bring
The unwelcome message to the Phrygian king:

Cease to consult, the time for action calls,
War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!
Assembled armies oft have I beheld;
But ne'er till now such numbers chang'd the field,
Thick as autumnal leaves or driving sand,
The moving squadrons blacken all the strand.
Thou, godlike Hector! all thy force employ,
Assemble all th' united bands of Troy;
In just array let every leader call
The foreign troops; this day demands them all.

The voice divine the mighty chief alarms;
The council breaks, the warriors rush to arms.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,
Nations on nations fill the dusky plain.
Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling
ground;

The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
Amidst the plain in sight of Ilión stands
A rising mount, the work of human hands;
(This for Myrinne's tomb th' Immortals know,
Though call'd Bateia in the world below)
Beneath their chiefs in martial order here,
Th' auxiliary troops and Trojan host appear.
The godlike Hector, high above the rest,
Shaks his huge spear, and nods his plumed crest:
In throngs around his native bands repair,
And groves of lances glitter in the air.

Divine Æneas brings the Dardan race,
Anchiles' son by Venus' stol'n embrace,
Born in the shades of Ida's secret grove,
(A mortal mixing with the Queen of Love)
Archilochus and Arcamas divide
The warrior's toils, and combat by his side.

Who fair Zeleia's wealthy vallies till,
Fast by the foot of Ida's sacred hill;
Or drink, Æsepus, of thy sable flood:
Were led by Pandarus, of royal blood.
To whom his art Apollo deign'd to show,
Grac'd with the presents of his shafts and bow.

From rich Apæsus and Adrestia's towers,
High Tereë's summits, and Pityea's bowers;

From these the congregated troops obey
Young Amphius' and Adrastus' equal sway:
Old Merops' sons; whom, skill'd in fates to come,
The fire forewarn'd, and prophesy'd their doom:
Fate urg'd them on! the fire forewarn'd in vain,
They rush'd to war, and perish'd on the plain.

From Præctius' stream, Percote's pasture lands,
And Sestos and Abydos' neighbouring strands,
From great Arisba's walls and Selle's coast,
Asius Hyrtacides conducts his host:
High on his car he shakes the flowing reins,
His fiery couriers thunder o'er the plains.

The fierce Pelægiæ next, in war renown'd,
March from Larissa's ever-fertile ground:
In equal arms their brother leaders shine
Hippothous bold, and Pyleus the divine.

Next Acamus and Pyreus lead their hosts,
In dread array, from Thracia's wintery coasts;
Round the bleak realms where Hellespontus roars,
And Boreas beats the hoarse-resounding shores.

With great Euphemus the Ciconians move,
Sprung from Trazenian Ceus, lov'd by Jove.

Pyræchmus the Pæonian troops attend,
Skill'd in the fight, their crooked bows to bend:
From Axius' ample bed he leads them on,
Axius, that laves the distant Amydon;
Axius, that swells with all his neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floating region fills.

The Paphlagonians Pylæmenes rules,
Where rich Hæcchia breeds her savage mules,
Where Erythinus' rising cliffs are seen,
Thy groves of box, Cytorus' ever green;
And where Ægyalus and Cromna lie,
And lofty Sesamus invades the sky; [flowers,
And where Parthenius, roll'd through banks of
Reflects her bordering palaces and bowers.

Here march'd in arms the Halizonian band,
Whom Odus and Epistropheus command,
From those far regions where the sun refines
The ripening silver in Alybean mines.

There mighty Chromis led the Mysian train,
And augur Ennomus, inspir'd in vain,
For stern Achilles lopt his sacred head,
Roll'd down Scamander with the vulgar dead.

Phorcis and brave Alcanius, here unite
The Alcanian Phrygians, eager for the fight.

Of those who round Mæonia's realms reside,
Or whom the vales in shades of Tmolus hide,
Meïles and Antiphus the charge partake;
Born on the banks of Gyges' silent lake.
There, from the fields where wild Mæander flows,
High Mysalæ, and Latmos' shady brows,
And proud Miletos, came the Carian throngs,
With mingled clamours, and with barbarous
tongues.

Amphimachus and Naustes guide the train,
Naustes the bold, Amphimachus the vain,
Who, trick'd with gold, and glittering on his car,
Rode like a woman to the field of war,
Fool that he was! by fierce Achilles slain,
The river swept him to the briny main:
There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warrior
The valiant victor seiz'd the golden prize. [lies;

The sorcerers last in fair array succeed,
Which blameless Glaucus and Sarpedon lead;
The warlike bands that distant Lycia yields,
Where gulphy Xanthus foams along the fields.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Duel of Menelaus and Paris.

The armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helena to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors, observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues; wherein Paris being overcome, he is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three and twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the fields before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

Thus by their leader's care each martial band
Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land.
With shouts the Trojans rushing from afar,
Proclaim'd their motions, and provok'd the war;
So when inclement winter vex the plain
With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,
To warmer seas, the cranes embody'd fly,
With noise, and order, through the mid-way sky;
To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,
And all the war descends upon the wing.
But silent, breathing rage, resolv'd and skill'd
By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,
Swift march the Greeks: the rapid dust around
Darkening arises from the labour'd ground.
Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus sheds
A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,
Swift gliding mists the dusky fields invade,
To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade;
While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,
Loft and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day:
So, wrapt in gathering dust, the Grecian train,
A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.

Now front to front the hostile armies stand,
Eager of fight, and only wait command;
When, to the van, before the sons of fame
Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came,
In form a God! the panther's speckled hide
Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride,
His bended bow across his shoulders slung,
His sword beside him negligently hung,
Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,
And dar'd the bravest of the Grecian race.

As thus, with glorious air and proud disdain,
He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain,
Him Menelaus, lov'd of Mars, espies,
With heart elated, and with joyful eyes:
So joys a lion, if the branching deer,
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear;
Eager he seizes and devours the slain,
— by bold youths and baying dogs in vain.

Thus, fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground
From his high chariot: him, approaching near,
The beauteous champion views with marks of
Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind, [fear;
And shuns the fate he well deserv'd to find
As when some shepherd, from the rustling trees
Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees;
Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright,
And all confus'd precipitates his flight:
So from the king the shining warrior flies,
And plung'd amid the thickest Trojans lies.

As God-like Hector sees the prince retreat,
He thus upbraids him with a generous heat:
Unhappy Paris! but to women brave!
So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!
Oh, hadst thou died when first thou saw'st the light,
Or died at least before thy nuptial rite!
A better fate than vainly thus to boast,
And fly, the scandal of the Trojan host,
Gods! how the scornful Greeks exult to see
Their tears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!
Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,
But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair,
In former days, in all thy gallant pride
When thy tall ships triumphant stemm'd the tide,
When Greece beheld thy painted canvas flow,
And crowds stood wondering at the passing show;
Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,
You met th' approaches of the Spartan queen,
Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,
And both her warlike lords outshin'd in Helen's
eyes?

This deed, thy foes delight, thy own disgrace,
Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;
This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight;
Or hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not right?
Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know
Thou keep'st the comfort of a braver foe.

* Theseus and

Thy graceful form intilling soft desire,
Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre,
Beauty and youth; in vain to these you trust,
When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust:
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
Crush the dire author of his country's woe.

His silence here, with blushes, Paris breaks;
'Tis just, my brother, what your anger speaks:
But who like thee can boast a soul sedate,
So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate?
Thy force like steel a temper'd hardness shows,
Still edg'd to wound, and still untir'd with blows.
Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain,
With falling woods to strow the wasted plain:
Thy gifts I praise; nor thou despite the charms
With which a lover golden Venus arms;
Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show,
No wish can gain them, but the God's bestow.
Yet, would'st thou have the proffer'd combat
stand,

The Greeks and Trojans seat on either hand;
Then let a mid-way space our hosts divide,
And on that stage of war the cause be try'd:
By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,
For beauteous Helen and the wealth she brought:
And who his rival can in arms subdue,
His be the fair, and his the treasure too.
Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease,
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
Thus may the Greeks review their native shore,
Much fam'd for generous steeds, for beauty more.

He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy,
They with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midst, athwart; and near the foot
Advanc'd with steps majestically slow:
While round his dauntless head the Grecians pour
Their stones and arrows in a mingled shower.

Then thus the monarch great Atreides cry'd;
Forbear, ye warriors! lay the darts aside:
A parley Hector asks, a message bears,
We know him by the various plume he wears.
Aw'd by his high command the Greeks attend,
The tumult silence, and the fight suspend.
While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes
On either host, and thus to both applies:
Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands!
What Paris, author of the war, demands.
Your shining swords within the sheath restrain,
And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.
Here in the midst, in either army's fight,
He dares the Spartan king to single fight;
And wills, that Helen and the ravish'd spoil
That caus'd the contest, shall reward the toil.
Let these the brave triumphant victor grace,
And differing nations part in leagues of peace.

He spoke: in still suspense on either side
Each army stood: the Spartan chief reply'd:

Me too, ye warriors, hear, whose fatal right
A world engages in the toils of fight.
To me the labour of the field resign;
Me Paris injur'd; all the war be mine.
Fall that he must, beneath his rival's arms;
And live the rest, secure of future harms.
Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,
To Earth a fable, to the Sun a white,
Prepare, ye Trojans! while a third we bring
Select to Jove, th' inviolable king.

Let reverend Priam in the truce engage,
And add the sanction of confederate age;
His sons are faithless, headlong in debate,
And youth itself an empty wavering state:
Cool age advances venerably wife,
Turns on all hand its deep-discerning eyes;
Sees what befel, and what may yet befall,
Concludes from both, and best provides for all.

The nations hear, with rising hopes possess,
And peaceful prospects dawn in every breast.
Within the lines they drew their steeds around,
And from their chariots issued on the ground:
Next all, unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
Lay'd their bright arms along the sable shore.
On either side the meeting hosts are seen,
With lances fix'd, and close the space between,
Two heralds now, dispos'd to Troy, invite
The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite;
Talthybius hastens to the fleet, to bring
The lamb for Jove, th' inviolable king.

Mean time, to beauteous Helen from the skies
The various Goddesses of the rainbow flies
(Like fair Laodice in form and face
The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race).
Her in the palace, at her loom she found;
The golden web her own sad story crown'd.
The Trojan wars the weav'd (herself the prize)
And the dire triumph of her fatal eyes.
To whom the Goddesses of the painted bow;
Approach and view the wondrous scenes below!
Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight,
So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,
Now rest their spears, or lean upon their shields;
Ceas'd is the war, and silent all the fields.

alone and Sparta's king advance,
In single fight to toss the beamy lance;
Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.

This said, the many-colour'd maid inspires
Her husband's love, and wakes her former fires;
Her country, parents, all that once were dear,
Rush to her thoughts, and force a tender tear.
O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,
And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew:
Her handmaids Clymené and Æthra wait
Her silent footsteps to the Scæan gate.

There sat the seniors of the Trojan race.
(Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace)
The king the first; Thymætes at his side;
Lampus and Clytius, long in council try'd;
Panthus, and Hicetion, once the strong;
And next, the wisest of the reverend throng,
Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon,
Lean'd on the walls, and bask'd before the sun.
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wise through time, and narrative with age,
In summer-days like grasshoppers rejoice,
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.
These when the Spartan queen approach'd the
tower,

In secret own'd resileless beauty's power:
They cried, No wonder such celestial charms
For nine long years have set the world in arms;
What winning graces! what majestic mien!
She moves a Goddess, and she looks a Queen.
Yet hence, oh Heaven! convey that fatal face,
And from destruction save the Trojan race.

The good old Priam welcom'd her, and cried,
Approach, my child, and grace thy father's side.
See on the plain thy Grecian spouse appears,
The friends and kindred of thy former years!
No crime of thine our present sufferings draws,
Not thou, but Heaven's disposing will, the cause;
The Gods these armies and this force employ,
The hostile Gods conspire the fate of Troy.
But lift thy eyes, and say what Greek is he
(Far as from hence these aged orbs can see)
Around whose brow such martial graces shine,
So tall, so awful, and almost divine!
Though some of larger stature tread the green,
None match his grandeur and exalted mien:
He seems a monarch, and his country's pride,
Thus eas'd the king; and thus the fair replied:

Before thy presence, father, I appear
With conscious shame and differential fear.
Ah! had I died, ere to these walls I fled,
False to my country and my nuptial bed;
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
False to them all, to Paris only kind?
For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease
Shall waste the form, whose crime it was to please.
The king of kings, Atreides, you survey,
Great in the war, and great in arts of sway:
My brother once, before my days of shame;
And oh! that still he bore a brother's name!

With wonder Priam view'd the godlike man,
Extoll'd the happy prince, and thus began:
O blest Atreides! born to prosperous fate,
Successful monarch of a mighty state!
How vast thy empire! Of you matchless train
What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain?
In Phrygia once were gallant armies known,
In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne,
When godlike Mygdon led their troops of horse,
And I, to join them, rais'd the Trojan force:
Against the maalik Amazons we stood,
And Sangar's stream ran purple with their blood,
But far inferior those, in martial grace
And strength of numbers, to this Grecian race.

This said, once more he view'd the warrior-
train:

What's he whose arms lie scatter'd on the plain:
Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread,
Though great Atreides overtops his head.
Nor yet appear his care and conduct small;
From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.
The stately ram'us measures o'er the ground,
And, master of the flock, surveys them round.

Then Helen thus: Whom your discerning eyes
Have singled out, is Ithacus the wife:
A barren island boasts his glorious birth:
His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth.

Antenor took the word, and thus began:
Myself, O king! have seen that wondrous man:
When trusting Jove and hospitable laws,
To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cause;
(Great Menelaus urg'd the same request)
My house was honour'd with each royal guest:
I knew their persons, and admir'd their parts,
Both brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts.
Erect, the Spartan most engag'd our view;
Ulysses seated greater reverence drew.
When Atreus' son harangu'd the listening train,
Just was his sense, and his expression plain,

His words succinct, yet full, without a fault;
He spoke no more than just the thing he ought;
But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,
His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground,
As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,
Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch'd his scepter'd hands;
But, when he speaks, what elocution flows!
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,
The copious accents fall with easy art;
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart!
Wondering we hear, and fix'd in deep surprise;
Our ears refuse the censure of our eyes.

The king then ask'd (as yet the camp he view'd)
What chief is that, with giant strength endued;
Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,
And lofty stature, far exceed the rest?
Ajax the great (the beauteous queen replied)
Himself a host: the Grecian strength and pride.
See! bold Idomeneus superior towers
Amidst yon circle of his Cretan powers,
Great as a God! I saw him once before,
With Menelaus, on the Spartan shore.
The rest I know, and could in order name;
All valiant chiefs, and then of mighty fame.
Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,
Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought in vain;
Castor and Pollux first in martial force,
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse.
My brothers these; the same our native shore,
One house contain'd us, as one mother bore.
Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,
For distant Troy refus'd to sail the seas:
Perhaps their swords some nobler quarrel draws,
Asham'd to combat in their sister's cause.
So spake the fair, nor knew her brother's doom,
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
Adorn'd with honours in their native shore.
Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more. [town,

Mean time the heralds, through the crowded
Bring the rich wine and destin'd victims down.
Idæus' arms the golden goblets press,
Who thus the venerable king address:
Arise, O father of the Trojan state!
The nations call, thy joyful people wait,
To seal the truce, and end the dire debate.
Paris thy son, and Sparta's king advance,
An measur'd lists to toss the weighty lance:
And who his rival shall in arms subdue
His be the dame, and his the treasure too.
Thus with a lasting league our toils may cease,
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
So shall the Greeks review their native shore,
Much fam'd for generous steeds, for beauty more.

With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs pre-
To join his milk-white couriers to the car: [para
He mounts the seat, Antenor at his side;
The gentle steeds through Scea's gates they guide;
Next from the car descending on the plain,
Amid the Grecian host and Trojan train
Slow they proceed: the sage Ulysses then
Arose, and with him rose the king of men.
On either side a sacred herald stands,
The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands
Pour the full urn; then draws the Grecian lord
His outlace sheath'd beside his ponderous sword;
From the sign'd victims crops the curling hair;
The heralds part it, and the princes share;

Then loudly thus before th' attentive bands
He calls the Gods, and spreads his lifted hands :

O first and greatest power ! whom all obey,
Who high on Ida's holy mountain sway,
Eternal Jove ! and you bright orb that roll
From east to west, and view from pole to pole
Thou mother Earth ! and all ye living Floods !
Infernal Furies and Tartarian Gods,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear !
Hear, and be witness. If, by Paris slain,
Great Menelaus prels the fatal plain ;
The dame and treasures let the Trojan keep,
And Greece returning plough the watery deep.
If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed ;
Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed :
Th' appointed fine let Ilium justly pay,
And every age record the signal day.
Thus if the Phrygians shall refuse to yield,
Arms must revenge, and Mars decide the field.

With that the chief the tender victims slew,
And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw ;
The vital spirit issued at the wound,
And left the members quivering on the ground.
From the same urn they drink the mingled wine,
And add libations to the powers divine.
While thus their prayers united mount the sky ;
Hear, mighty Jove ! and hear, ye Gods on high !
And may their blood, who first the league confound,
Shed like this wine, detain the thirsty ground ;
May all their comforts serve promiscuous lust,
And all their race be scatter'd as the dust !
Thus either host their imprecations join'd,
Which Jove refus'd, and mingled with the wind.

The rites now finish'd, reverend Priam rose,
And thus express'd a heart o'ercharg'd with woes :
Ye Greeks and Trojans, let the chiefs engage,
But spare the weakness of my feeble age :
In yonder walls that object let me shun,
Nor view the danger of so dear a son. [fall,
Whose arms shall conquer, and what prince shall
Heaven only knows, for Heaven disposes all.

This said, the hoary king no longer stay'd,
But on his car the slaughter'd victims laid ;
Then seiz'd the reins his gentle steeds to guide
And drove to Troy, Antenor at his side.
Bold Hector and Ulysses now dispose
The lists of combat, and the ground enclose :
Next to decide by sacred lots prepare,
Who first shall launch his pointed spear in air.
The people pray with elevated hands,
And words like these are heard through all the bands.
Immortal Jove, high heaven's superior lord,
On lofty Ida's holy mount ador'd !
Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire debate,
Oh give that author of the war to fate
And shades eternal ! let division cease,
And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.

With eyes averted, Hector hastes to turn
The lots of fight, and shakes the brazen urn.
Then, Paris, thine leap'd forth ; by fatal chance
Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty lance.
Both armies sat the combat to survey,
Beside each chief his azure armour lay,
And round the lifts the generous coursers neigh.
The beauteous warrior bow arrays for fight,
In gilded arms magnificently bright :

The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around,
With flowers adorn'd, with silver buckles bound ;
Lycæon's corselet his fair body drest,
Brac'd in, and fitted to his softer breast :
A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder ty'd,
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side :
His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread ;
The waving horse-hair nodded on his head ;
His figur'd shield, a shining orb, he takes,
And in his hand a pointed javelin shakes,
With equal speed, and fir'd by equal charms,
The Spartan hero sheaths his limbs in arms.

Now round the lists the admiring armies stand,
With javelins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band.
Amidst the dreadful vale, the chiefs advance
All pale with rage, and shake the threatening lance.
The Trojan first his shining javelin threw ;
Full on Atrides' ringing shield it flew ;
Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound
Leap'd from the buckler, blunted on the ground.
Atrides then his massy lance prepares,
In act to throw, but first prefers his prayers :

Give me, great Jove ! to punish lawless lust,
And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust :
Destroy th' aggressor, aid my righteous cause,
Avenge the breach of hospitable laws,
Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy name.
He said, and pois'd in air the javelin sent,
Through Paris' shield the forceful weapon went,
His corselet pierces, and his garment rends,
And, glancing downward, near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan, bending from the blow,
Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe :
But fierce Atrides wav'd his sword, and strook
Full on his caïque ; the crested helmet thook ;
The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,
Broke short : the fragments glitter'd on the sand,
The raging warrior to the spacious skies
Rais'd his upbraiding voice, and angry eyes :

Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust ?
And is it thus the Gods assist the just ?
When crimes provoke us, Heaven success denies ;
The dart falls harmless, and the saulchion flies.
Furious he said, and tow'rd the Grecian crew
(Seiz'd by the crest) th' unhappy warrior drew ;
Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroidered thong,
That ty'd his helmet, dragg'd the chief along.
Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy,
But Venus trembled for the prince of Troy :
Unseen she came, and burst the golden band ;
And left an empty helmet in his hand.
The caïque, enrag'd, amidst the Greeks he threw ;
The Greeks with smiles the polish'd trophy view.
Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart,
In thirst of vengeance at his rival's heart,
The Queen of Love her favour'd champion shrouds
(For Gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.
Rais'd from the field the panting youth she led,
And gently laid him on the bridal bed,
With pleasing sweets his fainting sense renews,
And all the dome perfumes with heavenly dews.

Mean time the brightest of the female kind,
The matchless Helen, o'er the walls reclind ;
To her, beset with Trojan beauties, came
In borrow'd form † the laughter-loving dame,

(She seem'd an ancient maid, well-skill'd to call
The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool.)
The Goddess softly shook her silken vest,
That shed perfumes, and whispering thus address'd:

Haste, happy nymph! for thee thy Paris calls,
Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls.
Fair *is* a God! with odours round him spread
He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed:
Not like a warrior parted from the foe,
But some gay dancer in the public show.

She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was mov'd;
She scorn'd the champion, but the man she lov'd.
Fair Venus' neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,
And breast, reveal'd the Queen of soft desire.
Struck with her presence, straight the lively red
Forsook her cheek; and, trembling, thus she said:
Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive?
And woman's frailty always to believe?
Say, to new nations must I cross the main,
Or carry wars to some soft Asian plain?
For whom must Helen break her second vow?
What other Paris is thy darling now?
Left to Atides (victor in the strife)
An odious conquest, and a captive wife,
Hence let me sail: and if thy Paris bear
My absence ill, let Venus ease his care.
A hand-maid Goddess at his side to wait,
Renounce the glories of thy heavenly state,
Be fix'd for ever to the Trojan shore,
His spouse, or slave; and mount the skies no more.
For me, to lawless love no longer led,
I scorn the coward, and detest his bed;
Else should I merit everlasting shame,
And keen reproach, from every Phrygian dame.
Till suits it now the joys of love to know,
Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe.
Then, thus incens'd, the Paphian queen replies;
Obey the powers from whom thy glories rise:
Should Venus leave thee, every charm must fly,
Fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye.
Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more
The world's aversion than their love before;
Now the bright prize for which mankind engage,
Then the sad victim of the public rage.
At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd,
And veil'd her blushes in a silken shade;
Unseen, and silent, from the train she moves,
Led by the Goddess of the Smiles and Loves.
Arriv'd and enter'd at the palace-gate,
The maids odours round their mistress wait;

Then all, dispersing, various tasks attend;
The queen and Goddess to the prince ascend:
Full in her Paris' sight, the Queen of Love
Had plac'd the beauteous progeny of Jove;
Where as he view'd her charms, she turn'd away
Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say:

Is this the chief, who, lost to sense of shame,
Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame?
Oh hadst thou dy'd, beneath the righteous sword
Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord!
The boaster Paris oft desir'd the day
With Sparta's king to meet in single fray:
Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,
Provoke Atrides, and renew the fight:
Yet Helen bids thee stay, lest thou unskill'd
Should'st fall an easy conquest on the field.

The prince replies: Ah cease, divinely fair,
Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear;
This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas' power;
We yet may vanquish in a happier hour:
There want not Gods to favour us above;
But let the business of our life be love:
These softer moments let delight employ,
And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy.
Not thus I lov'd thee, when from Sparta's shore,
My forc'd, my willing, heavenly prize I bore,
When first entranc'd in Cranaë's isle I lay,
Mix'd with thy soul, and all dissolv'd away!
Thus having spoke, th' enamour'd Phrygian boy
Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.

Him Helen follow'd slow with bashful charms,
And clasp'd the blooming hero in her arms.

While these to love's delicious rapture yield,
The stern Atrides rages round the field:
So some fell lion, whom the woods obey,
Roars through the desert, and demands his prey
Paris he seeks, impatient to destroy,
But seeks in vain along the troops of Troy;
Ev'n those had yielded to a foe so brave
The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave.
Then speaking thus, the king of kings arose!
Ye Trojans, Dardans, all our generous foes!
Hear and attest! from heaven with conquest crown'd,
Our brother's arms the just success have found;
Be therefore now the Spartan wealth restor'd,
Let Argive Helen own her lawful lord;
Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
And age to age record this signal day.

He ceas'd; his army' loud applauses rise,
And the long shout runs echoing through the skies.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Breach of the Truce, and the first Battle.

The Gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book (as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book).—The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

And now Olympus' shining gates unfold;
The Gods, with Jove, assume their thrones of gold:
Immortal Hebe, fresh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:
While the full bowls flow round, the powers employ
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.

When Jove, dispos'd to tempt Saturnia's spleen,
Thus wak'd the fury of his partial queen:
Two powers divine the son of Atreus aid,
Imperial Juno, and the Martial Maid;
But high in Heaven they sit, and gaze from far,
The tame spectators of his deeds of war.
Not thus fair Venus helps her favour'd knight,
The Queen of Pleasures shares the toils of fight,
Each danger wards, and, constant in her care,
Saves in the moment of the last despair.
Her act has rescued Paris' forfeit life,
Though great Atides, gain'd the glorious strife.
Then, say, Ye powers! what signal issue waits
To crown this deed, and finish all the Fates?
Shall Heaven by peace the bleeding kingdoms spare,
Or rouse the Furies, and awake the war?
Yet, would the Gods for human good provide,
Atides soon might gain his beauteous bride,
Still Priam's walls in peaceful honours grow,
And through his gates the crowding nations flow.

Thus while he spoke, the Queen of Heaven enrag'd,
And Queen of War in close consult engag'd:
Apart they sit, their deep designs employ,
And meditate the future woes of Troy.
Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
The prudent Goddess yet her wrath suppress;
But Juno, impotent of passion, broke,
Her silent silence, and with fury spoke:

Shall then, O tyrant of th' æthereal reign!
My schemes, my labours, and my hopes, be vain?
Have I, for this, shook Ilium with alarms,
Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms?
To spread the war, I flew from shore to shore;
Th' immortal coursers scarce the labour bore.
At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends,
But Jove himself the faithless race defends:
Loth as thou art to punish lawless lust,
Not all the Gods are partial and unjust.
The Sire whose thunder shakes the cloudy skies
Sighs from his inmost soul, and thus replies:
Oh lasting rancour! oh insatiate hate
To Phrygia's monarch, and the Phrygian state!
What high offence has fir'd the wife of Jove,
Can wretched mortals harm the power's above?
That Troy and Troy's whole race thou would'st
confound,

And yon fair structures level with the ground?
Haste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire,
Burst all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!
Let Priam bleed! If yet thou thirst for more,
Bleed all his sons, and Ilium float with gore,
To boundless vengeance the wide realm be given,
Till vast destruction glut the Queen of Heaven!
So let it be, and Jove his peace enjoy,
When Heaven no longer hears the name of Troy:
But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate
On thy lov'd realms, whose guilt demands their fate,
Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay;
Remember Troy, and give the vengeance way.
For know, of all the numerous towns that rise
Beneath the rolling sun and starry skies,

Which Gods have rais'd, or earth-born men enjoy,
None stands so dear to Jove as sacred Troy.
No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace
Than godlike Priam, or than Priam's race,
Still to our name their hecatombs expire,
And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire.

At this the Goddess roll'd her radiant eyes,
Then on the Thunderer fix'd them, and replies:
Three towns are Juno's on the Grecian plains,
More dear than all th' extended earth contains,
Mycene, Argos, and the Spartan wall;
These thou may'st raze, nor I forbid their fall:
'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove;
The crime's sufficient, that they share my love.
Of power superior why should I complain?
Relent I may, but must relent in vain.
Yet some sanction Juno might require,
Sprung with thyself from one celestial fire,
A Goddess born to share the realms above,
And sty'd the consort of the thundering Jove:
Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny;
Let both consent, and both by turns comply;
So shall the Gods our joint decrees obey,
And Heaven shall act as we direct the way.
See ready Pallas waits thy high commands,
To raise in arms the Greek and Phrygian bands;
Their sudden friendship by her arts may cease,
And the proud Trojans first infringe the peace.

The Sire of men and Monarch of the sky,
Th' advice approv'd, and bade Minerva fly,
Dissolve the league, and all her arts employ
To make the breach the faithless act of Troy.
Fir'd with the charge, she headlong urg'd her
flight,

And shot like lightning from Olympus' height.
As the red comet, from Saturnus sent
To fight the nations with a dire portent
(A fatal sign to armies on the plain,
Or trembling sailors on the wintery main)
With sweeping glories glides along in ait,
And shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair:
Between both armies thus, in open fight,
Shot the bright Goddess in a trait of light.
With eyes erect the gazing hosts admire
The power descending, and the heavens on fire!
The Gods (they cried) the Gods this signal sent,
And fate now labours with some vast event:
Jove seals the league, or bloodier scenes prepares,
Jove, the great arbiter of peace and wars!
They said, while Pallas through the Trojan throng
(In shape a mortal) pass'd disguis'd along.
Like bold Laëlocus, her course she hent,
Who from Antenor trac'd his high descent.
Amidst the ranks Lycaon's son she found,
The warlike Pandarus, for strength renown'd;
Whose squadrons, led from black Ætæus' flood,
With flaming shields in martial circle stood.

To him the Goddess: Phrygian! can'st thou hear
A well-tun'd counsel with a willing ear?
What praise were thine, could'st thou direct thy
Amidst his triumph, to the Spartan's heart! [dart,
What gifts from Troy, from Paris would'st thou
Thy country's foe, the Grecian glory slain! [gain,
Then seize th' occasion, dare the mighty deed,
Aim at his breast, and may that aim succeed!
But first, to speed the shaft, address thy bow
To Lycian Phœbus with the silver bow,

And swear the striplings of thy flock to pay
On Zelia's altars, to the God of Day.

He heard, and madly, at the motion pleas'd,
His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seiz'd.
"Twas form'd of horn, and smoooth'd with artful toil
A mountain goat resign'd the shining spoil,
Who pierc'd long since beneath his arrows bled:
The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead,
And sixteen palms his brow's large honours spread:
The workmen join'd, and shap'd the bended horns,
And beaten gold each taper point adorn'd.
This by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends,
Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding friends.
There meditates the mark; and, couching low,
Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow.
One from a hundred feather'd death, whose
Fated to wound, and cause of future woes,
Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown
Apollo's altars in his native town.

Now with full force the yielding horn he bends
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends;
Close to his breast he strains the nerve below,
Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow;
Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing:
Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quivering
But thee, Atreides! in that dangerous hour [string.
The Gods forget not, nor thy guardian power,
Pallas assists, and (weaken'd in its force)
Diverts the weapon from its destin'd course:
So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,
The watchful mother wafts th' envenom'd fly.
Just where his belt with golden buckles join'd,
Where linen folds the double corslet lin'd,
She turn'd the shaft, which hissing from above,
Pais'd the broad belt, and through the corslet drove:
The folds it pierc'd, the planted linen tore,
And raz'd the skin, and drew the purple gore.
As when some stately trappings are decreed
To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,
A nymph in Caria or Mæonia bred,
Stains the pure ivory with a lively red:
With equal lustre various colours vie,
The shining whiteness, and the Tyrian dye:
So, great Atreides! show'd thy sacred blood, [blood.
As down thy snowy thigh distill'd the streaming
With horror seiz'd, the king of men descried
That shaft infix'd, and saw the gushing tide:
Nor less the Spartan fear'd, before he found
The shining barb appear'd above the wound.
Then, with a sigh, that heav'd his manly breast,
The royal brother thus his grief express'd, [round
And grasp'd his hands; while all the Greeks a-
With answering sighs return'd the plaintive sound:

Oh dear as life! did I for this agree
The solemn truce, a fatal truce to thee!
Wert thou expos'd to all the hostile train,
To fight for Greece, and conquer to be slain?
The race of Trojans in thy ruin join,
And faith is scorn'd by all the perjur'd line.
Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,
Those hands we plighted, and those oaths we swore,
Shall all be vain: when Heaven's revenge is slow,
Jove but prepares to strike the fiercer blow.
The day shall come, that great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay.
When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all.

I see the God, already, from the pole
Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;
I see th' Eternal all his fury shed,
And shake his Ægis o'er their guilty head,
Such mighty woes on perjur'd princes wait;
But thou, alas! deserv'st a happier fate.
Still must I mourn the period of thy days,
And only mourn, without my share of praise?
Depriv'd of thee, the heartless Greeks no more
Shall dream of conquests on the hostile shore;
Troy seiz'd of Helen, and our glory lost,
Thy bones shall moulder on a foreign coast:
While some proud Trojan thus insulting cries,
(And spins the dust where Menelaüs lies)
"Such are the trophies Greece from Ilion brings,
"And such the conquests of her King of Kings!
"Lo his proud vessels scatter'd o'er the main,
"And unreveng'd his mighty brother slain."
Oh! eie that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch's
He said: a leader's and a brother's fears [shame.
Possess his soul, which thus the Spartan cheers:
Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate;
The feeble dart is guiltless of my fate:
Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,
My varied belt repell'd the flying wound.

To whom the King: My brother and my friend,
Thus, always thus, may Heaven thy life defend!
Now seek some skilful hand, whose powerful art
May staunch the effusion, and extract the dart.
Herald, be swift, and bid Machaon bring
His speedy succour to the Spartan king;
Pierc'd with a winged shaft, (the deed of Troy)
The Grecian's sorrow, and the Dardan's joy.

With hasty zeal the swift Talthybius flies;
Through the thick files he darts his searching
eyes,
And finds Machaon, where sublime he stands
In arms encircled with his native bands.
Then thus: Machaon, to the king repair,
His wounded brother claims thy timely care;
Pierc'd by some Lycian or Dardanian bow,
A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.

The heavy tidings griev'd the godlike man:
Swift to his succour through the ranks he ran;
The dauntless king yet standing firm he found,
And all the chiefs in deep concern around,
Where to the steely point the reed was join'd,
The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.
Straight the broad belt with gay embroidery grac'd,
He loos'd; the corslet from his breast unbrac'd;
Then suck'd the blood, and sovereign balm intus'd,
Which Chiron gave, and Æsculapius us'd.

While sound the prince the Greeks employ their
The Trojans rush tumultuous to the war; [care,
Once more they glitter in refulgent arms,
Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms.
Nor had you seen the king of men appear
Confus'd, unactive, or surpris'd with fear;
But fond of glory with severe delight,
His beating bosom claim'd the rising fight,
No longer with his warlike steeds he stay'd,
Or press'd the car with polish'd brass inlaid;
But left Eurymedon the reins to guide;
The fiery couriers snorted at his side.
On foot through all the martial ranks he moves,
And these encourages, and those reproves.

Brave men! he cries (to such who boldly dare
Urge their swift steeds to face the coming war)
Your ancient valours on the foes approve;
Jove is with Greece, and let us trust in Jove.
'Tis not for us, but guilty Troy to dread,
Whose crimes sit heavy on her perjurd head;
Her sons and matrons Greece shall lead in chains,
And her dead warriors strow the mournful plains.

Thus with new ardour he the brave inspires;
Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires:
Shame to your country, scandal of your kind!
Born to the fate ye well deserve to find!
Why stand you gazing round the dreadful plain,
Prepar'd for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?
Confus'd and panting thus, the hunted deer
Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.
Still must ye wait the foe, and still retire,
Till yon tall vessels blaze with Trojan fire?
Or trust ye, Jove a valiant foe shall chase,
To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race?

This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along,
To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng;
High at their head he saw the chief appear,
And bold Meriones excite the rear.
At this the king his generous joy express'd,
And clasp'd the warrior to his armed breast:
Divine Idomeneus! what thanks we owe
To worth like thine! what praise shall we bestow?
To thee the foremost honours are decreed,
First in the fight, and every graceful deed.
For this, in banquets, when the generous bowls
Restore our blood, and raise the warriors souls,
Though all the rest with stated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeasur'd, are thy goblets crown'd.
Be still thyself; in arms a mighty name;
Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame.

To whom the Cretan thus his speech address:
Secure of me, O king! exhort the rest:
Fix'd to thy side, in every toil I share,
Thy firm associate in the day of war.
But let the signal be this moment given;
To mix in fight is all I ask of Heaven.
The field shall prove how perjuries succeed,
And chains or death avenge their impious deed.

Charm'd with this heat, the king his course
pursues,

And next the troops of either Ajax views:
In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around,
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
A swan surveys the gathering storm below;
Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,
Till black at night the swelling tempest shows,
The cloud condensing as the West-wind blows:
He dreads th' impending storm, and drives his
To the close covert of an arching rock. [flock
Such, and so thick, th' embattled squadrons
With spears erect, a moving iron wood; [stood,
A shady light was shot from glimmering shields,
And their brown arms obscur'd the dusky fields.

O heroes! worthy such a dauntless train,
Whole godlike virtue we but urge in vain,
(Exclaim'd the king) who raise your eager bands
With great examples, more than loud commands:
Ah, would the Gods but breathe in all the rest
Such souls as burn in your exalted breast:

Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie smoking on the ground.

Then to the next the general bends his course
(His heart exults, and glories in his fate);
There reverend Nestor ranks his Pylion bands;
And with inspiring eloquence commands;
With strictest orders set his train in arms,
The chiefs advise, and the soldiers warm,
Alastor, Chromius, Hæmon round him wait,
Bias the good, and Pelagon the great.
The horse and chariots to the front assign'd,
The foot (the strength of war) he rang'd behind;
The middle space suspected troops supply,
Includ'd by both, nor left the power to fly;
He gives command to curb the fiery steed,
Nor cause confusion, nor the ranks exceed;
Before the rest let none too rashly ride;
No strength no skill, but just in time, be try'd;
The charge once made, no warrior turn the rein,
But fight, or fall; a firm embody'd train.
He whom the fortune of the field shall cast
From forth his chariot, mount the next in haste;
Nor seek unpractic'd to direct the car,
Content with javelins to provoke the war.
Our great forefathers held this prudent counsel;
Thus rul'd their ardour, thus pierc'd their force,
By laws like these immortal conquest made,
And earth's proud tyrants low in ashes laid.

So spoke the master of the martial art,
And touch'd with transport great Atreides' heart!
Oh! had'st thou strength to match thy brave de-
And nerves to second what thy soul inspires! [fears,
But wasting years; that wither human race,
Exhaust thy spirits, and thy arms unbrace.
What once thou wert, oh ever might'st thou be!
And age the lot of any chief but thee.

Thus to th' experienc'd prince Atreides cry'd;
He shook his hoary locks, and thus reply'd:
Well might I wish, could mortal will renew
That strength which once in boiling youth I knew;
Such as I was, when Ereuthalion slain
Beneath this aim fell prostrate on the plain.
But Heaven its gifts not all at once bestows,
These years with wisdom crown'd, with action
those;

The field of combat fits the young and bold,
The solemn council best becomes the old:
To you the glorious conflict I resign,
Let sage advice, the palm of age, be mine.
He said. With joy the monarch march'd before,
And found Menestheus on the dusty shore,
With whom the firm Athenian phalanx stands.
And next Ulysses with his subject bands.
Remote their forces lay, nor knew so far
The peace infring'd, nor heard the sound of war;
The tumult late begun, they stood intent
To watch the motion, dubious of th' event.
The king, who saw their squadrons yet unmov'd,
With hasty ardour thus the chiefs reprovd:
Can Peleus' son forget a warrior's part,
And fears Ulysses, skill'd in every art?
Why stand you distant, and the rest expect
To mix in combat which yourselves neglect?
From yon 'twas hop'd among the first to dare
The shocks of armies, and commence the war.
For this your names are call'd before the rest,
To share the pleasures of the genial feast:

And can you, chiefs ! without a blush survey
Whole troops before you labouring in the fray ?
Say, is it thus those honours you require :
The first in banquets, but the last in fight ?

Ulysses heard ! the help's warmth o'erspread
His cheek with blushes . and severe, he said :
Take back th' unjust reproach ! Behold, we stand
Sheath'd in bright arms, and but expect command
If glorious deeds afford thy soul delight,
Behold me plunging in the thickest fight
Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due,
Who dar'st to act what'er thou dar'st to view.

Spoken with his generous wrath the king replies,
Oh great in action, and in council wise !
With ours, thy care and ardour are the same,
Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.
Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,
Forgive the transport of a martial mind.
Haste to the fight, secure of just amends,
The Gods that make, shall keep the worthy, friends.

He said, and pass'd, where great Tydides lay,
His steeds and chariots wedg'd in firm array.
(The warlike Schenehas attends his side)
To whom with stern reproach the monarch cry'd,
Oh son of Tydeus ! (he, whose strength could tame
The bounding steed, in arms a mighty name)
Canst thou, remote, the mingling hoofs descry,
With hands unactive, and a careless eye ?
Not thus thy sire the fierce encounter fear'd,
Still first in front the matchless prunce appear'd ;
What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,
Who view'd him labouring through the ranks of fight !

I saw him once, when, gathering martial power,
A peaceful guest, he fought Mycenæ's tower ;
Armies he ask'd, and armies had been given,
Not we deny'd, but Jove forbade from heaven ;
While dreadful comets glaring from afar
Forewarn'd the horrors of the Theban war.
Next, sent by Greece from where Asopus flows,
A fearless envoy, he approach'd the foes,
Thebe's hostile walls, unguarded and alone,
Dareless he enters, and demands the throne.
The tyrant feasting with his chiefs he found,
And dar'd to combat all those chiefs around ;
Dar'd and subdued, before their haughty lord,
For Pallas strung his arm, and edg'd his sword
Stung with the shame, within the winding way,
To bar his passage fifty warriors lay,
Two heroes led the secret squadron on,
Mæon the fierce, and hardy Lycophon,
Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
He spar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.
Such Tydeus was, and such his martial fire.
Gods ! how the son, degenerates from the sire !

No words the godlike Diomed return'd,
But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd
Not to fierce Capaneus' undaunted son,
Stern as his sire, the boaster thus begun :
What needs, O monarch, this invidious praise,
Ourselves to lessen, while our fires you raise ?
Dare to be just, Atreides ! and confess
Our valour equal, though our fury less,
With fewer troops we storm'd the Theban wall,
And happier saw the sevenfold city fall.
In impious acts the guilty father's dy'd ;
The sons subdued, for heaven was on their side.

Far more than heirs of all our parents' fame,
Our glories darken their diminish'd name.

To him Tydides thus : My friend, forbear,
Suppress thy passion, and the king revere :
His high concern may well excuse this rage,
Whose cause we follow, and whose war we wage ;
His the first praise, were Ilion's towers o'erthrown,
And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own.
Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite,
'Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight.

He spoke, and ardent on the trembling ground
Sprung from his car, his ringing arms resound.
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,
Of arm'd Tydides rushing to the war.
As when the winds, ascending by degrees,
First move the whitening surface of the seas,
The billows float in order to the shore,
The wave behind rolls on the wave before ;
Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise,
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.
So to the fight the thick battalions throng,
Shields urg'd on shields, and men drove men along.
Sedate and silent move the numerous bands,
No sound, no whisper, but the chief's commands,
Those only heard ; with awe the rest obey,
As if some God had snatch'd their voice away.
Not so the Trojans, from their host ascends
A general shout that all the region rends.
As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand
In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand,
The hollow vales incessant bleating hills,
The lambs reply from all the neighbouring hills :
Such clamours rose from various nations round,
Mix'd was the murmur, and confus'd the sound.
Each host now joins, and each a God inspires,
These Mars incites, and those Minerva fires
Pale flight around, and dreadful Terror reign ;
And Discord raging bathes the purple plain,
Discord ! dire sister of the slaughtering power,
Small at her birth, but rising every hour,
While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around ;
The nations bleed, where'er her steps she turns,
The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.
Now wield with shield, with helmet helmet
clos'd,

To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,
Host against host, with shady squadrons drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew,
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise,
With streaming blood the slippery fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

As torrents roll, increas'd by numerous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills ;
Rush to the vales, and, pour'd along the plain,
Roar through a thousand channels to the main ;
The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound :
So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound.

The bold Antilochus the slaughter led,
The first who struck a valiant Trojan dead :
At great Echeopolas the lance arrives ;
Raz'd his high crest, and through his helmet drives ;
Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,
And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes
So sinks a tower, that long assaults had stood
Of force and fire ; its walls besmear'd with blood,

Him, the bold & leader of th' Abantian throng
Seiz'd to despoil, and dragg'd the corpse along :
But while he strove to tug th' inserted dart,
Agenor's javelin reach'd the hero's heart.
His flank, unguarded by his ample shield,
Admits the lance : he falls, and spurns the field ;
The nerves, unbrac'd, support his limbs no more ;
The soul comes floating in a tide of gore.
Trojans and Greeks now gather round the slain ;
The war renews, the warriors bleed again ;
As 'er their prey rapacious wolves engage,
Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.
In blooming youth fair Simoësius fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell :
Fair Simoësius, whom his mother bore,
Amid the flocks on silver Simois' shore :
The nymph descending from the hills of Ide,
To seek her parents on his flowery side,
Brought forth the babe, their common care and joy,

And thence from Simois nam'd the lovely boy.
Short was his date ! by dreadful Ajax slain
He falls, and renders all their cares in vain !
So falls a poplar, that in watery ground
Rais'd high the head, with stately branches crown'd,
(Fell'd by some artist with his shining steel,
To shape the circle of the bending wheel)
Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread,
With all its beauteous honours on its head ;
There, left a subject to the wind and rain,
And scorch'd by suns, it withers on the plain.
Thus pierc'd by Ajax, Simoësius lies
Stretch'd on the shore, and thus neglected dies.

At Ajax Antiphos his javelin threw ;
The pointed lance with erring fury flew, }
And Leucus, lov'd by wife Ulysses, flew.
He drops the corpse of Simoësius slain,
And sinks a breathless carcase on the plain.
This saw Ulysses, and with grief enrag'd
Strode where the foremost of the foes engag'd ;
Arm'd with his spear, he meditates the wound,
In act to throw ; but, cautious, look'd around.
Struck at his sight the Trojans backward drew,
And trembling heard the javelin as it flew.
A chief stood nigh, who from Abydos came,
Old Priam's son, Democoön was his name ;
The weapon enter'd close above his ear,
Cold through his temples glides the whizzing spear ;
With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his breath,
His eye-balls darken with the shades of death ;
Ponderous he falls ; his clanging arms resound ;
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.
Seiz'd with affright the boldest foes appear ;
Ev'n godlike Hector seems himself to fear ;

† Elphenor.

Slow he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled ;
The Greeks with shouts press on and spoil the dead :
But Phœbus now from Ilion's towering height
Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.
Trojans, be bold, and force with force oppose ;
Your foaming steeds urge headlong on the foes !
Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with steel ;
Your weapons enter, and your strokes they feel.
Have you forgot what seem'd your dread before ?
The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more.

Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty towers
Array'd in terrors, rous'd the Trojan powers :
While War's fierce Goddess fires the Grecian foe,
And shouts and thunders in the fields below.
Then great Diore, fell by doom divine,
In vain his valour, and illustrious line.
A broken rock the force of Pirus threw
(Who from cold Ænus led the Thracian crew) ;
Full on his ankle dropt the ponderous stone,
Burst the strong nerves, and crash'd the solid bone.
Supine he tumbles on the crimson sands,
Before his helpless friends and native bands, }
And spread for aid his unavailing hands.
The foe rush'd furious as he pants for breath,
And through his navel drove the pointed death :
His gushing entrails smok'd upon the ground,
And the warm life came issuing from the wound.

His lance bold Thoas at the conqueror sent,
Deep in his breast above the pap it went.
Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,
And quivering in his heaving bosom stood ;
Till from the dying chief, approaching near,
Th' Ætolian warrior tugg'd his weighty spear :
Then sudden wav'd his flaming saulchion round,
And gash'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
The corpse now breathless on the bloody plain,
To spoil his arms the victor strove in vain ;
The Thracian bands against the victor prest ;
A grove of lances glitter'd at his breast.
Stern Thoas, glaring with revengeful eyes,
In fullen fury slowly quits the prize.
Thus tell two heroes ; one the pride of Thrace,
And one the leader of the Epian race :
Death's fable shade at once o'er cast their eyes,
In dust the vanquish'd, and the victor lies.
With copious slaughter all the fields are red,
And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.

Had some brave chief this martial scene beheld,
By Pallas guarded through the dreadful field ;
Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
And swords around him innocently play ;
The war's whole art, with wonder had he seen,
And counted heroes where he counted men.
So fought each host with thirst of glory fir'd,
And crowds on crowds triumphantly expir'd.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Acts of Diomed.

DIOMEDE, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the Goddess cures him, enables him to slay a God from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him : Panda-

rus is killed, and Æneas in great danger, but for the assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded in the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that God; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.

BUT Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires,
Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,
And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.
High on his helm celestial lightnings play,
His beamy shield emits a living ray;
Th' unwearied blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies,
When fresh he rears his radiant orb to fight,
And, bath'd in Ocean, shoots a keener light.
Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,
Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:
Onward she drives him, furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest
rage.

The sons of Dares first the combat sought,
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;
In Vulcan's lane the father's days were led,
The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;
These singled from their troops the fight maintain,
These from their steeds, Tydides on the plain.
Fierce for renown the brother chiefs draw near,
And first bold Phegus cast his sounding spear,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its erring force.
Not so, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain,
But pierc'd his breast, and stretch'd him on the
Seiz'd with unusual fear, Idæus fled, [plain.
Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead,
And, had not Vulcan lent his celestial aid,
He too had sunk to death's eternal shade;
But in a smoky cloud the God of fire
Preserv'd the son, in pity to the fire.
The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,
Encreas'd the spoils of gallant Diomed.

Struck with amaze and shame, the Trojan crew
Or slain, or fled, the sons of Dares view;
When by the blood-stain'd hand Minerva prest
The God of battles, and this speech address:

Stern power of war! by whom the mighty fall,
Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall!
Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;
And whose the conquest mighty Jove decide:
While we from interdicted fields retire,
Nor tempt the wrath of heaven's avenging Sire.
Her words allay'd the impetuous warrior's heat,
The God of Arms and Martial Maid retreat;
Remov'd from sight, on Xanthus' flowery bounds
They sat, and listened to the dying sounds.

Mean time the Greeks the Trojan race pursue,
And some bold chieftain every leader slew:
First Odius falls, and bites the bloody sand,
His death ennobled by Atrides' hand;
As he to flight his wheeling car address'd,
The speedy javelin drove from back to breast.
In dust the mighty Malisomian lay,
His arms resound, the spirit wings its way.

Thy fate was next, O Phœbus! doom'd to feel
The great Idomeneus' portended steel;
Whom Borus sent (his son, and only joy)
From fruitful Tarnæ to the fields of Troy.
The Cretan javelin reach'd him from afar,
And pierc'd his shoulder as he mounts his car;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,
And everlasting shades his eyes surround.

Then dy'd Scamandrius, expert in the chase,
In woods and wilds to wound the savage race:
Diana taught him all her Sylvan arts,
To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts:
But vainly here Diana's arts he tries,
The fatal lance arrests him as he flies;
From Menelaüs' arm the weapon sent,
Through his broad back and heaving bosom
went:

Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Next artful Phœreclus untimely fell;
Bold Merion sent him to the realms of hell.
Thy father's skill, O Phœreclus, was thine,
The graceful fabric and the fair design;
For, lov'd by Pallas, Pallas did impart
To him the shipwright's and the builder's art.
Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris rose,
The fatal cause of all his country's woes;
But he, the mystic will of Heaven unknown,
Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own.
The hapless artist, while confus'd he fled,
The spear of Merion mingled with the dead,
Through his right hip with forceful fury cast,
Between the bladder and the bone it past:
Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,
And death, in lasting slumber seals his eyes.

From Meges' force the swift Pedæus fled,
Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed,
Whose generous spouse, Theano, heavenly fair,
Nurs'd the young stranger with a mother's care.
How vain those cares! when Meges in the rear
Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear!
Swift through his crackling jaws the weapon
glides,

And the cold tongue the grinning teeth divides.

Then dy'd Hypenor, generous and divine,
Sprung from the brave Dolopian's mighty line,
Who near ador'd Scamander made abode,
Priest of the streams, and honour'd as a God.
On him, amidst the flying numbers found,
Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound;
On his broad shoulders fell the forceful brand,
Then glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand,
Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand.
Down sunk the priest; the purple hand of death
Clos'd his dim eye, and fate suppress'd his breath.

Thus toil'd the chiefs, in different parts engag'd,
In every quarter since Tydides rag'd,

Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train,
Rapt through the ranks, he thunders o'er the plain !

Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,
Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face.
Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong
Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,
Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave refounds,
O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty
The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year, [bounds.
And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear !
While Jove descends in stuicy sheets of rain,
And all the labours of mankind are vain.

So rag'd Tydides, boundless in his ire,
Drove armies back, and made all Troy retire.
With grief the † leader of the Lycian band
Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand :
His bended bow against the chief he drew ;
Swift to the mark the thirsty arrow flew,
Whose forky point the hollow breast-plate tore,
Deep in his shoulder pierc'd, and drank the gore :
The rushing stream his brazen armour dy'd,
While the proud archer thus exulting cry'd :

Hither, ye Trojans, hither drive your steeds !
Lo ! by our hand the bravest Grecian bleeds.
Not long the dreadful dart he can sustain ;
Or Phœbus urg'd me to these fields in vain.

So spoke he, boastful ; but the winged dart
Stopt short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art.
The wounded chief, behind his car retir'd,
The helping hand of Sthenelus requir'd ;
Swift from his feat he leap'd upon the ground,
And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound ;
When thus the king his guardian power address'd,
The purple current wandering o'er his vest :

O progeny of Jove ! unconquer'd maid !
If e'er my godlike Sire deserv'd thy aid,
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field,
Now, Goddess, now thy sacred succour yield.
Oh give my lance to reach the Trojan knight,
Whose arrow wounds the chief thou guard'st in
And lay the boaster grovelling on the shore, [fight ;
That vaunts these eyes shall view the light no more.

Thus pray'd Tydides, and Minerva heard ;
His nerves confirm'd, his languid spirits cheer'd,
He feels each limb with wonted vigour light ;
His beating bosom claims the promis'd fight.
Be bold (she cry'd) in every combat shine,
War be thy province, thy protection mine ;
Rush to the fight, and every foe controul ;
Wake each paternal virtue in thy soul :
Strength swells thy boiling breath, infus'd by me,
And all thy godlike father breathes in thee !
Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thy eyes,
And set to view the warring Deities. [plain,
These see thou shun, through all th' embattled
Nor rashly strive where human force is vain.
If Venus mingle in the martial band,
Her shalt thou wound : so Pallas gives command.

With that, the blue-ey'd virgin wing'd her flight :

The hero rush'd impetuous to the fray,
With tenfold ardour now invades the plain,
Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.
As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger
Amidst the field a brindled lion falls ;

If chance some shepherd with a distant dart
The savage wound, he rouses at the smart,
He foams, he roars ; the shepherd dares not stay,
But trembling leaves the scattering flocks a prey ;
Heaps fall on heaps ; he bathes with blood the ground,

Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.
Not with less fury stern Tydides flew ;
And two brave leaders at an instant flew :
Astynous breathless fell, and by his side
His people's pastor, good Hypenor, dy'd ;
Astynous' breast the deadly lance receives,
Hypenor's shoulder his broad saulchion cleaves,
Those slain he left ; and sprung with noble rage
Abas and Polyidus to engage ;
Sons of Eurydamus, who, wife and old,
Could fates foresee, and mystic dreams unfold ;
The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,
And the sad father try'd his arts in vain ;
No mystic dream could make their fates appear,
Though now determin'd by Tydides spear.

Young Xanthus next, and Thoön felt his rage ;
The joy and hope of Phenops' feeble age ;
Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs
Of all his labours, and a life of cares.
Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years,
And leaves the father unavailing tears :
To strangers now descend his heavy store,
The race forgotten, and the name no more.

Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride
Glittering in arms, and combat side by side.
As when the lordly lion seeks his food
Where grazing herders range the lonely wood,
He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,
Bends their strong necks, and tears them to the ground ;

So from their seats the brother chiefs are torn,
Their steeds, and chariot to the navy borne.

With deep concern divine Æneas view'd
The foe prevailing, and his friends pursued,
Through the thick storm of fighting [spear he flies,
Exploring Pandarus with careful eyes,
At length he found Lycaon's mighty son ;
To whom the chief of Venus' race begun :

Where, Pandarus, are all thy honours now,
Thy winged arrows, and unerring bow,
Thy matchless skill, thy yet arrivall'd fame,
And boasted glory of the Lycian name ?
Oh pierce that mortal : if we mortal call
That wondrous force by which whole armies fall ;

Or God incens'd, who quits the distant skies
To punish Troy for slighted sacrifice ;

(Which, oh, avert from our unhappy state !
For what so dreadful as celestial hate ?)
Whoe'er he be, propitiate Jove with prayer ;
If man destroy ; if God, entreat to spare.

To him the Lycian : Whom your eyes behold,
If right I judge, is Diomed the bold !
Such couriers whirl him o'er the dusty field,
So towers his helmet, and so flames his shield.
If 'tis a God, he wears that chief's disguise ;
Or if that chief, some guardian of the skies
Involv'd in clouds,
And turns unseen

The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell ;

And, but some God, some angry God withstands,
His fate was due to these unerring hands.
Skill'd in the bow, on foot, I fought the war,
Nor join'd swift horses to the rapid car.
Ten polish'd chariots I possess'd at home,
And still they grace Lycaon's princely dome:
There veil'd in spacious coverlets they stand;
And twice ten coursers wait their lord's command.
The good old warrior bade me trust to these,
When first for Troy I sail'd the sacred seas;
In fields aloft the whirling car to guide,
And through the ranks of death triumphant ride:
But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,
I heard his counsels with unheeded mind,
And thought the steeds (your large supplies un-
known)

Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town:
So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,
And left the chariots in my native land.

Too late, O friend! my rashness I deplore;
These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more.
Tydeus' and Atreus' sons their points have found,
And undisssembled gore pursued the wound.
In vain they bled: this unavailing bow
Serves, not to slaughter, but provoke the foe.
In evil hour these bended horns I strung.
And seiz'd the quiver where it idly hung.
Curs'd be the fate that sent me to the field
Without a warrior's arms, the spear and shield;
If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,
If e'er I see my spouse and fire again,
This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims,
Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames.

To whom the leader of the Dardan race:
Be calm, nor Phœbus' honour'd gift disgrace.
The distant dart be prais'd, though here we need
The rushing chariot, and the bounding steed.
Against yon hero let us bend our course,
And, hand to hand, encounter force with force.
Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height
Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight,
Fractis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chase,
To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race:
Secure with these, through fighting fields we go;
Or safe to Troy, if Jove assist the foe.
Haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein;
The warrior's fury let this arm sustain;
Or, if to combat thy bold heart incline,
Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine.

O prince! (Lycaon's valiant son replied)
As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.
The horses, practis'd to their lord's command,
Shall bear the rein, and answer to thy hand,
But if, unhappy, we desert the fight,
Thy voice alone can animate their flight:
Else shall our fates be number'd with the dead,
And these the victor's prize, in triumph led.
Thine be the guidance then: with spear and shield,
Myself will charge this terror of the field.

And now both heroes mount the glittering car;
The bounding coursers rush amidst the war.
Their fierce approach bold Stenelus espy'd,
Who thus, alarm'd to great Tydides cry'd:

O friend! two chiefs of force immense I see,
Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee:
Lo the brave heir of old Lycaon's line,
And great Æneas, sprung from race divine!

Enough is given to fame. Ascend thy car;
And save a life, the bulwark of our war.

At this the hero cast a gloomy look,
Fix'd on the chief with scorn; and thus he spoke:
Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight?

Me would'st thou move to base, inglorious flight?
Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,
Nor was Tydides born to tremble here.

I hate the cumbrous chariot's slow advance,
And the long distance of the flying lance;
But while my nerves are strong, my force entire,
Thus front the foe, and emulate my fire.
Nor shall yon steeds that fierce to fight convey
Those threatening heroes, bear them both away;
One chief at least beneath this arm shall die;
So Pallas tells me, and forbids to fly.

But if the dooms, and if no God withstand,
That both shall fall by one victorious hand;
Then heed my words: my horses here detain,
Fix'd to the chariot by the straiten'd rein;
Swift to Æneas empty seat proceed,
And seize the coursers of æth'ral breed:
The race of those, which once the thundering God
For ravish'd Ganymede on Tros bestow'd,
The best that e'er on earth's broad surface run,
Beneath the rising or the setting sun.
Hence great Anchises stole a breed, unknown
By mortal mares, from fierce Laomedon;
Four of this race his ample stalls contain,
And two transport Æneas o'er the plain.
These, were the rich immortal prize our own,
Through the wide world should make our glory
known.

Thus while they spoke the foe came furious on,
And stern Lycaon's warlike race begun:
Prince, thou art met. Though late in vain assail'd,
The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd.

He said, then shook the ponderous lance, and
flung;

On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung,
Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuirass hang.
He bleeds! the pride of Greece! (the boaster cries)
Our triumph now the mighty warrior lies!
Mistaken vaunter! Diomed reply'd:
Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be try'd:
Ye 'scape not both; one, headlong from his car,
With hostile blood shall glut the God of war.

He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful dart,
Which, driven by Pallas, pierc'd a vital part;
Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt
The nose and eye-ball the proud Lycian fir'd;
Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,
Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.
Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground;
Earth groans beneath him, and his arms rebound;
The starting coursers tremble with affright;
The soul indignant seeks the realms of night.

To guard his slaughter'd friend, Æneas flies,
His spear extending where the carcass lies;
Watchful he wheels, protects it every way,
As the grim lion stalks around his prey.
O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd,
He hides the hero with his mighty shade,
And threatens aloud: the Greeks with longing eyes
Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.
Then fierce Tydides stoops; and from the fields,
Heav'd with vast force, a rocky fragment wields,

Not two strong men th' enormous weight could
Such men as live in these degenerate days. [raise,
He swung it round; and, gathering strength to
throw,

Discharg'd the ponderous ruin at the foe.
Where to the hip th' inserted thigh unites,
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;
Through both the tendons broke the rugged stone,
And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.
Sunk on his knees, and staggering with his pains,
His falling bulk his bended arm sustains;
Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies;
A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.
There the brave chief who mighty numbers sway'd,
Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade;
But heavenly Venus, mindful of the love
She bore Anchises in th' Idæan grove,
His danger views with anguish and despair,
And guards her offspring with a mother's care.
About her much-lov'd son her arms she throws,
Her arms whose whiteness match the falling snows.
Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,
The swords wave harmless, and the javelins fail:
Safe through the rushing horse, and feather'd flight
Of sounding shafts, he bears him from the fight.

Nor Stenelus, with unassisting hands,
Remain'd unheedful of his lord's commands:
His panting steeds, remov'd from out the war,
He fix'd with straiten'd traces to the car.
Next rushing to the Dardan spoil, detains
The heavenly couriers with the flowing manes:
These, in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,
No longer now a Trojan lord obey'd,
That charge to bold Deipylus he gave,
(Whom most he lov'd, as brave men love the brave)
Then mounting on his car, resum'd the rein,
And follow'd where Tydides swept the plain.

Mean while (his conquest ravish'd from his eyes)
The raging chief in chase of Venus flies.
No Goddess the commission'd to the field,
Like Pallas dreadful with her sable shield,
Or fierce Bellona, thundering at the wall,
While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall;
He knew soft combats suit the tender dame,
New to the field and still a foe to fame.
Through breaking ranks his furious course he bends,
And at the Goddess's broad lance extends;
Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
Th' ambrosial veil which all the Graces wore;
Her snowy hand the razing steel profan'd,
And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd.
From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,
Such stream as issues from a wounded God:
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood;
Unlike our gross, diffus'd, terrestrial blood
(For not the bread of man their life sustains,
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.)
With tender shrieks the Goddess fill'd the place,
And droop'd her offspring from her weak embrace.
Him Phœbus took: he calls a cloud around
The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound.

Then, with a voice that shook the vaulted skies,
The king insults the Goddess as she flies.
Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree,
The field of combat is no scene for thee:
Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy
Go, lull the coward, or delude the fair.

Taught by this stroke, renounce the war's alarms,
And learn to tremble at the name of arms.

Tydides thus: The Goddess seiz'd with dread,
Confus'd, distracted, from the conflict fled,
To aid her, swift the winged Iris flew,
Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew.
The Queen of Love with faded charms she found,
Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.
To Mars, who sat remote, they bent their way,
Far on the left, with clouds involv'd he lay;
Beside him stood his lance, disdain'd with gore,
And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds before.
Low at his knee, she begg'd, with streaming eyes,
Her brother's car, to mount the distant skies,
And show'd the wound by fierce Tydides given,
A mortal man who dares encounter Heaven.
Stern Mars attentive hears the queen complain,
And to her hand commits the golden rein;
She mounts the seat, oppress'd with silent woe,
Driven by the Goddess of the painted bow,
The last rebounds, the rapid chariot flies,
And in a moment scales the lofty skies:
There stopp'd the car, and there the couriers stood,
Fed by fair Iris with ambrosial food.
Before her mother, Love's bright Queen appears,
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, and dissolv'd in tears;
She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,
And ask'd, what God had wrought this guilty deed?

Then she: This insult from no God I found,
An impious mortal gave the daring wound!
Behold the deed of haughty Diomed!
'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled,
The war with Troy no more the Grecians wage,
But with the Gods (th' immortal Gods) engage.
Dione then: Thy wrongs with patience bear,
And share those griefs inferior powers must share:
Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain,
And men with woes afflict the Gods again.
The mighty Mars in mortal fetters bound,
And long'd in brazen dungeons under ground,
Full thirteen moons imprison'd roar'd in vain;
Otus and Ephialtes held the chain:
Perhaps had penit'd; had not Hermes' care
Restor'd the groaning God to upper air.
Great Juno's self has bore her weight of pain,
Th' imperial partner of the heavenly reign;
Amphitryon's son infix'd the deadly dart,
And fill'd with anguish her immortal heart.
Ev'n hell's grim king Alcides' power confess'd
The shaft found entrance in his iron breast;
To Jove's high palace for a cure he fled,
Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead;
Where Pæon, sprinkling heavenly balm around,
Assuag'd the glowing pangs, and clos'd the wound.
Rash, impious man! to stain the blest abode,
And drench his arrows in the blood of Gods!

But thou (though Pallas urg'd thy frantic deed)
Whose spear ill-fated makes a Goddess bleed,
Know thou, whoe'er with heavenly power con-
tends,

Short is his date, and soon his glory ends;
From fields of death when late she shall retire,
No infant on his knees shall call him Sire.
Strong as thou art, some God may yet be found,
To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground;
Thy distant wife, Ægiale the fair,
Starting from sleep with a distracted air,

Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost lord deplore,
The brave, the great, the glorious, now no more!

This said, the wip'd from Venus' wounded palm
The sacred ichor, and infus'd the balm.

Juno and Pallas with a smile survey'd,
And thus to Jove began the blue-ey'd Maid;

Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove! to tell
How this mischance the Cyprian Queen befall.
As late she try'd with passion to inflame
The tender bosom of a Grecian dame,
Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,
To quit her country for some youth of Troy;
The clapping zone, with golden buckles bound,
Kiss'd her soft hand with this lamented wound.

The Sire of Gods and men superior smil'd,
And, calling Venus, thus address'd his child:
Not these, O daughter, are thy proper cares!
These milder arts besit, and softer wars;
Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing charms,
To Mars and Pallas leave the deeds of arms.

Thus they in heaven: while on the plain below
The fierce Tydides charg'd his Dardan foe,
Flush'd with celestial blood pursu'd his way,
And fearless dar'd the threatening God of day;
Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,
Though screen'd behind Apollo's mighty shield.
Thrice rushing furious, at the chief he strook;
His blazing buckler thrice Apollo shook: [cloud,
He try'd the fourth: when, breaking from the
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:

O son of Tydeus, cease! be wise and see
How vast the difference of the Gods and thee;
Distance immense! between the powers that shine
Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,
And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
A shortliv'd reptile in the dust of earth.

So spoke the God who darts celestial fires;
He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.
Then Phoebus bore the chief of Venus' race
To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place;
Latona there and Phoebe heal'd the wound,
With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.
This done, the patron of the silver bow
A phantom rais'd, the same in shape and show
With great Æneas; such the form he bore,
And such in fight the radiant arms he wore.
Around the spectre bloody wars were wag'd,
And Greece and Troy with clashing shields engag'd.
Mean time on Ilion's tower Apollo stood,
And, calling Mars, thus urg'd the raging God.

Stern power of arms, by whom the mighty fall;
Who bath'st in blood, and shak'st th' embattled
Rife in thy wrath! to hell's abhor'd abodes [wall,
Dispatch yon Greek, and vindicate the Gods.
First rosy Venus felt his brutal rage;
The next he charg'd, and dares all heaven engage:
The wretch would brave high heaven's immortal
Sire,

His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire.

The God of battle issues on the plain,
Stirs all the ranks, and fires the Trojan train;
In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide,
Enrag'd to Troy's retiring chiefs he cry'd:

How long, ye sons of Priam! will ye fly,
And unreveng'd see Priam's people die?
Still unresisted shall the foe destroy,
And stretch the slaughter to the gates of Troy?

Lo brave Æneas sinks beneath his wound,
Not godlike Hector more in arms renown'd:
Haste all, and take the generous warrior's part,
He said; new courage swell'd each hero's heart.

Sarpedon first his ardent soul express'd;
And, turn'd to Hector, these bold words express'd:

Say, chief, is all thy ancient valour lost? [boast,
Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious
That propt alone by Priam's race should stand
Troy's sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?

Now, now thy country calls her wanted friends,
And the proud vaunt in just derision ends,

Remote they stand, while alien troops engage,
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.

Far distant hence I held my wide command,
Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lycian land,

With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) blest,
A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast;

With those I left whatever dear could be;
Greece, if she conquers, nothing wins from me;

Yet first in fight my Lycian bands I cheer,
And long to meet this mighty man ye fear;

While Hector idle stands, nor bids the brave
Their wives, their infants, and their altars save.

Haste, warrior, haste! preserve thy threaten'd
Or one vast burit of all-involving fate [state;

Full o'er your towers shall fall, and sweep away
Sons, fires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey.

Route all thy Trojans, urge thy aids to fight;
These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by
night:

With force incessant the brave Greeks oppose;
Such cares thy friends deserve, and such thy foes.

Stung to the heart the generous Hector hears,
But just reproof with decent silence bears,

From his proud car the prince impetuous springs,
On earth he leaps; his brazen armour rings.

Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands;
Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,

Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.

They turn, they stand, the Greeks their fury dare,
Condense their powers, and wait the growing war.

As when, on Ceres' sacred floor the swain
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain

And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,
Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn;

The gray dust, rising with collected winds,
Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hind:

So white with dust the Grecian host appears,
From trampling steeds, and thundering charioteers;

The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise,
And roll in smoking volumes to the skies.

Mars hovers o'er them with his sable shield,
And adds new honours to the darken'd field:

Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfil,
In Troy's defence, Apollo's heavenly will:

Soon as from fight the blue-ey'd Maid retires,
Each Trojan bosom with new warmth he fires.

And now the God, from forth his sacred fane,
Produc'd Æneas to the shouting train;

Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,
Erect he stood, and vigorous from his wound:

Inquiries none they made; the dreadful day
No pause of words admits, no dull delay;

Fierce discord storms, Apollo loud exclaims,
Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field's in flames.

Stern Diomed with either Ajax stood,
And great Ulysses, bath'd in hostile blood.
Embodied close, the labouring Grecian train
The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain.
Unmov'd and silent, the whole war they wait,
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate.
So when th' embattled clouds in dark array,
Along the skies their gloomy lines display;
When now the north his boisterous rage has spent,
' peaceful sleeps the liquid element:

The low-hung vapours motionless and still,
Rest on the summits of the shaded hill;
Till the mists scatter as the winds arise,
Dispers'd and broken through the ruffled skies.

Nor was the general wanting to his train,
From troop to troop he toils through all the plain.
Ye Greeks, be men! the charge of battle bear;
Your brave associates and yourselves revere!
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire!
On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.

These words he seconds with his flying lance,
To meet whose point was strong Deïcoön's chance,
Æneas' friend, and in his native place
Honour'd and lov'd like Priam's royal race:
Long had he fought the foremost in the field,
But now the monarch's lance transpierc'd his shield:
His shield too weak the furious dart to stay,
Through his broad belt the weapon forc'd its way:
The grizly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell,
His arms around him rattled as he fell.

The fierce Æneas, brandishing his blade,
In dust Orsilochns and Crethon laid,
Whose fire Diocleus, wealthy, brave, and great,
In well-built Phœzæ held his lofty seat:
Sprung from Alpheus' plenteous stream! that yields
Increase of harvests to the Pylion fields.

He got Orsilochns, Diocleus he,
And these descended in the third degree,
Too early expert in the martial toil,
In fable ships they left their native soil,
To avenge Atreides: now untimely slain,
They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain.
So two young mountain lions, nurs'd with blood,
In deep recesses of the gloomy wood,
Rush fearless to the plains, and uncontroll'd
Depopulate the stalls, and waste the fold;
Till pierc'd at distance from their native den,
O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of men.
Prostrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,
Like mountain firs as tall and straight as they.
Great Menelaus views with pitying eyes,
Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies;
Mars urg'd him on; yet, ruthless in his hate,
The Gods but urg'd him to provoke his fate.
He thus advancing, Nestor's valiant son
Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own:
Struck with the thought, should Helen's lord be
slain,

And all his country's glorious labours vain.
Already met the threatening heroes stand;
The spears already tremble in their hand:
In rush'd Antilochns, his aid to bring,
And fall or conquer by the Spartan king,

These seen, the Dardan backward turn'd his count
Brave as he was, and slun'd unequal force,
The breathless bodies to the Greeks they drew,
Then mix'd in combat, and their toils renew.
First Pylæmenes, great in battle led,
Who sheath'd in brass the Paphlagonians led:
Atreides mark'd him where sublime he stood;
Fix'd in his throat, the javelin drank his blood.
The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from sight
His flying courier, sunk to endless night:
A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown;
His bended arm receiv'd the falling stone.
From his numb'd hands the ivory-studded reins,
Dropt in the dust, are trail'd along the plains:
Mean while his temples feel a deadly wound:
He groans in death, and ponderous sinks to ground;
Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there
The head stood fix'd, the quivering legs in air.
Till trampled flat beneath the courier's feet:
The youthful victor mounts his empty seat,
And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.

Great Hector saw, and raging at the view,
Pours on the Greeks; the Trojan troops pursue:
He fires his host with animating cries,
And brings along the furies of the skies.
Mars, stern destroyer! and Bellona dread,
Flame in the front, and thunder at their head:
This swells the tumult and the rage of fight;
That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light,
Where Hector march'd, the God of battles slun'd,
Now storm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.

Tydidæ's pause amidst his full career;
Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear.
As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,
And wide through fens an unknown journey takes;
If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,
And foam impervious cross the wanderer's way,
Consur'd he stops, a length of country past,
Eyes the rough waves, and, tir'd, returns at last:
Amaz'd no less the great Tydides stands:
He stay'd, and, turning, thus address'd his hands

No wonder, Greeks! that all to Hector yield,
Secure of favouring gods, he takes the field:
His strokes they second, and avert our spears:
Behold where Mars in mortal arms appears!
Retire then, warriors, but sedate and slow;
Retire, but with your faces to the foe.
Trust not too much your unavailing might;
'Tis not with Troy, but with the Gods ye fight.

Now near the Greeks the black battalions drew;
And first two leaders valiant Hector flew:
His force Anchialus and Mnesthes found.
In every art of glorious war renown'd;
In the same car the chiefs to combat ride,
And fought united, and united died.
Struck at the sight the mighty Ajax glows
With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foe.
His massy spear with matchless fury sent,
Through Amphibus' belt and heavy belly went:
Amphibus Apæus' happy soil possess'd,
With herds abounding, and with treasure blest;
But fate resistless from his country led
The chief, to perish at his people's head.
Shook with his fall, his brazen armour rung,
And fierce, to seize it, conquering Ajax sprung;
Around his head an iron tempest rain'd;
A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd;

Beneath one foot the yet warm corpse he prest,
And drew his javelin from the bleeding breast:
He could no more; the showering darts deny'd
To spoil his glittering arms and plummy pride.
Now foes on foes came pouring on the field,
With bristling lances, and compacted shields;
Till, in the steely circle straiten'd round,
Forc'd he gives way, and sternly quits the ground.

While thus they strive, Tlepolemus the great,
Urg'd by the force of unresist'd fate,
Burns with desire Sarpedon's strength to prove;
Alcides' offspring meets the son of Jove.
Sheath'd in bright arms each adverse chief came on,
Jove's great descendant, and his greater son.
Prepar'd for combat ere the lance he toss'd;
The daring Rhodian vents his haughty boast:

What brings this Lycian counsellor so far,
To tremble at our arms, not mix in war?
Know thy vain self; nor let their flattery move,
Who style thee son of cloud-compelling Jove.
How far unlike those chiefs of race divine,
How vast the difference of their deeds and thine!
Jove got such heroes as my fire, whose soul
No fear could daunt, nor earth nor hell controul.
Troy felt his arm, and yon proud ramparts stand
Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand:
With six small ships, and but a slender train,
He left the town a wide-deserted plain.
But what art thou? who heedless look't around,
While unreveng'd thy Lycians bite the ground:
Small aid to Troy thy feeble force can be;
But, wert thou greater, thou must yield to me.
Pierc'd by my spear, to endless darkness go!
I make this present to the shades below,

The son of Hercules, the Rhodian guide,
Thus haughty spoke. The Lycian king reply'd:
Thy fire, O prince! o'erturn'd the Trojan state,
Whole perjurd monarch well deserv'd his fate;
Those heavenly steeds the hero sought so far,
False he detain'd, the just reward of war.
Nor so content, the generous chief dety'd,
With base reproaches and unmanly pride.
But you, unworthy the high race you boast,
Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost:
Now meet thy fate, and, by Sarpedon slain,
Add one more ghost to Pluto's gloomy reign.

He said: both javelins at an instant flew;
Both struck, both wounded; but Sarpedon's flew:
Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood.
Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;
The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night,
And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.

Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown
Thy angry lance; which, piercing to the bone
Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath;
But Jove was present, and forbade the death.
Borne from the conflict by the Lycian throng,
The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along.
(His friends, each busied in his several part,
Through haste, or danger, had not drawn the dart.)

The Greeks with slain Tlepolemus retir'd;
Whole fall Ulysses view'd, with tury fir'd;
Doubtful if Jove's great son he should pursue,
Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew.
But Heaven and Fate the first design withstand,
Nor this great death must grace Ulysses' hand.

Minerva drives him on the Lycian if
Alastor, Cromius, Halina, strow'd the plain;
Alcander, Prytanis, Noëmon fell:
And numbers more his sword had sent to hell,
But Hector saw; and, furious at the sight,
Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight.
With joy Sarpedon view'd the wish'd relief,
And, faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the chief:
Oh suffer not the foe to bear away
My helpless corpse, an unassist'd prey;
If I, unblest, must see my son no more,
My much-lov'd comfort, and my native shore,
Yet let me die in Ilium's sacred wall;
Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall.

He said, nor Hector to the chief replies,
But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies;
Swift as a whirlwind, drives the scattering foes;
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.
Beneath a beech, Jove's consecrated shade,
His mournful friends divine Sarpedon laid:
Brave Pelagon, his favourite chief, was nigh,
Who wrench'd the javelin from his sinewy thigh.
The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for flight,
And o'er his eye-balls swam the shades of night;
But Boreas rising fresh, with gentle breath,
Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death.

The generous Greeks recede with tardy pace,
Though Mars and Hector thunder in their face;
None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,
Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating fight.
Who first, who last, by Mars and Hector's hand
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gaping on the sand;
Teuthras the great, Orestes the renown'd,
For manag'd steeds, and Techus pris'd the grounds:
Next Oenomaus, and Oenops' offspring dy'd;
Orestibus last fell groaning at their side;
Orestibus, in his painted mitre gay,
In fat Boetia held his wealthy sway,
Where lakes surround low Hyle's watery plain;
A prince and people studious of their gain.

The carnage Juno from the skies survey'd,
And, touch'd with grief, bespoke the blue-ey'd
Maid.

Oh fight accurs'd! shall faithless Troy prevail,
And shall our promise to our people fail?
How vain the word to Menelaüs given
By Jove's great daughter and the Queen of Heaven,
Beneath his arms that Priam's towers should fall;
If warring Gods for ever guard the wall!
Mars, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes:
Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose!
She spoke; Minerva burns to meet the war:
And now heaven's emperors call her blazing car.
At her command rush forth the steeds divine;
Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.
Bright Hebe waits; by Hebe, ever young,
The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel
Of sounding brass; the polish'd axle steel.
Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame;
The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
Such as the heavens produce: and round the gold
Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd.
The bossy knaves of solid silver shone;
Braces of gold suspend the moving throne:
The car, behind, an arching figure bore;
The bending concave form'd an arch before.

Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold,
And golden reins th' immortal coursers hold.
Herself, impatient, to the ready car

The couriers joins, and breathes revenge and war.

Pallas disrobes; her radiant veil unty'd,

With flow'rs adorn'd, with art diversify'd,

(The labour'd veil her heavenly fingers wove)

Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove

Now heaven's dread arm's her mighty limbs invest,

Jove's curial blazes on her ample breast;

Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field,

O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,

Dire, black, tremendous! Round the margin roll'd,

A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold.

Here all the terrors of grim War appear,

Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear,

Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,

And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.

The snail's golden helm she next assumes,

That dreadful nod, with four o'erhanging plumes,

So vast, the broad circumference contains

A hundred armies on a hundred plains

The Goddess thus the imperial car ascends;

Shook by her arm the mighty javelin bends,

Ponderous and huge, that, when her fury burns,

Froud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns

Swift at the scourge th' ethereal couriers fly,

While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky

Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers;

Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged hours,

Commissin'd in alternate watch they stand,

The sun's bright portals and the skies command,

Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,

Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.

The sounding hinges ring; on either side

The gloomy volumes pierc'd with light, divide

The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient skies

Confus'd, Olympus' hundred heads arise

Where far apart the Thunderer sits his throne;

O'er all the Gods superior and alone.

There with her snowy hand the Queen restrains

The fiery steeds, and thus to Jove complains

O Sire! can no resentment touch thy soul?

Can Mars rebel, and does no thunder roll?

What lawless rage on yon forbidden plain,

What rash destruction! and what heroes slain!

Venus, and Phœbus with the dreadful bow,

Smile on the slaughter, and enjoy my woe.

Mad, furious power! whose unrelenting mind,

No God can govern, and no justice bind

Say, mighty father! shall we scourge his pride,

And drive from fight th' impetuous homicide?

To whom assenting thus the Thunderer said.

Go! and the great Minerva be thy aid.

To tame the monster-god Minerva knows,

And oft afflicts his brutal breast with woes.

He said, Saturnia ardent to obey,

Lash'd her white steeds along th' aerial way

Swift down the steep of heaven the chariot rolls,

Between th' expanded earth and starry poles.

Far as a shepherd from some point on high,

O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye;

Through such a space of air, with thundering sound,

At every leap th' immortal couriers bound.

Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd those banks

divine

Wh re silver Simois and Samander join.

T R A N S.

There Juno stopp'd, (and her fair steeds unloos'd)

Of air condens'd a vapour circumfud

For æthe, impregnate with celestial dew

On Simois' brink ambrosial herbage grew.

Thence to relieve the fainting Argive throng,

Smooth as the sailing doves, they glide along.

The best and bravest of the Grecian band

(A warlike circle) round Tydides stand

Such was their look as lions bath'd in blood,

Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood

Heaven's empress mingles with the mortal crowd,

And shouts, in Stentor's sounding voice, aloud.

Stentor the strong, endued with brazen lungs,

Whose throat surpasses the force of fifty tongues.

Inglorious Argives! to your race a shame,

And only men in figure and in name!

Once from the walls your tumorous foes engag'd,

While fierce in war divine Achilles rag'd;

Now issuing fearless they possess the plain,

Now win the shores, and scarce the seas remain.

Her speech new fury to their hearts convey'd;

While near Tydides stood th' Athenian maid,

The king beside his panting steeds the found,

O'erstep with toil, repching o'er the ground.

To cool his glowing wound he sat apart

(The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart);

Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend;

Beneath his ponderous shield his sinews bend,

Whole ample belt, that o'er his shoulders lay,

He eas'd, and wash'd the clotted gore away

The Goddess leaning o'er the bending yoke,

Bids her couriers, thus her silence broke

Degenerate prince! and not of Tydides' kind,

Whole little body lodg'd a mighty mind;

Foremost he press'd in glorious toils to share,

And scarce restrain'd when I forebade the war.

Alone, unguard'd, once he da' to go

And least, encircled by the Iheban foe,

The brave, and vanquish'd, many a hardy knight;

Such nerves I gave him, and such force in fight.

I thou too no less hast been my constant care

Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to war:

But thee or fear deters, or sloth detains,

No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.

The thief thus answer'd mild: Immortal maid!

I own thy presence, and confess thy aid

Not fear, thou know'st, withhold's me from the

plains,

Nor sloth hath seiz'd me, but thy word restrains:

From warring Gods thou bad'st return my spear,

And Venus only found resistance here.

Hence, Goddess! heedful of thy high commands,

Loth I give way, and warn'd our Argive bands:

For Mars, the homicide, these eyes beheld,

With slaughter: red, and ringing round the field.

Then thus Minerva. Brave Tydides, hear!

Not Mars himself, nor aught immortal, fear.

Full on the God impel thy foaming horse:

Pallas commands, and Pallas lends thee force,

Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies,

And every side of wavering combat tries;

Large promise makes, and breaks the promise made;

Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans aid.

She said, and to the steeds approaching near,

Drew from his seat the martial character,

The vigorous power the trembling car ascends,

Fierce for revenge, and domed attends.

C

The groaning axle bent beneath the load;
So great a Hero, and so great a God.
She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her force,
And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horse:
But first to hide her heavenly visage, spread
Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.

Just then gigantic Periphas lay slain,
The strongest warrior of th' Ætolian train;
The God, who slew him, leaves his prostrate prize
Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydides flies,
Now, rushing fierce, in equal arms appear,
The daring Greek; the dreadful God of war!
Full at the chief, above his courser's head,
From Mars's arm th' enormous weapon fled:
Pallas oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance,
Far from the car, the strong immortal lance.
Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son;
The javelin hiss'd; the Goddess urg'd it on:
Where the broad cincture girt his armour round,
It pierc'd the God: his groin receiv'd the wound.
From the rent skin the warrior tugs again
The smoking steel. Mars bellows with the pain:
Loud as the roar encountering armies yield,
When shouting millions shake the thundering field.
Both armies start, and trembling gaze around;
And earth and heaven rebellow to the sound.
As vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of death,
Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise,
Choke the perch'd earth, and blacken all the
skies;

In such a cloud the God from combat driven,
High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the heaven.
Wild with his pain he sought the bright abodes;
There sullen sat beneath the Sire of Gods,
Show'd the celestial blood, and with a groan
Thus pour'd his plaints before th' immortal throne:

Can Jove, supine, flagitious facts survey,
And brook the furies of this daring day?
For mortal, men celestial powers engage,
And Gods on Gods exert eternal rage.
From thee, O father! all these ills we bear,
And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear:
Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light,
Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right.
All heaven beside reveres thy sovereign sway,
Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey:

'Tis hers t' offend, and ev'n offending share
Thy breath, thy council; thy distinguish'd care:
So boundless she, and thou so partial grown,
Well may we deem the wondrous birth thy
own.

Now frantic Diomed, at her command,
Against th' Immortals lift his raging hand:
The heavenly Venus first his fury found,
Me next encountering, me he dar'd to wound;
Vanquish'd I fled: ev'n I the God of fight,
From mortal madness scarce was sav'd by flight.
Else had'st thou seen me sink on yonder plain,
Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain!
Or, pierc'd with Grecian darts, for ages lie,
Condemn'd to pain, though fated not to die.

Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look
The Lord of Thunders view'd, and stern bespoke:
To me, perfidious! this lamenting strain?
Of lawless force shall lawless Mars complain?
Of all the Gods who tread the spangled skies,
Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes!
Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,
The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight.
No bound, no law, thy fiery temper quells,
And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.
In vain our threats, in vain our power we use;
She gives th' example, and her son pursues.
Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn,
Sprung hence thou art from Jove, and heavenly born.
Else sugh'd with lightning had'st thou hence been
thrown,

Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titans groan.
Thus he shakes Olympus with his nod;
Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding God.
With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,
And heal'd th' immortal flesh, and clos'd the
wound.

As when the fig's prest juice, infus'd in cream,
To curds coagulates the liquid stream,
Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;
Such, and so soon, th' æthereal texture join'd.
Cleans'd from the dust and gore, fair Hebe dress'd
His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.
Glorious he sate, in majesty restor'd,
Fast by the throne of heaven's superior Lord.
Juno and Pallas mount the blest abodes,
Their task perform'd, and mix among the Gods.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Episodes of Glaucus and Diomed, and of Hector and Andromache.

the Gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevails upon Paris to return to the battle; and, taking a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the river Simois and Scamander, and then changes a Troy

Now Heaven forsakes the fight: th' immortals
To human force and human skill, the field: [yield,
Dark showers of javelins fly from foes to foes;
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;
While Troy's fam'd † streams, that bound the
deathful plain,

On either side run purple to the main.

Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and turn the doubtful day.
The Thracian Acamas his faulchion found,
And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground;
His thundering arm a deadly stroke imprest
Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest:
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.
Next Teuthras' son disdain'd the sands with blood,
Axylos, hospitable, rich, and good:
In fair Arifbe's walls (his native place)
He held his seat; a friend to human race.
Fast by the road his ever-open door
Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.
To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!
Breathless the good man fell, and by his side
His faithful servant, old Calestus, dy'd.

By great Euryalus was Drestus slain,
And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful and young,
From a fair Naiad and Bucolion sprung:
(Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed;
In secret woods he won the Naiad's grace,
And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace.)

Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;
The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.

Aityalus by Polypeetes fell;
Ulysses' spear Pydyes sent to hell;
By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaon bled,
And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead;
Great Agamemnon leader of the brave,
The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave,
Who held in Pedasus his proud abode,
And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.
Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain;
And Phylacus from Leitus was vain.

Unblest Adrastus next at mercy lies
Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.
Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
His headlong steeds precipitate in flight,
Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke
The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke;
Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,
For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.
Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel:
Atreides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel;
The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd
The victor's knees, and thus his prayer address'd:

Oh, spare my youth! and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow.
When fame shall tell that, not in battle slain,
Thy hollow ships his captive son detain;
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told,
And heap well temper'd, and persuasive gold.

He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart;
He stood, suspended with the lifted dart:

* Scamander at

As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize.
Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,
And furious thus: Oh impotent of mind!
Shall these, shall these Atreides' mercy find!
Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage:
Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.
A dreadful lesson of exampled fate,
To warn the nations, and to curb the great!

The monarch spoke; the words with warmth
address'd,

To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.
Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;
The monarch's javelin stretch'd him in the dust,
Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
Old Nestor saw, and rouz'd the warriors' rage!
Thus, heroes! thus the vigorous combat wage!
No son of Mars descend, for servile gains,
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold yon glittering host, your future spoil!
First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.

And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
And frighten'd Troy within her walls retir'd;
Had not sage Helenus her state redrest,
Taught by the Gods that mov'd his sacred breast,
Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,
The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind:

Ye generous chiefs! on whom th' immortals lay
The cares and glories of this doubtful day;
On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend;
Wife to consult, and active to defend:

Here, at your gates, your brave efforts unite,
Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight;
Ere yet their wives' soft arms the coward's gain,
The sport and insult of the hostile train.
When your commands have hearten'd every band,
Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dangerous stand;
Prest as we are, and fore of former fight,
These fruits demand our last remains of might.
Mean while, thou Hector to the town retire,
And teach our mother what the Gods require:
Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane;
Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the power
With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tower.
The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold.
Before the Goddess' honour'd knees he spread:
And twelve young heifers to her altar led:
If so the power, aton'd by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
And far avert Tydides wasteful ire,
That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy re-
Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread, [fear,
Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed;
Not thus resistless rul'd the streams of fight,
In rage unbounded, and unmatched in might.

Hector obedient heard; and with a bound,
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
Through all his host; inspiring force, he flies,
And bids the thunder of the battle rise.
With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
And turn the tide of conflict on the foe.

Pictur'd in the front he shakes two dazzling spears :
All Greece recedes, and 'midst her triumphs fears ;
Some God, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,

Shot down avenging from the vault of stars.

Then thus, aloud : Ye dauntless Dardans, hear !
And you whom distant nations send to war !
Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore ;
Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.
One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall ;
Nor shall, I trust, the matrons holy train
And reverend elders, seek the Gods in vain.

This said, with ample strides the hero past ;
The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,
His neck o'erhanging, to his ankle hung ;
And as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battle (godlike Hector gone)
When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son
Between both armies met : the chiefs from far
Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war.
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began :

What art thou, boldest of the race of man ?
Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld.
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field ;
Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear,
And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.
Unhappy they, and born of luckless fires,
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires !
But if from heaven, celestial, thou descend ;
Know, with Immortals we no more contend.
Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mix'd with Gods in fight
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove,
With brandish'd steel from Nyssa's sacred grove.
Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round,
With curling vines and twisted ivy bound ;
While Bacchus headlong fought the briny flood,
And Theris' arm receiv'd the trembling God.
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals' wrath to move,
(Th' immortals blest with endless ease above)
Depriv'd of fight by their avenging doom
Cheerless he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom :
Then sunk unpy'd to the dire abodes,
A wretch accurs'd, and hated by the Gods !
I brave not heaven : but if the fruits of earth
Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth ;
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.

What, or from whence I am, or who my fire,
(Reply'd the chief) can Tydeus' son inquire ?
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground ;
Another race the following spring supplies ;
They fall successive and successive rise :
No generations in their course decay ;
So flourish these, when those are past away.
But if thou still persist to search my birth,
Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.

A city stands on Argos' utmost bound,
(Argos the fair, for warlike deeds renown'd)
Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom blest,
In ancient time the happy walls possess'd,
Then call'd Ephyre : Glaucus was his son ;
Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,
Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd,
Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.

Then mighty Prætus Argos' sceptres sway'd ;
Whose hard command Bellerophon obey'd.
With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd,
And the brave prince in numerous toils engag'd.
For him Antea burn'd with lawless flame,
And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame :
In vain the tempted the relentless youth,
Endued with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.
Fir'd at his scorn the queen to Prætus fled,
And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed :
Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate ;
But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate :
To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,
With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent.
Now, blest by every power who guards the good,
The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' silver flood :
There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due,
Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.
But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,
The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd :
The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,
The deathful secret to the king reveal'd,
First, dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd,
A mingled monster, of no mortal kind ;
Behind a dragon's fiery tail was spread ;
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head ;
Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire ;
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.

This peit he slaughter'd (for he read the skies,
And trusted Heaven's informing prodigies)
Then met in arms the Solymæan crew,
(Fiercest of men) and those the warrior slew.
Next the bold Amazon's whole force defy'd ;
And conquer'd still, for heaven was on his side.

Not ended here his toils : his Lycian foes
At his return, a treacherous ambush rose ;
With level'd spears along the winding shore ;
There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.

At length the monarch with repentant grief
Confess'd the Gods, and God descended chief ;
His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,
With half the honours of his ample reign :
The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd,

There long the chief his happy lot possess'd.
With two brave sons and one fair daughter blest'd ;
(Fair even in heavenly eyes ; her fruitful love
Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of
But when at last, distracted in his mind, [Jove
Forsook by heaven, forsaking human kind,
Wide o'er th' Alein field he chose to stray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way !
Woe sheap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart ;
His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart ;
His eldest born by raging Mars was slain,
In combat on the Solymæan plain.
Hippolochus surviv'd ; from him I came,
The honour'd author of my birth and name ;
By his decree I sought the Trojan town,
By his instructions learn to win renown,
To stand the first in worth as in command,
To add new honours to my native land,
Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,
And emulate the glories of our race.

He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart ;
In earth the generous warrior fix'd his dart,

Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince address :
 Welcome, my brave hereditary guest !
 Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,
 Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race. [old ;
 Know, chief, our grandfathers have been guests of
 Oeneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold :
 Our ancient feast his honour'd presence grac'd,
 Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd.
 The parting heroes mutual presents left ;
 A golden goblet was thy grandfire's gift ;
 Oeneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,
 That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.

This from his pledge I learn'd, which safely stor'd
 Among my treasures, still adorns my board :
 (For Tydeus left me young, when Thebe's wall
 Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall.)
 Mindful of this, in friendship let us join ;
 If heaven our steps to foreign lands incline,
 My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.
 Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,
 In the full harvest of yon ample field,
 Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore ;
 But thou and Diomed be foes no more.
 Now change we arms, and prove to either host,
 We guard the friendship of the line we boast.

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,
 Their hands they join, their mutual faith they
 plight ;

Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd,
 (Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind :)
 For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,
 For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price) ;
 He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,
 A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought,

Mean time the guardian of the Trojan state,
 Great Hector, entered at the Scæan gate.
 Beneath the heech-tree's consecrated shades,
 The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
 Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care
 For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.
 He bids the train in long procession go,
 And seek the Gods to avert th' impending woe.
 And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
 Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame ;
 O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
 The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
 In fifty chambers lodg'd : and rooms of state
 Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sate :
 Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses
 Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone. [thence,
 Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
 Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen
 (With her Laodice, whose beauteous face
 Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race) :
 Long in a strict embrace she held her son
 And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun :

O Hector ! say, what great occasion calls [walls ?
 My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our
 Com'st thou to supplicate th' Almighty Power,
 With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tower ?
 Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
 In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
 And pay due vows to all the Gods around. }
 Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
 And draw new spirits from the generous bowl
 Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
 The brave defender of thy country's right.

Far hence be Bacchus' gifts (the chief rejoind :)
 Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
 Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind. }
 Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
 To sprinkle to the Gods, its better use.
 By me that holy office were profan'd ;
 Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd,
 To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
 Or offer Heaven's great Sire polluted praise.
 You with your matrons, go ! a spotless train,
 And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.
 The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,
 Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
 Before the Goddess's honour'd knees be spread,
 And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
 So may the power, aton'd by fervent prayer,
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
 And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire, [tire.
 Who mows whole troops, and make all Troy re-
 Be this, O mother, your religious care ;
 I go to rouse soft Paris to the war ;
 If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame,
 The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
 Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
 That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race !
 Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
 Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end

This heard, she gave command ; and summon'd
 Each noble matron and illustrious dame. [came
 The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
 Where treasure's odours breath'd a costly scent.
 There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,
 Sidonian maids embroider'd every part,
 Whom from soft Sidon youthful Bæa bore,
 With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
 Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes
 The various textures and the various dyes,
 She chose a veil that shone superior far,
 And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
 Herself with this the long procession leads ;
 The train majestically slow proceeds.
 Soon as to Ilion's topmost tower they come,
 And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
 Antenor's consort, fair Thænano, waits
 As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates,
 With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
 They fill the dome with supplicating cries.
 The priestess then the shining veil displays,
 Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus the prays :
 Oh, awful Goddess ! ever dreadful maid,
 Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid !
 Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall
 Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall,
 So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
 Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
 But thou aton'd by penitence and prayer,
 Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare !
 So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane ;
 So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

While these appear before the power with pray-
 Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs. [ers,
 Himself the mansion rais'd, from every part
 Assembling architects of matchless art.
 Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
 The pompous structure, and the town commands.
 A spear the hero bore of wondrous strength,
 Of full ten cubits was the lance's length,

The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,
Before him brandish'd, at each motion turn'd.
Thus entering, in the glittering rooms he found
His brother-chief, whose wife's arms lay round,
His eyes delighting with the splendid show,
Brightening the shield, and polishing the bow.
Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,
Guides their rich labours, and instructs their hands

Him thus unactive, with an ardent look
The prince beheld, and high resenting spoke
Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to show ?
(Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe !)
Paris and Greece against us, both conspire,
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire,
For the great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
Till heaps of dead alone deter d her wall,
For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And wasteful war in all its fury burns
Ungrateful man ! deserves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share ?

Rise, or behold the conquering flames ascend,
And all the Phrygian glories at an end
Brother, 'tis just (reply'd the beauteous youth)
Thy free remonitance proves thy worth and truth
Yet charge my absence less, oh generous chief !
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother fate,
And mourn'd in secret, his and Ilion's fate
'Tis now enough now glory spreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms
Co quest to-day my happier sword may bless,
'Tis man's to fight, but Heaven's to give success
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind,
Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind

He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son,
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun
Oh generous brother ! if the guilty dame,
That caus'd these woes, deserves a sister's name !
Would Heaven, ere all these dreadful deeds were
done,

The day that show'd me to the golden sun,
Had seen my death ! Why did not whirlwinds
The fatal infant to the tow'rs of air ? [bear
Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And 'mid the roarings of the waters died ?
Heaven fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst
Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst
Helen at last a braver spouse might chime,
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame ?
Now, ur'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils, sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine
The Gods have link'd our miserable doom,
Our present woe, and infamy to come
Wide shall it spread, and last through ages long.
Example sad ! and theme of future song.

Th' chief reply'd : This time forbids to rest
The Trojan bands, by hostile fury press'd,
Demand their Hector, and his arm require ;
The combat urges, and my soul's on fire
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls
Lie yet I mingle in the direful fray,
Mark my infant, claim a moment's stay,
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
I utter a parting word, a tender tear.
'Tis I, some God who hates our Trojan land
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand.

He said, and pass'd with sad protesting heart
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain
She, with one maid of all her maids remain'd
Had thence retir'd ; and with her second boy,
The young Aityanax, the hope of Troy,
Enfiv' he stood on Ilion's tow'ry height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight ;
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
O'erweep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
Whole virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
Her parting step ? If to the fane she went,
Where late the mourning matrons made resort ;
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court ?
Not to the court, (reply'd the attendant train)
Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane
To Ilion's steep tower she bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword ;
She heard, and trembled for her absent lord
Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.
The nurse attended with her infant boy,
The young Aityanax, the hope of Troy.

Hector, this heard, return'd without delay ;
Swift through the town he trod his former way,
Through streets of palaces, and walks of state,
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aetion's wealthy heir,
(Cilician Thebe great Aetion's way'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide-extended shade)
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces press'd
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each lost charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that glids the morn.
To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream :
Aityanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy
Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind
His beauteous princel's cast a mourn'd look,
Hur'd on his hand, and then dejected spoke ;
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye
Lo daring prince ! ah, whither dost thou
run ?

Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son !
And thinkest thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, and helpless orphan he !
For sure such courage length of life denies ;
And thou must fall thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain ;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain !
Oh grant me, Gods ! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heaven, an early tomb !
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire !
Laid Thebe waste, and slew my warlike sire !
His fate compassion in the victor bred ;
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead

His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were
burn'd :

The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
Jove's Sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honour grow.

By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell,
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed;
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hyppoplacia's Sylvan lands -
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleading empire and her native plain,
When, ah ! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee .
Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall,
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share .
Oh prove a husband's and a father's care !
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy,
Thou from this tower defend th' important post,
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train,
Thrice our bold foe to the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
I'll stand by thee here, and guard his Troy
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep
the ground,

Attain the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame ?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to th' embittled plains
Let me be solemnd to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates
(How my heart trembles while my tongue re-
lates !

The day when thou, imperi' I Troy ! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end,
And yet no dire passage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs desil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
As thine, Andromache ! thy griefs I dread,
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led !
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine !
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hypera's spring
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife !
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name !
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay !

Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh nor see thee weep.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasten'd to relieve his child,
The glittering terrors from his brow unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the Gods prefer'd a father's prayer

O thou ! whose glory fills the æthereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers ! protect my son !
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age !
So when, triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, this chief transcends his father's fame .
While, pleas'd, amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

He spoke, and, fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing but then to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe he laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chas'd by fear,
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.

The sotten'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd :

Andromache ! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart ?
No hostile hand can anticipate my doom,
I'll fate conqumns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sit alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more — but hasten to thy tasks at home,
I here guide the spindle, and direct the loom;
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towering helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princely part with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at every look then, moving slow
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe !
There while her tears deplo'd the soul-like man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
Forth issues Paris from the palace wall,
In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,
Swift through the town the warrior bends his way.
The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall and beats the trembling
ground ;

Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted rides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides,
ad now fier'd, he tosses to the skies ;
and dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies ;
Cny

He soufs the females in the distant plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph sprightly, bold, and gay,
In arms refulgent as the God of day,
The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.

And now, the warriors passing on the way,
The graceful Paris first excus'd his stay.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd:
O chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!
Thy power in war with justice none contest;
Known is thy courage, and thy strength, contest.

What pity doth should seize a soul so brave,
Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave?
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,
And hopes, thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.
Haste then, in all their glorious labours share;
For much they suffer, for thy sake in war.
These ills shall cease, whenever by Jove's de-
cree

We crown the bowl to Heaven and Liberty:
While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs

And Greece indignant through her seas returns,

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The single Combat of Hector and Ajax.

The battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo, seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate, they agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead; the last of which only is agreed by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting; but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder, and other signs of his wrath.

The three and twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax: the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain; and one more in building the fortification before the ships. So that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

So spoke the guardian of the Trojan state,
Then rush'd impetuous through the Scæan gate.
Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms;
Both breathing slaughter, both resolv'd in arms,
As when to sailors labouring through the main,
That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,
Jove bids at length th' expected gales arise,
The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies:
So welcome these to Troy's desiring train;
The bands are cheer'd, the war awakes again.

Bold Paris first the work of death begun
On great Menæceus, Arctichous' son:
Sprung from the fair Phlœmæda's embrace,
The pleasing Arne was his native place.
Then sunk Eioneus to the shades below,
Beneath his steely casque he felt the blow,
Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand:
And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
By Glaucus' spear the bold Iphinoüs bleeds,
Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds;
Headlong he tumbles: his slack nerves unbound,
Drop the cold useless members on the ground.

When now Minerva saw her Argives slain,
From vast Olympus to the gleaming plain
Pierce she descends: Apollo mark'd her flight,
Nor shot less swift from Iliön's towery height;
Radiant they met, beneath the beechen shade;
When thus Apollo to the blue-eyed Maid:

What cause, O daughter of almighty Jove!
Thus wings thy progress from the realms above?
Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way,
To give to Greece the long-divided day?
Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,
Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate:
This day, the business of the field suspend;
War soon shall kindle, and great Iliön bend:
Since vengeful Goddesses confederate join
To raise her walls, though built by hands divine.

To whom the Progeny of Jove replies:
I left, for this, the council of the skies:
But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear,
What art shall calm the furious sons of war?
To her the God! Great Hector's soul incite
To dare the boldest Greek to single fight,
Till Greece, provok'd, from all her numbers show
A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe.

At this agreed, the heavenly powers withdrew;
Sage Helenus their secret counsels knew:
Hector, inspir'd, he sought: so him address,
Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast:
O son of Priam! let thy faithful ear
Receive my words; thy friend and brother hear!
Go forth persuasive, and a while engage
The warring nations to suspend their rage;
Then dare the boldest of the hostile train
To mortal combat on the lifted plain.

For not this day shall end thy glorious date,
 The Gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate.
 He said: the warrior heard the word with joy;
 Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,
 Held by the midst athwart. On either hand
 The squadrons part; th' expecting Trojans stand:
 Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear;
 They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.
 Th' Athenian Maid and glorious God of day
 With silent joy the settling hosts survey:
 In form of vultures, on the beech's height
 They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.
 The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields,
 Horrid with bristling spears, and gleaming shields.
 As when a general darkness veils the main,
 (Soft Zephyr curling the wide watery plain)
 The waves scarce heave, the face of Ocean sleeps,
 And a still horror saddens all the deeps:
 Thus in thick orders settling wide around,
 At length compos'd they sit, and shake the ground.
 Great Hector first amidst both armies broke
 The solemn silence, and their powers bespoke:
 Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands,
 What my soul prompts, and what some God commands:

Great Jove, averse our warfare to compose,
 O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes;
 War with a fiercer tide once more returns,
 Till Ilium falls, or till yon navy burns.
 You then, O princes of the Greeks appear;
 'Tis Hector speaks, and calls the Gods to hear:
 From all your troops select the boldest knight,
 And him, the boldest, Hector dares to fight.
 Here if I fall, by chance of battle slain,
 Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain;
 But let my body, to my friends return'd,
 By Trojan hands, and Trojan flames be burn'd.
 And if Apollo, in whose aid I trust,
 Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust:
 If mine the glory to despoil the foe;
 On Phoebus' temple I'll his arms bestow:
 The breathless carcase to your navy tent,
 Greece on the shore shall raise a monument;
 Which when some future mariner surveys,
 Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas,
 Thus shall he say, "A valiant Greek lies there,
 "By Hector slain, the mighty man of war."
 The stone shall tell your vanquish'd hero's name,
 And distant ages learn the victor's fame.

This fierce defiance Greece astonish'd heard,
 Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.
 Stern Menelaüs first the silence broke,
 And, inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke:

Women of Greece! Oh scandal of your race,
 Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace!
 How great the shame, when every age shall know
 That not a Grecian met this noble foe!
 Go then, resolve to earth, from whence ye grow,
 A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!
 Be what ye seem, unanimated clay!
 Myself will dare the danger of the day.
 'Tis man's bold task the generous strife to try,
 But in the hands of God is victory. [press,

These words scarce spoke, with generous ardour
 His manly limbs in azure arms he dreft:
 That day, Atreides! a superior hand
 Had stretch'd thee breathless on the hostile strand,

But all at once, thy fury to compose,
 The kings of Greece, an awful band, arose:
 Ev'n he their chief, great Agamemnon, press'd
 Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd:
 Whither, O Menelaüs! wouldst thou run,
 And tempt a fate, which prudence bids thee shun?
 Grief'd though thou art, forbear the rash design;
 Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine.
 Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear,
 And trembling met this dreadful son of war.
 Sit thou secure amidst thy social band;
 Greece in our cause shall arm some powerful hand,
 The mightiest warrior of th' Achaian name,
 Though bold, and burning with desire of fame,
 Content, the doubtful honour might forego,
 So great the danger, and so brave the foe.

He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind;
 He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd,
 No longer bent to rush on certain harms;
 His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.

He, from whose lips divine persuasion flows,
 Grave Nestor, then, in graceful act arose.
 Thus to the kings he spoke: What grief, what
 shame,

Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name:
 How shall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn
 Their sons degenerate, and their race a scorn?
 What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd?
 Oh Peleus, old in arms, in wisdom old!
 [hear
 Once with what joy the generous prince would
 Of every chief who fought this glorious war;
 Participate their fame, and pleas'd inquire
 Each name, each action, and each hero's fire!
 Gods! should he see our warriors trembling stand,
 And trembling all before one hostile hand;
 How would he lift his aged arms on high,
 Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die!
 Oh! would to all th' immortal powers above,
 Minerva, Phoebus, and almighty Jove!
 Years might again roll back, my youth renew,
 And give this arm the spring which once it knew:
 When, fierce in war, where Jordan's waters fall
 I led my troops to Phœ's trembling wall,
 And with th' Arcadian spears my prowess try'd,
 Where Celadon rolls down his rapid tide.
 There Ereuthalion brav'd us in the field,
 Proud, Areithous' dreadful arms to wield;
 Great Areithous, known from shore to shore
 By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore;
 No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,
 But broke, with this, the battle of the foe.
 Hm not by manly force Lycurgus flew,
 Whole guileful javelin from the thickest flew,
 Deep in a winding way his breast assail'd,
 Nor aught the warrior's thundering mace avail'd.
 Supine he fell: those arms which Mars before
 Had given the vanquish'd, now the victor bore:
 But when old age had dimm'd Lycurgus' eyes,
 To Ereuthalion he consign'd the prize.
 Furious with this, he crush'd our level bands,
 And dar'd the trial of the strongest hands;
 Nor could the strongest hands his fury stay;
 All saw, and fear'd, his huge tempestuous sway.
 Till I, the youngest of the host appear'd,
 And, youngest, met whom all our army fear'd.
 I fought the chief: my arms Minerva crown'd;
 Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.

What then he was, Oh were you Nestor now !
Not Hector's self should want an equal foe.
But, warriors, you, that youthful vigour boast,
The flower of Greece, th' examples of our host,
Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway,
Can you stand trembling, and desert the day ?

His warm reproofs the listening kings inflame ;
And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name,
Up-started fierce : but far before the rest
The king of men advanc'd his dauntless breast :
Then bold Tydides, great in arms appear'd ;
And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd :
Oileus follow'd ; Idomen was there,
And Merion dreadful as the God of War :
With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand,
And wise Ulysses clos'd the daring band.
All these, alike inspir'd with noble rage,
Demand the fight. To whom the Pylian sage :
Lest thirst of glory your brave souls divide ;
What chief shall combat, let the lots decide.
Whom heaven shall choose, be his the chance to raise

His country's fame, his own immortal praise.

The lots produc'd, each hero signs his own ;
Then in the general's helm the fates are thrown ;
The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,
And vows like these ascend from all the bands :
Grant, thou Almighty ! in whose hand is fate,
A worthy champion for the Grecian state.
This task let Ajax or Tydides prove,
Or he, the king of kings, belov'd by Jove ! [spir'd,

Old Nestor shook the caïque. By heaven an-
Leap'd forth the lot, of every Greek desir'd.
This from the right to left the herald bears,
Held out in order to the Grecian peers ;
Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
'Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own ;
Survey th' inscription with rejoicing eyes,
Then calls before him, and with transport cries :

Warriors, I claim the lot, and arm with joy ;
Be mine the conquest of this chief of Troy.
Now, while my brightest arms my limbs invest,
To Saturn's son be all your vows address'd :
But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,
And deem your prayers the mean effect of fear.
Said I in secret ? No, your vows declare,
In such a voice as fills the earth and air.
Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread.
Ajax in all the toils of battle bred ?

From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,
And, born to combats, fear no force on earth.

He said. The troops, with elevated eyes,
Implore the God, whose thunder rends the skies :
O Father of mankind, superior Lord !
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd ;
Who in the highest heaven has fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of Gods ! unbounded and alone :
Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away
The praise and conquest of this doubtful day :
Or if illustrious Hector be thy care,
That both may claim it, and that both may share.

Now Ajax brac'd his dazzling armour on ;
Sheath'd in bright steel the giant-warrior stone :
He moves to combat with majestic pace ;
So stalks in arms the grizly God of Thrace,
When Jove to punish faithless men prepares
And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.

Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a God ;
Grimly he smil'd ; earth trembled as he strode ;
His massy javelin, quivering in his hand,
He stood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.
Through every Argive heart new transport ran ;
All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man :
Ev'n Hector paus'd ; and, with new doubt oppress'd,

Felt his great heart suspended in his breast :

'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear ;
Himself had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.

Stern Telamon behind his ample shield,
As from a brazen tower, o'erlook'd the field.
Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'er-
cast,

Of tough bull-hides ; of solid brass the last,
(The work of Tychius, who in Hyle dwell'd,
And all in arts of armoury excell'd ;)

This Ajax bore before his manly breast,
And, threatening, thus his adverse chief address'd :
Hector ! approach my arm ! and singly know
What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian
foe.

Achilles shuns the fight ; yet some there are,
Not void of soul, and not unkill'd in war :
Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more ;
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,
And sends thee one, a sample of her host.
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might ;
No more---be sudden, and begin the fight.

O son of Telamon, thy country's pride !
(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince reply'd)
Me as a boy or woman would'st thou fright,
Now to the field, and trembling at the fight ?
Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy aims,
To combat born, and bred amidst alarms :
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and answer every call of war ;
To right, to left, the dexterous lance I wield,
And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.
But open be our fight, and bold each blow ;
I steal no conquest from a noble foe.

He said ; and, rising high above the field,
Whirl'd the long lance against the sevenfold shield.
Full on the brass descending from above
Through six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
'Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw ;
Through Hector's shield the forceful javelin flew,
His corset enters, and his garment rends,
And glancing downwards near his flank descends :
The wary Trojan shrinks, and, bending low
Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.
From their bor'd shields the chiefs their javelins
drew,

Then close impetuous, and the charge renew :
Fierce as the mountain-lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.
At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends ;
The blunted point against the buckler bends :
But Ajax, watchful as his foe drew near,
Drove through the Trojan targe the knotty spear ;
It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength im-
pell'd ;

Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining shield.
Yet ceas'd not Hector thus : but, stooping down,
In his strong hand up-heav'd a flinty stone,

Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands !
Now take refreshment as the hour demands :
Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
Till the new sun restore the cheerful light :

Then shall our herald to th' Atrides sent,
Before their ships proclaim my son's intent.
Next let a truce be ask'd, that Troy may burn
Her slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn;
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!

The monarch spoke! the warriors spoke with
(Each at his post in arms) a short repast. [haste
Soon as the rosy morn had wak'd the day,
To the black ships Idæus bent his way;
There, to the sons of Mars, in council found,
He rais'd his voice; the host stood listening round:

Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear!
The words of Troy and Troy's great monarch hear,
Pleas'd may ye hear (so Heaven succeed my prayers)
What Paris, author of the war, declares.
The spoils and treasures he to lion bore,
(Oh, had he perish'd ere they touch'd our shore!)
He proffers injur'd Greece; with large increase
Of added Trojan wealth, to buy the peace.

But to restore the beauteous bride again,
This Greece demands, and Troy requests in vain.
Next, O ye chiefs! we ask a truce, to burn
Our slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn.
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!

The Greeks gave ear, but none the silence broke:
At length Tydides rose, and rising spoke:
Oh, take not, friends! desraided of your fame,
Their proffer'd wealth, nor even the Spartan dame.
Let conquest make them ours: fate shakes their
And Troy already totters to her fall. [wail,

Th' admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name,
With general shouts return'd him loud acclaim.
Then thus the King of Kings rejects the peace:
Herald! in him thou hear'st the voice of Greece.
For what remains; let funeral flames be fed
With heroes' corpse; I war not with the dead:
Go search your slaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the manes of the slain:
Be witness, Jove, whose thunder rolls on high!
He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky.

To sacred Troy, where all her princes lay
To wait th' event, the herald bent his way.
He came, and standing in the midst, explain'd
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.
Straight to their several cares the Trojans move;
Some search the plains, some tell the sounding grove:
Nor less the Greeks, descending on the shore,
Mew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore.
And now from forth the chambers of the main,
To shed his sacred light on earth again,
Arose the golden chariot of the day,
And tip'd the mountains with a purple ray.
In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
Through heaps of carnage search the mournful
plain. [plore,

Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend ex-
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they shed,
And, laid along their cars, deplor'd the dead;
Sage Priam check'd their grief: with silent haste
The bodies decent on their piles were plac'd:
With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd;
And sadly slow to sacred Troy return'd.
Nor less the Greeks their pious sorrows shed,
And decent on the pile dispose the dead;

The cold remains consume with equal care:
And, slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair. [light
Now, ere the morn had streak'd with reddening
The doubtful confines of the day and night;
About the dying flames the Greeks appear'd,
And round the pile a general tomb they rear'd.
Then, to secure the camp and naval powers,
They rais'd embattled walls with lofty towers:
From space to space were ample gates around,
For passing chariots, and a trench profound,
Of large extent; and deep in earth, below,
Strong piles infix'd stood adverse to the foe.

So toil'd the Greeks: mean while the Gods above
In shining circle round their father Jove,
Amaz'd beheld the wondrous works of man:
Then he, whose trident shakes the earth, began:

What mortals henceforth shall our power adore,
Our fates frequent, our oracles implore,
If the proud Grecians thus successful boast
Their rising bulwarks on the sea-beat coast?
See the long walls extending to the main,
No God consulted, and no victim slain!
Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends;
Wide as the morn her golden beam extends,
While old Laomedon's divine abodes,
Those radiant structures rais'd by labouring Gods,
Shall, raz'd and lost, in long oblivion sleep.
Thus spake the hoary monarch of the deep.

Th' Almighty Thunderer with a frown replies,
That clouds the world, and blackens half the skies:
Strong God of Ocean! thou, whose rage can make
The solid Earth's eternal basis shake:
What cause of fear from mortal works could move
The meanest subject of our realms above?
Where's all the sun's resplendent rays are cast,
Thy power is honour'd, and thy fame shall last.
But yon proud work no future age shall view,
No trace remain where once the glory grew,
The tapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,
And, whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge
wall:

Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore;
The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more.
Thus they in heaven: while o'er the Grecian
The rolling sun descending to the main [train,
Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they slew:
Black from the tents the savoury vapours flew.
And now the fleet, arriv'd from Lemnos' stands,
With Bacchus' blessings cheer'd the generous bands.
Of fragrant wine the rich Eunæus sent
A thousand measures to the royal
eus, whom Hyppyle of yore
(To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore)
The rest they purchas'd at their proper cost,
And well the plenteous freight supply'd the host:
Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave:
Some brass, or iron; some an ox, or slave.
All night they feast, the Greek and Trojan powers;
Those on the fields, and these within their towers.
But Jove averts the signs of wrath display'd,
And shot red lightnings through the gloomy shade:
Humbled they stood; pale horror seiz'd on all,
While the deep thunder shook th' ærial hall.
Each pour'd to Jove, before the bowl was crown'd:
And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground:
Then late, refresh'd with sleep from toils of fight,
Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The second Battle, and the Distress of the Greeks.

Jupiter assembles a council of the Deities, and threatens them with the pains or Tartarus if they assist either side: Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle: Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Nestor alone continues in the field, in great danger; Diomed relieves him; whose exploits, and those of Hector, are excellently described. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians: but are restrained by Iris, sent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortifications before the ships) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from reëmbarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and pass the night under arms.

The time of seven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The scene here (except of the celestial machines) lies in the field toward the sea-shore.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove conven'd the senate of the skies,
Where high Olympus' cloud-tops arise.
The Sire of Gods his awful silence broke,
The heavens attentive trembled as he spoke:
Celestial states, immortal Gods! give ear,
Hear our decree, and reverence what ye hear;
Thenceforth decree, which not all Heaven can move;
Thou Fate! fulfil it; and, ye Powers, approve!
What God but enters yon forbidden field,
Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield;
Back to the skies with shame he shall be driven,
Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heaven:
Or far, oh far from steep Olympus' thrown,
Low in the dark Tartarian gulf shall groan,
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;
As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
As from that centre to th' æthereal world.
Let him who tempts me, dread those dire abodes;
And know, th' Almighty is the God of Gods.
League all your forces then, ye Powers above,
Join all, and try th' omnipotence of Jove;
Let down our golden everlasting chain,
Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and
Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth: [main:
To drag, by this, the Thunderer down to earth:
Ye strive in vain! If I but stretch this hand,
I heave the Gods, the ocean, and the land;
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight!
For such I reign, unbounded and above;
And such are men and Gods, compar'd to Jove.
Th' Almighty spake, nor durst the Powers re-
A reverend horror silenc'd all the sky; [ply,
Trembling they stood before their Sovereign's look:
At length his best-belov'd, the Power of Wisdom
spoke:

Oh first and greatest! God, by Gods ador'd!
We own thy might, our Father and
Not ah! permit to pity human state;
If not to help, at least lament their fate.

From fields forbidden we submit refrain,
With arms unaiding mourn our Argives slain;
Yet grant my counsels still their breasts may move,
Or all must perish in the wrath of Jove.

The cloud-compelling God her suit approv'd,
And snail'd superior on his best-belov'd.
Then call'd his coursers, and his chariot took;
The steadfast firmament beneath him shook:
Rapt by th' æthereal steeds the chariot roll'd;
Blas were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold.
Of heaven's undrossy gold the God's array
Resulgent, flash'd intolerable day.
High on the throne he shines: his coursers fly
Between th' extended earth and starry sky.
But when to Ida's topmost height he came,
(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)
Where, o'er her pointed summits proudly rais'd,
His fane breath'd odours, and his altars blaz'd:
There, from his radiant car the sacred Sire
Of Gods and men releas'd the steeds of fire:
Blue ambient mists th' immortal steeds embrac'd;
High on the cloudy point his seat he plac'd;
Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys,
The town, and tents, and navigable seas.

Now had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,
And buckled on their shining arms with haste.
Troy rouz'd as soon; for on this dreadful day
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;
Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain:
Men, steeds, and chariots shake the trembling
ground;

The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
And now with shouts the shocking armies clos'd
To lances lances, shields to shields oppos'd,
Hoff against hoff with shadowy legions drew,
The founding darts in iron tempests flew,
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slippery fields are
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful
Long as the morning beams encreasing bring
O'er heaven's clear azure spread the sacred

Communal death the fate of war confound,
Each adverse battle got'd with equal wound.
But when the sun the height of heaven ascends;
The Sire of Gods his golden scales suspends,
With equal hand: in these explor'd the fate
Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty weight.
Press'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies
Low sunk on earth, the Trojan strikes the skies,
Then Jove from Ida's top his horror spreads;
The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads:
Thick lightnings flash; the muttering thunder rolls.
Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.
Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire;
The God in terrors, and the skies on fire,
Nor great Idomeneus that sight could bear,
Nor each stern Ajax, thunderbolts of war:
Nor he, the king of men, th' alarm sustain'd;
Nestor alone amidst the storm remain'd.
Unwilling he remain'd, for Paris' dart
Had pierc'd his courser in a mortal part:
Fix'd in the forehead where the springing mane
Curl'd o'er the brow, it flung him to the brain:
Mad with his anguish, he begins to rear,
Paw with his hoofs aloft, and lash the air.
Scarce had his faulchion cut the reins, and freed
Th' encumber'd chariot from the dying steed,
When dreadful Hector thundering thro' the war,
Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.
That day had stretch'd beneath his matchless
hand

The hoary monarch of the Pylian band:
But Diomed beheld: from forth the crowd
He rush'd and on Ulyssius call'd aloud.

Whither, oh whither does Ulyssius run?
Oh flight unworthy great Laertes' son!
Mix'd with the vulgar shall thy fate be found,
Pierc'd in the back, a vile, dishonest wound?
Oh turn and save from Hector's direful rage
The glory of the Greeks, the Pylian sage.
His fruitless words are lost unheard in air,
Ulysses seeks the ships, and shelters there.
But bold Tydides to the rescue goes,
A single warrior 'midst a host of foes;
Before the coursers with a sudden spring
He leap'd, and anxious thus bespoke the king:

Great perils, father! wait th' unequal fight;
These younger champions will oppress thy might.
Thy veins no more with ancient vigor glow;
Weak is thy servant, and thy coursers slow.
Then haste, attend my seat, and from the car
Observe the steeds of Tros, renown'd in war,
Præcis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chase,
To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race:
These late obey'd Æneas' guiding rein,
Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train;
With these against yon Trojans will we go,
Nor shall great Hector want an equal foe;
Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear
The thirly fury of my flying spear.

Thus said the chief; and Nestor, skill'd in war,
Approves his counsel, and ascends the car:
The steeds he left, their trusty servants hold;
Eurymedon, and Stenelus the bold:
The reverend charioteer directs the course,
And strains his aged arm to lash the horse.
Hector thy fate; unknowing how to fear,
Fierce he drove on; Tydides whirl'd his spear.

The spear with erring haste mistook its way;
But plung'd in Æniopæus' bosom lay.
His opening hand in death forsakes the rein;
The steeds fly back: he falls, and spurs the
Great Hector sorrows for his servant kill'd,
Yet unreveng'd permits to press the field;
Till, to supply his place and rule the car,
Rose Archeptolemus, the fierce in war.
And now had death and horror cover'd all;
Like timorous flocks the Trojans in their wall
Enclos'd had bled: but Jove with awful sound
Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound:
Full in Tydides face the lightning flew;
The ground before him flam'd with sulphur blue;
The quivering steeds fell prostrate at the sight;
And Nestor's trembling hand confess'd his fright:
He dropp'd the reins; and, shook with
dread,

Thus, turning, warn'd th' intrepid Diomed:
O chief! too daring in thy friend's defence,
Retire advis'd, and urge the chariot hence.
This day, averle, the Sovereign of the skies
Assists great Hector, and our palm denies.
Some other fun may see the happier hour,
When Greece shall conquer by his heavenly power.
'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move:
The great will glory to submit to Jove.

O rev'rend prince! (Tydides thus replies)
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
But ah, what grief, should haughty Hector b
I fled inglorious to the guarded coast!
Before that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth; and hide a warrior's shame.
To whom Gerenian Nestor thus reply'd;
Gods! Can thy courage fear the Phrygian's pride?
Hector may vaunt, but who shall heed the boast?
Not those who felt thy arm, the Dardan host,
Nor 'Troy, yet bleeding in her heroes' last;
Not ev'n a Phrygian dame, who dreads the sword
That laid in dust her lov'd, lamented lord.
He said, and hasty o'er the gasping throng
Drives the swift steeds; the chariot smokes along.
The shouts of Trojans thicken in the wind;
The storm of hissing javelins pours behind.
Then, with a voice that shakes the solid skies,
Pleas'd Hector braves the warrior as he flies.
Go, mighty hero, grac'd above the rest
In seats of council and the sumptuous feast;
Now hope no more those honours from thy train;
Go, less than woman, in the form of man!
To scale our walls, to wrap our towers in flames,
To lead in exile the fair Phrygian dames,
Thy once proud hopes, presumptuous prince! are
fled, [dead.

This arm shall reach thy heart, and stretch thee
Now fears dissuade him, and now hopes invite,
To stop his coursers, and to stand the fight;
Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial Jove
On Ida's summits thunder'd from above:
Great Hector heard; he saw the flashing light,
(The sign of conquest) and thus urg'd the fight:
Hear, every Trojan, Lycian, Dardan band,
All fam'd in war, and dreadful hand to hand.
Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,
Your great forefathers' glories, and your own.
Heard ye the voice of Jove? Success and fame
Await on Troy, on Greece eternal shame.

In vain they skulk behind their boasted wall,
 High o'er their slighted trench our steeds shall bound;

And pass victorious o'er the level'd mound.
 Soon as before yon hollow ships we stand,
 Fight each with flames, and tofs the blazing brand;

Till, their proud navy wrapt in smoke and fires,
 All Greece, encompass'd, in one blaze expires.

Furious he said; then, bending o'er the yoke,
 Encourag'd his proud steeds, while thus he spoke:
 Now, Xonthus, Æthon, Lampus! urge the chase,
 And, thou, Podargus! prove thy generous race:
 Be fleet, be fearless, this important day,
 And all your master's well-spent care repay.
 For this, high-fed in plenteous stalls ye stand,
 Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a prince's hand;
 For this my spouse, of great Ætion's line,
 So oft has steep'd the strengthening grain in wine.
 Now swift pursue, now thunder uncontroul'd;
 Give me to seize rich Nestor's shield of gold;
 From Tydeus' shoulders strip the costly load,
 Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God:
 These if we gain, then victory, ye powers!
 This night; this glorious night, the fleet is ours.

That heard, deep anguish stung Saturnia's soul,
 She shook her throne that shook the starry pole:
 And thus to Neptune: Thou, whose force can make
 The steadfast earth from her foundations shake,
 See'st thou the Greeks by fates unjust oppress'd,
 Nor swells that heart in thy immortal breast?
 Yet Ægæ, Helicë, thy power obey,
 And gifts unceasing on thine altars lay,
 Would all the Deities of Greece combine,
 In vain the gloomy Thunderer might repine:
 Sole should he sit, with scarce a God to friend,
 And see his Trojans to the shades descend:
 Such be the scene from his Idæan bower;
 Ungrateful prospect to the fullen Power!

Neptune with wrath rejects the rash design:
 What rage, what madness, furious Queen, is
 I war not with the Highest. All above [thine!]
 Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove.

Now godlike Hector, to whose matchless might
 Jove gave the glory of the destin'd fight,
 Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields
 With close-rang'd chariots, and with thicken'd shields.

Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
 Compacted troops stand wedg'd in firm array,
 A dreadful front! they shake the brands, and threat
 With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet.
 The king of men, by Juno's self inspir'd,
 Toil'd through the tents, and all his army fir'd.
 Swift as he mov'd he lifted in his hand
 His purple robe, bright ensign of command.
 High on the midmost bark the king appear'd;
 There, from Ulysses' deck his voice was heard:
 To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the sound,
 Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound.
 Oh Argives! shame of human race, he cry'd;
 (The hollow vessels to his voice reply'd)
 Where now are all your glorious boasts of yore,
 Your haughty triumphs on the Lemnian shore?
 Each fearless hero dares an hundred foes,
 While the least lasts, and while the goblet flows;

But who to meet one martial man is found,
 When the sight rages, and the flames surround?
 O mighty Jove! oh fire of the distress'd!
 Was ever king like me, like me oppress'd?
 With power immense, with justice arm'd in vain;
 My glory ravish'd, and my people slain!
 To thee my vows were breath'd from every shore;
 What altar smok'd not with our victims' gore?
 With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,
 And ask'd destruction to the Trojan name.
 Now, gracious God! far humbler our demand!
 Give these at least t' escape from Hector's hand,
 And save the relics of the Grecian land!

Thus pray'd the king; and Heaven's great Father heard

His vows, in bitterness of soul prefer'd;
 The wrath appeas'd, by happy signs declares,
 And gives the people to their monarch's prayers.
 His eagle, sacred bird of Heaven! he lent,
 A fawn his talons trust'd (divine portent!)
 High o'er the wondering hordes he soar'd above,
 Who paid their vows to Panomphæan Jove;
 Then let the prey before his altar fall,
 The Greeks behold, and transport seize'd on all:
 Encourag'd by the sign, the troops revive,
 And fierce on Troy with double fury drive.
 Tydides first of all the Grecian force,
 O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,
 Pierc'd the deep ranks, their strongest battle

And dy'd his javelin red with Trojan gore.
 Young Agelaüs (Phradmon was his fire)
 With flying couriers shun'd his dreadful ire:
 Struck through the back, the Phrygian fell oppress'd;
 The dart drove on, and issued at his breast:
 Headlong he quits the car; his arms rebound:
 His ponderous buckler thunders on the ground.
 Forth rush a tide of Greeks, the passage freed;
 Th' Atreidæ first, th' Ajaces next succeed:
 Meriones, like Mars in arms renown'd,
 And godlike Idomen, now pass'd the mound:
 Evæmon's son next issues to the foe,
 And last, young Teucer with his bended bow.
 Secure behind the Telamonian shield
 The skillful archer wide survey'd the field,
 With every shaft some hostile victim slew,
 Then close beneath the seven-fold orb withdrew:
 The conscious infant so, when fear alarms,
 Retires for safety to the mother's arms.
 Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field,
 Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield.
 Who first by Teucer's mortal arrows bled?
 Orsilochus; then fell Oïmenus dead:
 The god like Lycophon next press'd the plain,
 With Chiomius, Dætor, Ophelēstē slain:
 Bold Hamopæon breathless sunk to ground;
 The bloody pile great Menalippus crown'd.
 Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art,
 A Trojan ghost attended every dart.
 Great Agamemnon views with joyful eye
 The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly:
 Oh youth for ever dear! (the monarch cry'd)
 Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd;
 Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,
 Thy country's favour, and thy father's boast!
 Sprung from an alien's bed thy fire to grace,
 The vigorous offspring of a stolen embrace,

Proud of his bdy, he own'd the generous flame,
And the brave son repays his cares with fame.
Now hear a monarch's vow: If heaven's high
powers

Give me to raze Troy's long defended towers;
Whatever treasures Greece for me design,
The next rich honorary gift be thine:
Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd car,
With coursers dreadful in the ranks of war;
Or some fair captive whom thv eyes approve,
Shall recompence the warrior's toils with love.

To this the chief: With praise the rest inspire,
Nor urge a soul already fill'd with fire.
What strength I have, be now in battle try'd,
Till every shaft in Phrygian blood be dy'd.
Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,
Still aim'd at Hector have I bent my bow:
Eight fork'd arrows from his hand have fled,
And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead:
But sure some God denies me to destroy
This fury of the field, this dog of Troy.

He said, and twang'd the string. The weapon
flies

At Hector's breast, and sings along the skies:
He mis'd the mark; but pierc'd Gorgythio's heart,
And drench'd in royal blood the flying dart.
(Fair Castianira, nymph of form divine,
This offspring added to king Priam's line).
As full blown poppies, overcharg'd with rain,
Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain:
So sinks the youth: his beauteous head, deprest
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.

Another shaft the raging archer drew:
That other shaft with erring fury flew,
(From Hector Phœbus turn'd the flying wound).
Yet fell not dry or guiltless to the ground:
Thy breast, brave Archepolemus! it tore,
And dipt its feathers in no vulgar gore.
Headlong he falls: his sudden fall alarms
The steeds, that startle at his sounding arms.
Hector with grief his charioteer beheld,
All pale and breathless on the sanguine field.
Then bids Cebriones direct the rein,
Quits his bright car, and issues on the plain.
Dreadful he shouts: from earth a stone he took,
And rush'd on Teucer with the lifted rock,
The youth already strain'd the forceful yew:
The shaft already to his shoulder drew:
The feather in his hand, just wing'd for flight,
Touch'd where the neck and hollow chest unite;
There, where the juncture knits the channel bone,
The furious chief discharg'd the craggy stone;
The bow-string burst beneath the ponderous blow,
And his numb'd hand dismiss'd the udd'rs bow.
He fell: but Ajax his broad shield display'd,
And screen'd his brother with a mighty shade;
Till great Alastor, and Mecistheus, bore
The batter'd archer groaning to the shore.

Troy yet found grace before th' Olympian Sirs,
He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breasts with
fire.

The Greeks, repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,
Or in the trench on heaps confus'dly fall.
First of the foe, great Hector march'd along,
With terror cloth'd, and more than mortal strong.
As the bold hound, that gives the lion chase,
With beating bosom, and with eager pace.

Hangs on his haunch, or fastens on his heels;
Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels:
Thus oft the Grecians turn'd, but still they flew;
Thus following Hector still the hindmost flew.
When flying they had pass'd the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground;
Before the ships a desperate stand they made,
And fir'd the troops, and call'd the Gods to aid.
Fierce on his rattling chariot Hector came;
His eyes like Gorgon shot a sanguine flame
That wither'd all their host: like Mars he stood;
Dire as the monster, dreadful as the God!

Their strong distress the wife of Jove survey'd;
Then pensive thus, to wars triumphant maid:

Oh daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the sable listel!
Now, in this moment of her last despair,
Shall wretched Greece no more confess our care,
Condemn'd to suffer the full force of fate,
And drain the dregs of Heaven's relentless hate?

Gods! shall one raging hand thus level all!
What numbers fell! what numbers yet shall fall!
What power divine shall Hector's wrath assuage?
Still swells the slaughter, and still grows the rage!

So spake th' imperial Regent of the skies.

To whom the Goddess with the azure eyes;
Long since had Hector stain'd these fields with
gore,

Stretch'd by some Argive on his native shore;
But he above, the sire of heaven, withstands,
Mocks our attempts, and flights our just demands.
The stubborn God, inflexible and hard,
Forgets my service and deserv'd reward:

Sav'd I, for this, his favourite & son distress'd.
By sternæuistheus with long labours press'd?
He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep dismay;
I shot from heaven, and gave his arm the day.

Oh had my wisdom known this dire event,
When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went;
The triple dog had never felt his chain,
Nor Styx been cross'd, nor hell explor'd in vain.

Averse to me of all his heaven of Gods,
At Thetis' suit the partial Thunderer nods.
To grace her gloomy, fierce, relenting son,
My hopes are frustrate, and my Greeks undone.

Some future day, perhaps, he may be mov'd
To call his blue-ey'd maid his best lov'd.

Haste, launch thy chariot, thro' yon ranks to ride;
Myself will arm, and thunder at thy side.
Then, Goddess! say, shall Hector glory then,
(That terror of the Greeks, that man of men)

When Juno's self, and Pallas shall appear,
All dreadful in the crimson walks of war!
What mighty Trojan then, on yonder shore,
Expiring, pale, and terrible no more, }
Shall feast the fowls, and glut the dogs with }
gore?

She ceas'd, and Juno rein'd the steeds with care;
(Heaven's awful empress, Saturn's other heir)
Pallas, mean while, her various veil unbound,
With flowers adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;
The radiant robe her sacred fingers weave
Floats in rich waves, and spreads the court of Jove.
Her father's arms her mighty limbs invest,
His cuirass blazes on her ample breast.
The vigorous power the trembling car ascends;
Shook by her arm, the massy javelin bends;

§ Hercules.

Huge, ponderous, strong! that, when her fury
burns,

Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'er—

Saturnia lends the lash; the couriers fly;

Smooth glides the chariot through the liquid sky.

Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers,

Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged hours.

Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,

The sun's bright portals and the skies command;

Close, or unfold, th' eternal gates of day,

Bar heaven with clouds, or roll those clouds away.

The sounding hinges ring, the clouds divide;

Prone down the steep of heaven their course they

But Jove incens'd, from Ida's top survey'd, [guide.

And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd maid: [car;

Thaumantia! mount the winds, and stop their

Against the highest who shall wage the war?

If furious yet they dare the vain debate,

Thus have I spoke, and what I speak is fate.

Their couriers crush'd beneath the wheel shall lie,

Their car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky;

My lightning these rebellious shall confound,

And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground.

Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep

The wounds impress'd by burning thunders deep.

So shall Minerva learn to fear our ire,

Nor dare to combat her's and nature's fire.

For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,

She claims some title to transgress our will.

Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd maid

From Ida's top her golden wings display'd;

To great Olympus' shining gates she flies,

There meets the chariot rushing down the skies,

Restrains their progress from the bright abodes,

And speaks the mandate of the Sire of Gods,

What frenzy, Goddesses! what rage can move

Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove?

Desist, obedient to his high command;

This is his word: and know, his word shall stand.

His lightning your rebellion shall confound,

And hurl you headlong, flaming to the ground:

Your hories crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,

Your car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky:

Yourself condemn'd ten rolling years to weep

The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.

So shall Minerva learn to fear his ire,

Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.

For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,

She claims some title to transgress his will.

But thee what desperate insolence has driven,

To lift thy lance against the King of heaven?

Then, mounting on the pinions of the wind,

She flew; and Juno thus her rage resign'd:

O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield

Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!

No more let beams of superior birth

Contend with Jove for this low race of earth:

Triumphant now, now miserably slain,

They breathe or perish as the fates ord

But Jove's high counsels full effect shall find;

And, ever constant, ever rule mankind. (light.

She spoke, and backward turn'd her steeds of

Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heavenly bright.

The hours unloos'd them, panting as they stood,

And heap'd their mangers with ambrosial food.

Here ty'd, they rest in high celestial stalls;

The chariot plopt against the chrystal walls.

TRANS.

The pensive Goddesses, abash'd, control'd,

Mix with the Gods, and fill their seats of gold.

And now the thunderer meditates his flight

From Ida's summits to th' Olympian height,

Swifter than thought the wheels instinctive fly,

Flame through the vast of air, and reach the sky.

'Twas Neptune's charge his couriers to unbrace,

And fix the car on its immortal base:

There stood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,

Till with a snowy veil he screen'd the blaze.

He, whose all-conscious eyes the world behold,

Th' eternal thunderer sat thron'd in gold;

High heaven the footstool of his feet he makes,

And wide beneath him all Olympus shakes.

Trembling afar th' offending powers appear'd,

Confus'd and silent, for his frown they fear'd.

He saw their soul, and thus his word imparts:

Pallas and Juno! say, why heave your hearts?

Soon was your battle o'er: proud Troy retir'd

Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd.

But know, whose'er almighty power withstand!

Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand:

Who shall the sovereign of the skies controul?

Not all the Gods that crown the starry pole.

Your hearts shall tremble, if our arms we take,

And each immortal nerve with horror shake.

For thus I speak, and what I speak shall stand;

What power soe'er provokes our lifted hand,

On this our hill no more shall hold his place;

Cut off, and exil'd, from th' æthereal race.

Juno and Pallas, grieving, hear the doom,

But feast their souls on Ilion's woes to come.

Though secret angels well'd Minerva's breast,

The prudent Goddess yet her wrath repress:

But Juno, impotent of rage, replies:

What hast thou said, Oh tyrant of the skies!

Strength and omnipotence invest thy throne;

'Tis thine to punish; ours to grieve alone.

For Greece we grieve, abandon'd by her fate,

To drink the dregs of thy unmeasur'd hate:

From fields forbidden we submit refrain,

With arms unsiding see our Argives slain;

Yet grant our counsels still their breasts may

Left all should perish in the rage of Jove. [move,

The Goddesses thus. And thus the God replies:

Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skies:

The morning sun, awak'd by loud alarms,

Shall see th' Almighty thunderer in arms.

What heaps of Argives then shall load the plain,

Those radiant eyes shall view, and view in vain.

Nor shall great Hector cease the rage of fight,

The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,

Ev'n till the day, when certain fates ordain

That stern Achilles (his Patroclus slain)

Shall rise in vengeance, and lay waste the plain.

For such is fate, nor canst thou turn its course

With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.

Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remotest bound,

Where on her utmost verge the seas resound;

Where cur'd Iapetus and Saturn dwell,

Fast by the brink, within the steams of hell;

No sun e'er gilds the gloomy horrors there;

No cheerful gales refresh the lazy air;

There arm once more the bold Titanian band;

And arm in vain; for what I will shall stand.

Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light,

And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:

POPE'S HOMER.

The conquering Trojans mourn his beams decay'd;
The Greeks, rejoicing, bless the friendly shade.

The victors keep the field; and Hector calls
A martial counsel near the navy walls;
These to Scamander's banks apart he led,
Where, thinly scatter'd, lay the heaps of dead.
Th' assembled chiefs, descending on the ground,
Attend his order, and their prince surround.
A massy spear he bore of mighty strength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
The point was brass, resplendent to behold,
Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold:
The noble Hector on this lance reclin'd,
And, bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind:

Ye valiant Trojans, with attention hear!
Ye Dardan bands, and generous aids, give ear!
This day, we hop'd, would wrap in conquering
flame

Greece with her ships, and crown our toils with
But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls, [same.
And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.
Obey the night, and use her peaceful hours
Our steeds to forage, and refresh our powers.
Straight from the town be sheep and oxen sought
And strengthening bread, and generous wine be
brought.

Wide o'er the field, high blazing to the sky,
Iet numerous fires the absent sun supply,
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,
Till the bright morn her purple beam displays;
Left, in the silence and the shades of night,
Greece on her sable ships attempt her flight.
Not unpleas'd let the wretches gain
Their lofty decks, or safely cleave the main;
Some hostile wound let every dart bestow,
Some lasting token of the Phrygian foe; [care,
Wounds, that long hence may ask their spouses'
And warn their children from a Trojan war.
Now through the circuit of our Ilion wall,
Let sacred heralds sound the solemn call;
To bid the fires with hoary honours crown'd,
And beardless youths, our battlements surround.
Firm be the guard, while distant lie our powers,
And let the matrons hang with lights the towers:
I left, under cover of the midnight shade,
Th' insidious foe the naked town invade.
Suffice, to night, these orders to obey;
A nobler charge shall rouse the dawning day.
The Gods, I trust, shall give to Hector's hand,
From these detested foes to free the land,
Who plough'd, with fate's avenger, the watery way;
For Trojan vultures a piteous'd prey.

Our common safety must be now the care;
But soon as morning paints the fields of air,
Sheath'd in bright arms let every troop engage,
And the fir'd fleet behold the battle rage,
Then, then shall Hector and Tydides prove,
Whose fates are heaviest in the scales of Jove:
To-morrow's fight (oh haste the glorious morn!)
Shall see his bloody spoils in triumph borne;
With this keen javelin shall his breast be gor'd,
And prostrate heroes bleed around their lord.
Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,
From age inglorious, and black death secure;
So might my life and glory know no bound,
Like Pallas worshipp'd, like the sun renown'd!
As the next dawn the last they shall enjoy,
Shall crush the Greeks, and end the woes of Troy.

The leader spoke. From all his host around
Shouts of applause along the shores resound.
Each from the yoke the smoking steeds unty'd,
And fix'd their headstalls to his chariot side.
Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,
With generous wine, and all-sustaining bread.
Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore;
The winds to heaven the curling vapours bore.
Ungrateful offering to th' immortal powers!
Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan towers;
Nor Priam nor his sons obtain'd their grace;
Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.

The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground;
As when the moon, resplendent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light:
So many stars before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays:
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shout a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the couriers o'er their heaps of corn;
And silent warriors wait the rising morn.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Embassy to Achilles.

Agamemnon, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this; and Nestor secures him, praising his wisdom and resolution; he orders he guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures are to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice: and Nestor farther prevails

him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phoenix. They make, each of them, very moving and glowing speeches; but are rejected, with roughness, by Achilles, who, notwithstanding, retains Phoenix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp; and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea-shore, the station of the Grecian ships.

Thus joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night;
While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heaven-bred horror, on the Grecian part,
Sat on each face, and sadden'd every heart.
As, from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth,
A double tempest of the west and north
Swell'd o'er the sea, from Thracia's frozen shore,
Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' Ægean roar;
This way and that, the boiling deeps are toft;
Such various passions urge the troubled host.
Great Agamemnon griev'd above the rest;
Superior sorrows swell'd his royal breast;
Himself his orders to the heralds bears,
To bid to council all the Grecian peers;
But bid in whispers: these surround the chief,
In solemn sadness, and majestic grief.
The king amidst the mournful circle rose;
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows:
So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
In sabb'd streams soft trickling waters shed.
With more than vulgar grief he stood oppress'd,
Words, mix'd with sighs, thus bursting from his breast;

Ye sons of Greece! partake your leader's care;
Betwixt in arms, and princes of the war!
Of partial Jove too justly we complain,
And heavenly oracles believ'd in vain.
A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
With conquest honour'd, and enrich'd with spoils:
Now shameful flight alone can save the host;
Our wealth, our people, and our glory lost.
So Jove decrees. Almighty Lord of all!
Jove, at whose nod whole empires rise or fall,
Who shakes the feeble props of human trust,
And towers and armies humble to the dust.
Haste then, for ever quit these fatal fields,
Haste to the joys our native country yields;
Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ;
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.

He said; deep silence held the Grecian band,
Silent, unmov'd, in dire dismay they stand,
A pensive scene! till Tydeus' warlike son
Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun:

When kings advise us to renounce our fame,
First let him speak, who first has suffer'd shame.
If I oppose thee, prince, thy wrath with-hold,
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
Thou first, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
Durst brand my courage, and defame my might:
Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
The Greeks stood witness, all our army heard.
The Gods, O chief! from whom our honours spring,
The Gods have made thee but by halves a king.
They gave thee sceptres, and a wide command,
They gave dominion o'er the seas and land;
The noblest power that might the world controul
They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous soul.
Is this a general's voice, that would suggest
Fears like his own to every Grecian chief?

Confiding in our want of worth he stands;
And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands.
Go thou, inglorious! from th' embattled plain;
Ships thou hast store, and nearest to the main;
A nobler car the Grecians shall employ,
To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.
Here Greece shall stay; or, if all Greece retire,
Myself will stay, till Troy or I expire:
Myself and Stenelus will fight for fame;
God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.

He ceas'd; the Greeks loud acclamations raise,
And voice to voice resounds Tydides praise.
Wife Nestor then his reverend figure rear'd;
He spoke; the host in still attention heard:
O truly great! in whom the Gods have join'd
Such strength of body with such force of mind;
In conduct, as in courage, you excel,
Still first to act what you advise so well. {moves,
Those wholesome counsels which thy wisdom
Applauding Greece, with common voice approves.
Kings thou canst blame; a bold, but prudent youth;
I name ev'n kings with praise, because with truth.

And yet those years that since thy birth have run,
Would hardly style thee Nestor's youngest son.
Then let me add what yet remains behind,
A thought unfinish'd in that generous mind;
Age bids me speak; nor shall th' advice I bring
Distaste the people, or offend the king:

Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for public rule, or private care;
That wretch, that monster, who delights in war:
Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy,
To tear his country, and his kind destroy!
This night, refresh and fortify thy train;
Between the trench and wall let guards remain:
Be that the duty of the young and bold;
But thou, O king, to council call the old:
Great is thy sway, and weighty are thy cares;
Thy high commands must spirit all our wars.
With Thracian wines recruit thy honour'd guests
For happy counsels flow from sober feasts.
Wise, weighty counsels, aid a state distressed,
And such a monarch as can choose the best.
See! what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,
How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires!
Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light?
What eye beholds them, and can close to-night:
This dreadful interval determines all;

To-morrow, Troy must flame, or Greece must fall.
Thus spoke the hoary sage: the rest obey;
Swift through the gates the guards direct the
His son was first to pass the lofty mound, [wa,
The generous Thraïm'd, in arms renown'd:
Next him, Ascalaphus, Ialmen, stood,
The double offspring of the Warrior-God.
Deipyrus, Apharius, Merion, join,
d, of Creon's noble line.

Seven were the leaders of the mighty bands;
And each bold chief a hundred spears commands.
The fires they light, to short repasts they fall;
Some liue the trench, and others man the wall.

The king of men on public counsels bent,
Conven'd the princes in his ample tent;
Each seiz'd a portion of the kingly feast,
But staid his hand when thirst and hunger ceas'd.
Then Nestor spoke, for wisdom long approv'd,
And, slowly rising, thus the council mov'd:

Monarch of nations! whose superior sway
Assembled states and lords of earth obey,
The laws and sceptres to thy hand are given,
And millions own the care of thee and Heaven.
O king! the counsels of my age attend;
With thee my cares begin, in thee must end;
Thee, prince! it fits alike to speak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
To see no wholesome motion be withstood,
And satisfy the best for public good.

Nor, though a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.
Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haste,
At once in present judgment, and my past:
When from Pelides' tent you forc'd the maid,
I first oppos'd, and faithful durst dissuade;
But bold of soul, when headlong fury fir'd,
You wrong'd the man, by men and Gods admir'd:
Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end,
With prayers to move him, or with gifts to bend.

To whom the king: With justice hast thou shown
A prince's faults, and I with reason own.
That happy man, whom Jove still honours most,
Is more than armies, and himself an host.
Blest in his love, this wondrous hero stands;
Heaven fights his war, and humbles all our bands,
None would my heart, which err'd through frantic
rage,

'The wrathful chief and angry Gods assuage.
If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow,
Hear, all ye Greeks, and witness what I vow:
Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
And twice ten vases of resplendent mold;
Seven sacred tripods, whose unskill'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
And still victorious in the dusty course;
(Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged seed).
Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian knee,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd, in form divine;
The same I chose for more than vulgar charms,
When Laertes sunk beneath the hero's arms:
All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,
And, join'd with these, the long-contested maid;
With all her charms, Briseis I resign,
And solemn swear those charms were never mine:
Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,
Pure from my aims, and guiltless of my loves.
These, instant, shall be his; and if the Powers
Give to our arms-proud Ilion's hostile towers,
The illustrious store (when Greece the spoil divides)
With gold and brass his loaded navy's sides,
Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
With copious love shall crown his worn embrace;
Such as himself will choose; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heavenly

Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
There shall he live my son, our honours share,
And with Orestes' self divide my care.
Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair;
Her let him choose, whom most his eyes approve;
I ask no presents, no reward for love:
Myself will give the dower; so vast a store
As never father gave a child before.
Seven ample cities shall confess his sway,
Him Enopé, and Phœre him obey,
Cardanyle with ample turrets crown'd,
And sacred Pedasus for vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
And rich Anthæia with her flowery fields:
The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and generous is the soil;
There shall he reign with power and justice
And rule the tributary realms around. [crown'd,
All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
And sure all this may move his mighty soul.
Pluto, the grizzly God, who never spares,
Who feels no mercy, and who hears no prayers,
Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,
And mortals hate him as the worst of Gods.
Great though he be, it fits him to obey;
Since more than his my years, and more my sway.

The monarch thus. The reverend Nestor cheer'd:
Great Agamemnon! glorious king of men!
Such are thy offers as a prince may take,
And such as fits a generous king to make.
Let chosen delegates this hour be sent,
(Myself will name them) to Pelides' tent;
Let Phoenix lead, rever'd for hoary age,
Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage.
Yet more to sanctify the word you lend,
Let Hodius and Eurybates attend.
Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands;
Pray, in deep silence, and with purest hands.

He said, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
The cleansing water from the living spring.
The youth with wine the sacred goblets crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the sands around.
The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirst allay,
Then from the royal tent they take their way;
Wife Nestor turns on each his careful eye,
Forbids't offend, instructs them to apply:
Much he advis'd them all, Ulysses most,
To deprecate the chief, and save the host. [roar
Through the still night they march, and hear the
Of murmuring billows on the sounding shore.
To Neptune, ruler of the seas profound,
Whose liquid arms the mighty globe surround,
They pour forth vows, their embassy to bless,
And calm the rage of stern Æacides.
And now, arriv'd where on the sandy bay
The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay,
Amus'd at ease the godlike man they found,
Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound:
(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebes
came,
Of polished silver was its costly frame):

With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
 Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.
 Patroclus only of the royal train,
 Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty strain:
 Full opposite he sate, and listen'd long,
 In silence waiting till he ceas'd the song.
 Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds
 To his high tent; the great Ulysses leads.
 Achilles, starting, as the chiefs he spy'd,
 Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.
 With like surprize arose Menœtius' son:
 Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun:
 Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here,
 Or strong necessity, or urgent fear;
 Welcome, though Greeks! for not as foes ye came;
 To me more dear than all that bear the name.

With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
 And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread.
 Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
 Mix purer wine, and open every soul.
 Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
 Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend.

He said; Patroclus o'er the blazing fire,
 Heaps in a brazen vase three chimes entire:
 The brazen vase Automedon sustains, —
 Which flesh of porket, sheep, and goat, contains:
 Achilles at the genial feast presides,
 The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
 Mean while Patroclus sweats the fire to raise;
 The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze:
 Then, when the languid flames at length subside,
 He strows a bed of glowing embers wide,
 Above the coals the smoking fragments turns,
 And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns;
 With bread the glittering cannisters the load,
 Which round the board Menœtius' son bestow'd;
 Himself, oppos'd t' Ulysses full in sight,
 Each portion parts, and orders every rite.
 The first fat offerings, to th' Immortals due,
 Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
 Then each, indulging in the social feast,
 His thirst and hunger soberly repress.
 That done, to Phoenix Ajax gave the sign;
 Not unperceiv'd; Ulysses crown'd with wine
 'A he foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
 His speech addressing to the godlike man:

Health to Achilles! happy are thy guests!
 Not those more honour'd whom Atreides feeds:
 Though generous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
 That Agamemnon's regal tent affords,
 But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,
 Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls.
 What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear!
 The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
 Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
 And owns no help but from thy saving hands:
 Troy, and her aids, for ready vengeance call;
 Their threatening tents already shade our wall:
 Hear how with shouts their conquest they pro-
 claim,

And point at every ship their vengeful flame!
 For them the Father of the Gods declares,
 Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.
 See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise!
 See, heaven and earth the raging chief defies;
 What fury in his breast, what lightning in his
 eyes!

He waits out for the morn, to sink in flame
 The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
 Heavens! how my country's woes distract my mind,
 Left fate accomplish all his rage design'd.
 And must we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay
 In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day?
 Return, Achilles! oh return, though late,
 To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate;
 If in that heart or grief or courage lies,
 Rise to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, rise!
 The day may come, when, all our warriors slain,
 That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.
 Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!
 Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.
 When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd
 His parting son, these accents were his last:
 My child! with strength, with glory and success,
 Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless!
 Trust that to Heaven: but thou, thy cares engage
 To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:
 From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
 And shun contention, the sure source of woe;
 That young and old may in thy praise combine,
 The virtues of humanity be thine——
 This, now despis'd, advice thy father gave;
 Ah, check thy anger, and be truly brave.
 If thou wilt yield to great Atreides' prayers,
 Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares,
 If not——but hear me, while I number o'er
 The proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store:
 Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
 And twice ten vases of resplendent mould;
 Seven sacred tripods, whole unskill'd frame
 Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
 Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
 And still victorious in the dusty course;
 (Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
 The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed.)
 Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line,
 Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine;
 The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,
 When Lesbos sunk beneath thy conquering arms.
 All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid,
 And, join'd with these, the long-contested maid;
 With all her charms, Briseïs he'll resign,
 And solemn swear those charms were only thine;
 Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd the removes,
 Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
 These, instant, shall be thine; and if the Powers
 Give to our arms proud Ithon's hostile towers,
 Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil di-
 vides)

With gold and brass thy loaded navy's sides,
 Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
 With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace;
 Such as thyself shall choose; who yield to none,
 Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.
 Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
 If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
 There shalt thou live his son, his honours share,
 And with Orestes' self divide his care.
 Yet more——three daughters in his court are bred,
 And each well worthy of a royal bed;
 Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
 And bright Crysothemis with golden hair;
 Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve;
 He asks no presents, no reward for love:

Himself will give the dower; so vast a store
As never father gave a child before.
Seven ample cities shall confess thy sway,
Thee Enopé, and Phœæ thea obey,
Cardamylé with ample turrets crown'd,
And sacred Pedafus, for vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
And rich Anthéis with her flowery fields:
The whole extent to Pylus' sandy plain
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and generous is the soil.
There shalt thou reign with power and justice
crown'd,

And rule the tributary realms around.
Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
Such the repentance of a suppliant king,
But if all this, relentless, thou disdain,
If honour, and if interest, plead in vain;
Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,
And be, amongst her guardian Gods, ador'd.
It no regard thy suffering country claim,
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
For know that chief, whole unresisted ire
Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,
Proud Hector, now, th' unequal fight demands,
And only triumphs to deserve thy hands,

Then thus the Goddess-born: Ulysses, hear
A faithful speech, that knows not art, nor fear;
What in my secret soul is understood,
My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain:
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

Then thus, in short, my fixt resolves attend,
Which nor Atrides, nor his Greeks, can bend;
Long toils, long perils, in their cause I bore,
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight or fight not, a like reward we claim,
The wretch and hero find their prize the same;
Alike regretted in the dust he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
As the bold bird her helpless young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want defends:
In search of prey she wings the spacious air,
And with th' untasted food supplies her care:
For thankless Greece such hardships have I brav'd,
Her wives, her infants, by my labours sav'd;
Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood,
And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.
I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain:
Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made.
Your mighty monarch these in peace possess;
Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.
Some present too to every prince was paid;
And every prince enjoys the gift he made;
I only must refund, of all his train;
See what preeminence our merits gain!

My spoil alone his greedy soul delights;
My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights:
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
But what's the quarrel, then of Greece to Troy?

What to these shores th' assembled nations drive,
What calls for vengeance but a woman's cause?
Ate fair endowments, and a beautiful face,
Belov'd by none but those of Atræus' race!
The wife whom choice and passion both approve,
Sure every wife and worthy man will love.
Nor did my fair one less distinguished claim;
Slave as she was, my soul ador'd the dame.
Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again.
Ye have my answer—what remains to do,
Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.
What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can shake?
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round,
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
And will not these (the wonders he has done)
Repel the rage of Priam's single son?
There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)
When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought:
He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles fury at the Scæan gate;
He try'd it once, and scarce was sav'd by fate.
But now those ancient enmities are o'er;
To-morrow we the favouring Gods implore;
Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,
And hear with oars the Hellespont resound.
The third day hence, shall Phthia greet our sails,
If mighty Neptune send propitious gales;
Phthia to her Achilles shall restore
The wealth he left for this detested shore:
Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,
The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass.
My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
And all that rests of my unravish'd prey.
One only valued gift your tyrant gave,
And that refund, the fair Lyneffian slave.
Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may hear,
And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear;
(For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
And meditates new cheats on all his slaves;
Though shameless as he is, to face these eyes
Is what he dares not; if he dares he dies)
Tell him, all terms, all commerce, I decline,
Nor share his council, nor his battle join;
For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine.
No—let the stupid prince, whom Jove deprives
Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives;
His gifts are hateful: kings of such a kind
Stand but as slaves before a noble mind.
Not though he proffer'd all himself possess,
And all his rapine could from others wrest;
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crows
The many-peopled Orchomenian town;
Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain,
The world's great empress on th' Egyptian plain,
(That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,
Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars
From each wide portal issuing to the wars)
Though bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number
more
Than dust in fields, or sand along the shore;
Should all these offers for my friendship call;
'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.
Atrides' daughter never shall be led
(An ill-match'd comfort) to Achilles' bed;

The golden Venus though she charm'd the heart,
 And w'd with Pallas in the works of art.
 Some greater Greek let these high nuptials grace,
 I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.
 If heaven restore me to my realms with life,
 The reverend Peleus shall elect my wife.
 Thessalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
 And kings that sue to mix their blood with mine.
 Blest in kind love my years shall glide away,
 Content with just hereditary sway;
 There, deaf for ever to the martial strife,
 Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
 Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
 Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold,
 Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,
 Can bribe the poor possession of a day!
 Lost herds and treasures, we by arms regain,
 And sit undrill'd on the dusty plain:
 But from our lips the vital spirit flies,
 Returns no more to wake the silent dead.
 My fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd,
 And each alternate, life or fame, propos'd;
 Here, if I stay, before the Trojan town,
 Short is my date, but deathless my renown;
 If I return, I quit immortal praise
 For years on years, and long-extended days.
 Convinc'd, though late, I find my fond mistake,
 And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make:
 To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy,
 Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.
 Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the skies;
 Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories rise.
 Go then, to Greece report our fix'd design;
 Bid all your counsels, all your armies join,
 Let all your forces, all your arts conspire,
 To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
 One stratagem has fail'd, and others will:
 Ye find, Achilles is unconquer'd still.
 Go then—digest my message as ye may—
 But here this night let reverend Phoenix stay:
 His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand
 A peaceful death in Pthia's friendly land.
 But whether he remain, or fail with me,
 His age be sacred, and his will be free.
 The son of Peleus ceas'd: the chiefs around
 In silence wrapt, in consternation drown'd,
 Attend the stern reply. Then Phoenix rose;
 (Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows)
 And while the fate of suffering Greece he mourn'd,
 With accent weak these tender words return'd:
 Divine Achilles! wilt thou then retire,
 And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire?
 If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,
 How shall thy friend, thy Phoenix, stay behind?
 The royal Peleus, when from Pthia's coast
 He sent thee early to th' Achaian host;
 Thy youth, as then in sage debates unskill'd,
 And new to perils of the direful field:
 He bade me teach thee all the ways of war;
 To shine in councils and in camps to dare.
 Never, ah never let me leave thy side!
 No time shall part us, and no fate divide.
 Not though the God, that breath'd my life, restore
 The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore.
 When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames,
 (Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames!)

My father, faithless to my mother's arms,
 Old as he was, ador'd a stranger's charms.
 I try'd what youth could do (at her desire)
 To win the daisiel, and prevent my fire.
 My fire with curses loads my hated head,
 And cries, "Ye furies! barren be his bed."
 Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,
 And rathless Proserpine, confirm'd his vow.
 Despair and grief distract my labouring mind!
 Gods! what a crime my impious heart design'd!
 I thought (but some kind God that thought suppress'd)
 To plunge the poinard in my father's breast:
 Then meditate my flight; my friends in vain
 With prayers entreat me, and with force detain.
 On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny swine,
 They daily feast, with draughts of fragrant wine:
 Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine nights
 entire;
 The roofs and porches flam'd with constant fire.
 The tenth, I sur'd the gates unseen of all;
 And, favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
 My travels thence thro' spacious Greece extend;
 In Pthia's court at last my labours end.
 Your fire receiv'd me, as his son careles'd,
 With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions blest'd.
 The strong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,
 And all the coast that runs along the main.
 By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
 And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd:
 Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave,
 A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
 Thy infant breast, a like affection show'd;
 Still in my arms (an ever-pleasing load)
 Or at my knee, by Phoenix would'st thou stand;
 No food was grateful but from Phoenix' hand.
 I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,
 The tender labours, the compliant cares;
 The Gods (I thought) reverse'd their hard decree,
 And Phoenix felt a father's joys in thee:
 Thy growing virtues justify'd my cares,
 And promis'd comfort to my silver hairs.
 Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, resign'd;
 A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind:
 The Gods (the only great, and only wise)
 Are mov'd by offerings, vows, and sacrifice;
 Offending man their high compassion wins,
 And daily prayers atone for daily sins.
 Prayers are Jove's daughters, of celestial race,
 Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;
 With humble mien and with dejected eyes,
 Constant they follow, where injustice flies:
 Injustice, swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
 Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind, }
 While prayers, to heal her wrongs, move slow }
 Who hears these daughters of almighty Jove,
 For him they mediate to the throne above:
 When man rejects the humble suit they make,
 The fire revenges for the daughter's sake;
 From Jove commission'd, fierce injustice then
 Descends, to punish unrelenting men.
 Oh, let not headlong passion bear the sway;
 These reconciling Goddesses obey:
 Due honours to the seed of Jove belong:
 Due honours calm the fierce, and bend the strong.

Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,
Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty king :
Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes, should engage
Thy friend to plead against to just a rage.
But since what honour asks, the general sends,
And sends by those whom most thy heart com-
mends,

The best and noblest of the Grecian train ;
Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain !
Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold,
A great example drawn from times of old ;
Hear what our fathers were, and what their praise,
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.

Where Calydon on rocky mountains stands,
Once fought th' Ætolian and Curetian bands ;
To guard it those, to conquer their advance ;
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.
The silver Cynthia bade Contention rise,
In vengeance of neglected sacrifice ;
On Oeneus' field she sent a monstrous boar,
'That level'd harvests, and whole forests tore :
This beast (when many a chief his tusks had slain)
Great Meleager stretch'd along the plain.
Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose,
The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.
Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd,
While Meleager's thundering arm prevail'd :
Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breast
(For rage invades the wisest and the best).
Curs'd by Althæa, to his wrath he yields,
And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields.
" (She from Marpessa sprung, divinely fair,
" And matchless Idas, more than man in war ;
" The God of day ador'd the mother's charms :
" Against the God the father bent his arms :
" Th' afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim,
" From Cleopatra chang'd this daughter's name,
" And call'd Alcyone ; a name to show
" The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.")
To her the chief retir'd from stern debate,
But found no peace from fierce Althæa's hate :
Althæa's hate th' unhappy warrior drew,
Whose luckless hand his royal uncle flew ;
She beat the ground, and call'd the powers beneath
On her own son to wreak her brother's death :
Hell heard her curses from the realms profound,
And the red fiends that walk the nightly round,
In vain Ætolia her deliverer waits,
War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
She sent ambassadors, a chosen band,
Priests of the Gods, and elders of the land ;
Besought the chief to save the sinking state :
Their prayers were urgent, and their proffers great :
[Full fifty acres of the richest ground, [crown'd,
Half pasture green, and half with vineyards
His suppliant father, aged Oeneus, came ;
— ters follow'd ; ev'n the vengeful dame
Althæa sues ; his friends before him fall :
He stands relentless and rejects them all.
Mean while the victor's shouts ascend the skies :
The walls are seal'd ; the rolling flames arise ;
At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
With piercing cries, and supplicating tears ;
She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,
The matrons ravish'd, the whole race eddl'd :
The warrior heard,

Th' Ætolian, long disdain'd, now took their
turn,

And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
Learn hence, beginners to curb pernicious ire,
Nor stay, till yonder fleets ascend in fire :
Accept the presents ; draw thy conquering sword ;
And be amongst our guardian Gods ador'd.

Thus he. The stern Achilles thus reply'd :
My second father, and my reverend guide :
Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands,
And asks no honours from a mortal's hands :
Jove honours me, and favours my designs ;
His pleasure guides me, and his will confines :
And here I stay (if such his high behest) —
While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.
Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart ;
No more molest me on Atreides' part ;
Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,
For him these sorrows ? for my mortal foe ?
A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows ;
One should our interests and our passions be ;
My friend must hate the man that injures me.
Do this, my Phoenix, 'tis a generous part ;
And shaggy realms, my honour, and my heart.
Let these return : our voyage, or our stay,
Rest undetermin'd till the dawning day.

He ceas'd : then order'd for the sage's bed
A warmer couch with numerous carpets spread.
With that, stern Ajax his long silence broke,
And thus, impatient, to Ulysses spake :

Hence let us go — why waste we time in vain ?
See what effect our low submissions gain !
Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we must relate,
The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait.
Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains
Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdain :
Stern and un pitying ! if a brother bleed,
On just atonement, we remit the deed ;
A fire the slaughter of his son forgives ;
The price of blood discharg'd, the murderer lives :
The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,
And gifts can conquer every soul but thine.
The Gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
One woman-slave was ravish'd from thy arms :
Lo, seven are offer'd, and of equal charms.
Then hear, Achilles ! be of better mind ;
Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind ;
And know the men, of all the Grecian host,
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most.

Oh soul of battles, and thy people's guide !
(To Ajax thus the first of Greeks reply'd)
Well hast thou spoke ; but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame :
'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave ;
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave !
Return then, heroes ! and our answer bear,
The glorious combat is no more my care ;
Not till, amidst yon sinking navy slain,
The blood of Greeks shall dye the sable main ;
Not till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
Consume your vessels, and approach my own ;
Just there, th' impetuous homicide shall stand,
There cease his battle, and, there feel our hand.

This said, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
And cast a large libation on the ground ;

Then to their vessels, through the gloomy shades,
The chiefs return; divine Ulysses leads.
Mean time Achilles' slaves prepar'd a bed,
With fleecy, carpets, and soft linen spread:
There, till the sacred morn reftard the day,
In slumber sweet the reverend Phoenix lay,
But in his inner tent, an ampler space,
Achilles slept; and in his warm embrace
Fair Diomede of the Lesbian race.

Laft, for Patroclus was the couch prepar'd,
Whose nightly joys the beauteous Iphis shar'd;
Achilles to his friend confign'd her charms,
When Scyros fell before his conquering arms.
And ~~now~~ th' elected chiefs, whom Greece had
sent,
Pass'd thro' the hosts, and reach'd the royal tent.
Then rising all, with goblets in their hands,
The peers and leaders of the Achaian bands,
Hail'd their return. Atrides first begun:
Say what success? divine Laertes' son!
Achilles high resolves declare to all;
Returns the chief, or must our navy fall?
Great king of nations! (Ithacus reply'd)
Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride;
He flights thy friendship, thy proposals scorns,
And, thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns:
To save our army, and our fleets, to free,
Is not his care; but left to Greece and thee.
Your eyes shall view, when morning paints the
Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly. [sky,
Us too he bids our oars and sails employ,
Nor hope the fall of heaven-protected Troy:
— Jove o'erthades her with his arm divine,
Pursues her war, and bids her glory shine.

Such was his word: what farther he declar'd,
The sacred heralds and great Ajax heard.
But Phoenix in his tent the chief retains,
Safe to transport him to his native plains,
When morning dawns: if other he decree,
His age is sacred, and his choice is free.

Ulysses ceas'd: the great Achaian host,
With sorrow seiz'd, in consternation lost,
Attend the stern reply. Tydides broke
The general silence, and undaunted spoke:
Why should we gifts to proud Achilles send?
Or strive with prayers his haughty soul to bend?
His country's woes he glories to deride,
And prayers will burst that swelling heart with
pride.

Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd;
Our battles let him, or desert, or aid;
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit;
That, to his madness, or to Heaven commit:
What for ourselves we can, is always ours;
This night, let due repast refresh our powers
(For strength consists in spirits and in blood,
And those are ow'd to generous wine and
food);

But when the rosy messenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
Rang'd at the ships, let all our squadrons shine,
In flaming arms, a long extended line:
In the dread front let great Atrides stand,
The first in danger, as in high command.

Shouts of acclaim the listening heroes raise,
Then each to Heaven the due libations raise;
Till sleep, descending o'er the tents, bestows
The grateful blessings of desir'd repose.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Night Adventure of Diomed and Ulysses.

Upon the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awakening the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed, are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprise, and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprise Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhæus, and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They pass on with success; kill Rhæus, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues; the scenes in the two camps.

ALL night the chiefs before their vessels lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day:
All but the king; with various thoughts oppress'd,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.
As when, by lightnings, Jove's æthereal power
Foretells the rattling hail, or weighty shower,
Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore,
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;
Ere fits one flash succeeds as one expires,
And heaven flames thick with momentary fires.
So bursting frequent from Atrides' breast,
Sighs following sighs his inward fears confess.

Now o'er the field, dejected, he surveys
From thousand Trojan fires the mounting blaze;
Hears in the passing wind their music blow,
And marks distinct the voices of the foe.
Now looking backwards to the fleet and coast,
Anxious he sorrows for the endanger'd host.
He rends his hairs in sacrifice to Jove,
And swears to him that ever lives above:
Inly he groans; while glory and despair
Divide his heart, and wage a double war.

A thousand cares his labouring breast involves;
To seek sage Nestor now the chief resolves,

With him in wholesome counsels, to debate
 What yet remains to save th' afflicted state.
 He rose, and first he cast his mantle round,
 Next on his feet the shining sandals bound;
 A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd;
 His warlike hand a pointed javelin held.
 Mean while his brother, prest with equal woes,
 Alike deny'd the gifts of lost repose,
 Laments for Greece; that in his cause before
 So much had suffer'd, and must suffer more.
 A leopard's spotted hide his shoulders spread;
 A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
 Thus (with a javelin in his hand) he went
 To wake Atreides in the royal tent.
 Already wak'd, Atreides he descri'd,
 His armour buckling at his vessel's side.
 Joyful they met; the Spartan thus begun:
 Why puts my brother his bright armour on?
 Sends he some spy, amidst these silent hours,
 To try yon camp, and watch the Trojan powers?
 But say, what hero shall sustain that task?
 Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask;
 Guideless, alone, through night's dark shade to go,
 And 'midst a hostile camp explore the foe!
 To whom the king: In such distress we stand,
 No vulgar counsels our affairs demand;
 Greece to preserve, is now no easy part,
 But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art:
 For Jove averse our humble prayer denies,
 And bows his head to Hector's sacrifice.
 What eye has witness'd, or what ear believ'd?
 In one great day, by one great arm achiev'd,
 Such wondrous deeds as Hector's hand has done,
 And we beheld, the last revolving sun.
 What honours the belov'd of Jove adorn!
 Sprung from no God, and of no Goddess born,
 Yet such his acts, as Greeks unborn shall tell,
 And curse the battle where their fathers fell.
 Now speed thy hasty course along the fleet,
 There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete;
 Ourself to hoary Nestor will repair;
 To keep the guards on duty be his care;
 (For Nestor's influence best that quarter guides,
 Whose son with Merion o'er the watch presides.)
 To whom the Spartan: These thy orders borne,
 Say shall I stay, or with dispatch return?
 There shalt thou stay (the king of men reply'd)
 Else may we miss to meet, without a guide,
 The paths so many, and the camp so wide.
 Still, with your voice the slothful soldiers raise,
 Urge, by their father's fame, their future praise.
 Forget we now our state and lofty birth;
 Not titles here; but works must prove our worth.
 To labour is the lot of man below;
 And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.
 This said, each parted to his several cares;
 The king to Nestor's sable ship repairs;
 The sage protector of the Greeks he found
 Stretch'd in his bed with all his arms around;
 The various-colour'd scarf, the shield he rears,
 The shining helmet, and the pointed spears:
 The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,
 That, old in arms, disdain'd the peace of age.
 Then, leaning on his hand his watchful head,
 The hoary monarch rais'd his eyes, and said:
 What art thou, speak, that on designs unknown,
 While others sleep thus range the camp alone?

Seek'st thou some friend, or slightly sentinel?
 Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell.
 O son of Neleus (thus the king rejoind)
 Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind!
 Lo here the wretched Agamemnon stands,
 Th' unhappy general of the Grecian bands;
 Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,
 And woes, that only with his life shall end!
 Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sustain,
 And scarce my heart support its load of pain.
 No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known;
 Confus'd, and sad, I wander thus alone,
 With fears distracted, with no fix'd design:
 And all my people's miseries are mine.
 If aught of use thy waking thoughts suggest,
 (Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest)
 Impart thy counsel, and assist thy friend;
 Now let us jointly to the trench descend,
 At every gate the fainting guard excite,
 Tir'd with the toils of day and watch of night:
 Else may the sudden foe our works invade,
 So near, and favour'd by the gloomy shade.
 To him thus Nestor: Trust the Powers above,
 Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by Jove:
 How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
 And the wise counsels of th' Eternal Mind!
 Audacious Hector! if the Gods ordain
 That great Achilles rise and rage again,
 What toils attend thee, and what woes remain!
 Lo faithful Nestor thy command obeys;
 The care is next our other chiefs to raise:
 Ulysses, Diomed, we chiefly need;
 Meges for strength, Oilseus fam'd for speed.
 Some other be dispatch'd of nimble feet,
 To those tall ships, remotest of the fleet,
 Where lie great Ajax, and the king of Crete.
 To rouse the Spartan I myself decree;
 Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
 Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share
 With his great brother in this martial care:
 Him it behov'd to every chief to sue,
 Preventing every part perform'd by you;
 For strong necessity our toils demands,
 Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.
 To whom the king: With reverence we allow
 Thy just rebukes, yet learn to spare them now.
 My generous brother is of gentle kind;
 He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind;
 Through too much deference to our sovereign
 Content to follow when we lead the way. [I say,
 But now, our ill industrious to prevent,
 Long ere the rest, he rose, and sought my tent.
 The chiefs you nam'd, already at his call,
 Prepare to meet us near the navy wall;
 Assembling there, between the trench and gates,
 Near the night-guards, our chosen council waits.
 Then none (said Nestor) shall his rule with-
 stand,
 For great examples justify command.
 With that the venerable warrior rose;
 The shining greaves his manly legs inclose;
 His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
 Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lin'd.
 Then, rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste
 His steely lance, that lighten'd as he pass'd.
 The camp he travers'd through the sleeping crowd,
 Stopp'd at Ulysses' tent, and call'd aloud.

Ulysses, sudden as the voice was sent,
Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent.
What new distress, what sudden cause of fright,
Thus leads you wandering in the silent night.
O prudent thief! (the Phœbian sage reply'd)
Wife as thou art, be now thy wisdom try'd:
Whatever means of safety can be sought,
Whatever counsels can inspire our thought,
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight,
All, all depend on this important night!

He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield:
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd through the field.

Without his tent, bold Diomed they found,
All sheath'd in arms: his brave companions
round:

Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his bossy shield.
A wood of spears stood by, that, fix'd upright,
Shot from their flashing points a quivering light.
A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;
A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
Then, with his foot, old Nestor gently shakes
The slumbering chief, and in these words a-
wakes:

Rise, son of Tydeus! to the brave and strong
Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long.
But sleep'st thou now? when from yon hill the
foe [low!

Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls be-
At this, soft slumber from his eye-lids fled:
The warrior saw the hoary chief, and said,
Wondrous old man! whose soul no respite knows,
Though years and honours bid thee rest, repose,
Let younger Greeks our sleeping warriors wake;
Ill fits thy age these toils to undertake.

My friend (he answer'd) generous is thy care,
These toils my subjects and my sons might bear;
Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conspire
To ease a sovereign, and relieve a fire.
But now the last despair surrounds our host;
No hour must pass, no moment must be lost;
Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife,
Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life:
Yet, if my years thy kind regard engage,
Employ thy youth as I employ my age:
Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest:
He serves me most, who serves his country best.

This said, the hero o'er his shoulders flung
A lion's spoils, that to his ancles hung; [long.
Then seiz'd his ponderous lance, and strode a-
Meges the bold, with Ajax fam'd for speed,
The warrior rous'd, and to th' entrenchments
led,

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;
A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepar'd:
Th' unwear'd watch their listening leaders keep,
And, couching close, repel invading sleep.
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected from the prowling train,
When the gaunt lions, with hunger bold,
Springs from the mountains tow'r'd the guarded
fold: [hear;

Through breaking woods her rustling course they
Loud, and more loud, the clamours strike their ear
Of hounds and men; they start, they gaze around,
Watch every side, and turn to every sound.

Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of surprise,
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes,
Each step of passing feet increas'd th' affright,
And hostile Troy was ever full in sight.

Nestor with joy the wakeful band survey'd,
And thus accosted through the gloomy shade:
'Tis well, my sons! your nightly cares employ;
Else must our host become the scorn of Troy.

Watch thus, and Greece shall live—The hero
said;

Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.
His son, and godlike Merion, march'd behind
(For these the princes to their council join'd);
The trenches pass, th' assembled kings around
In silent state the confitory crown'd.

A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
The spot where Hector stopp'd his rage before;
When night descending, from his vengeful hand
Repriev'd the relics of the Grecian band:
(The plain beside with mangled corpse was spread,
And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead.)
There sat the mournful kings: when Neleus' son
The council opening, in these words begun:

Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave,
His life to hazard, and his country save?
Lives there a man, who singly dares to go
To yonder camp, or seize some straggling foe?
Or, favour'd by the night, approach so near,
Their speech, their counsels, and designs, to hear?
If to besiege our navies they prepare,
Or Troy once more must be the seat of war?
This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night,
What fame were his through all succeeding days,
While Phœbus shines, or men have tongues to
praise?

What gifts his grateful country would bestow?
What must not Greece to her deliverer owe?
A sable ewe each leader should provide,
With each a sable lambkin by her side;
At every rite his share should be increas'd,
And his the foremost honours of the feast.
Fear held them mute: alone, untought to fear
Tydides spoke—The man you seek, is here.
Through yon black camps to bend my dangerous
way,

Some God within commands, and I obey.
But let some other chosen warrior join,
To raise my hopes, and second my design.
By mutual confidence, and mutual aid,
Great deeds are done, and great discoveries made;
The wife new prudence from the wife acquire,
And one brave hero fans another's fire.

Contending leaders at the word arose:
Each generous breast with emulation glows:
So brave a task each Ajax strove to share,
Bold Merion strove, and Nestor's valiant heir;
The Spartan wish'd the second place to gain,
And great Ulysses wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.
Then thus the king of men the contest ends:
Thou first of warriors, and thou best of friends,
Undaunted Diomed! what chief to join
In this great enterprize, is only thine.

Just be thy choice, without affection made;
To birth or office, no respect be paid;
Let worth determine here. The monarch spake,
And inly trembled for his brother's sake.



Then thus (the godlike Diomed rejoin'd):
My choice declares the impulse of my mind,
How can I doubt, while great Ulysses stands
To lend his counsels, and assist our hands?
A chief, whose safety is Minerva's care;
So fam'd, so dreadful, in the works of war:
Blest in his conduct, I no aid require;
Wisdom like his might pass through flames of fire.

It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame,
(Reply'd the sage) to praise me, or to blame:
Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.
But let us haste—Night rolls the hours away,
The reddening orient shows the coming day,
The stars shine fainter on th' æthereal plains,
And of Night's empire but a third remains.

Thus having spoke, with generous ardour press'd,
In arms terrific their huge limbs they dress'd.
A two-edg'd faulchion Thraſymed the brave,
And ample buckler, to Tydides gave:
Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
Short of its crest, and with no plume o'erspread:
(Such as by youths unus'd to arms are worn;
No spoils enrich it, and no studs adorn.)

Next him Ulysses took a shining sword,
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows stor'd:
A well-prov'd casque, with leather braces bound,
(Thy gift, Meriones) his temples crown'd:
Soft wool within; without, in order spread,
A boar's white teeth grin'd horrid o'er his head.
This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' son,
Autolychus by fraudulent rapine won,
And gave Amphidamas; from him the prize
Molus receiv'd, the pledge of social ties;
The helmet next by Merion was possess'd,
And now Ulysses' thoughtful temples press'd.
Thus sheath'd in arms, the council they forsake,
And dark through paths oblique their progress
Just then, in sign the favour'd their intent, [take.
A long-wing'd heron great Minerva sent:
This, though surrounding shades obscur'd their
view, [knew.

By the shrill clang, and whistling wings, they
As from the right the soar'd, Ulysses pray'd,
Hail'd the glad omen, and address'd the Maid:

O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
O thou! for ever present in my way,
Who all my motions, all my toils, survey!
Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade,
Safe by thy succour to our ships convey'd;
And let some deed this signal night adorn,
To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn.

Then godlike Diomed prefer'd his prayer:
Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear.
Great queen of arms, whose favour Tydeus won,
As thou defend'st the fire, defend the foun.
When on Æolopus' banks the banded powers
Of Greece he left, and fought the Theban tow-

ers, show,
Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful
He went a legate, but return'd a foe:
Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers
So now be present, Oh celestial Maid! [yield.
So still continue to the race thine aid!

A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,
Whose taper tops resplendent gold adorns.

The heroes pray'd; and Pallas from the skies
Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprize.
Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
With dreadful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Through the black horrors of th' ensanguin'd
plain,
Through dust, through blood, o'er arms and hills
of slain.

Nor less bold Hector, and the sons of Troy,
On high designs the wakeful hours employ.
Th' assembled peers their lofty chief includ';
Who thus the counsels of his breast propos'd:

What glorious man for high attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture, for a rich reward,
Of yonder fleet a bold discovery make, [take?
What watch they keep, and what resolves they
If now subdued they meditate their flight,
And spent with toil neglect the watch of night?
His be the chariot that shall please him most,
Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host;
His the fair steeds that all the best excel,
And his the glory to have serv'd so well.

A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,
Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy
(Five girls beside the reverend Ætald told)
Rich was the son in brass, and rich in gold,
Not blest by nature with the charms of face,
But swift of foot, and matchless in the race.
Hector! (he said) my courage bids me meet
This high achievement, and explore the fleet!
But first exalt thy sceptre to the skies,
And swear to grant me the demanded prize:
Th' immortal couriers, and the glittering car,
That bear Pelides through the ranks of war,
Encourag'd thus, no idle scout I go,
Fulfil thy wish, their whole intention know.
Ev'n to the royal tent pursue my way,
And all their counsels, all their aims betray.

The chief then heav'd the golden sceptre high,
Attesting thus the monarch of the sky:
Be witness thou! immortal Lord of all!
Whose thunder shakes the dark aerial hall:
By none but Dolon shall this prize be boune,
And him alone th' immortal steeds adorn.

Thus Hector swore: the Gods were call'd in
vain;

But the rash youth prepares to scour the plain:
Across his back the bended bow he flung,
A wolf's grey hide around his shoulders hung,
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed javelin shin'd.
Then (never to return) he sought the shore,
And trod the path his feet must tread no more.
Scarce had he pass'd the steeds and Trojan throng
(Still bending forward as he cour'd along),
When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulysses mark'd, and thus to Diomed:

O friend! I hear some step of hostile feet,
Moving this way, or hastening to the fleet:
Sophe spy perhaps, to lurk beside the main;
Or nightly pillager that strips the slain.
Yet let him pass, and win a little space;
Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace.

But if too swift of foot he flies before,
Confinè his course along the fleet and shore,
Betwixt the camp and him our spears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to Troy.

With that they stepp'd aside, and stoop'd their
(As Dolon pass'd) behind a heap of dead : [head
Along the path the spy unwarly flew ;
Soft, at just distance, both the chiefs pursue.
So distant they, and such the space between,
As when two teams of mules divide the green
(To whom the hind like shares of land allows),
When now new furrows part th' approaching
ploughs.

Now Dolon listening heard them as they pass ;
Hector (he thought) had sent, and check'd his
Till scarce at distance of a javelin's throw, [haste,
No voice succeeding, he perceiv'd the foe.

As when two skilful hounds the leveret wind ;
Or chase through woods obscure the trembling
Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way, [hind ;
And from the herd still turn the flying prey :
So fast, and with such fears, the Trojan flew ;
So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.

Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls ;
When brave Tydides stopp'd ; a generous thought
(Inspir'd by Pallas) in his bosom wrought,
Left on the foe some forward Greek advance,
And snatch the glory from his lifted lance.
Then thus aloud : Whoe'er thou art remain ;
This javelin else shall fix thee to the plain.

He said, and high in air the weapon cast,
wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder past ;
x'd in earth. Against the trembling wood
The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he
A sudden palsy seiz'd his turning head ; [stood ;
His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled :
The panting warriors seize him as he stands,
And with unmanly tears his life demands.

O spare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow.
Vast heaps of brass shall in your ships be told,
And steel well-temper'd, and resplendent gold.
To whom Ulysses made this wise reply ;
Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, say, when sleep has clos'd the
To roam the silent fields in dead of night ? [fight,
Can'st thou the secrets of our camp to find,
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind ?
Or art some wretch by hopes of plunder led
Through heaps of carnage to despoil the dead ?
Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look,
(Still as he spoke, his limbs with horror shook)
Hither I came, by Hector's words deceiv'd ;
Much did he promise, rashly I believ'd :
No less a bribe than great Achilles' car,
And those swift steeds that sweeps the ranks of
Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make ; [war,
'To learn what counsels, what resolves you take :
If, now subdued, you fix your hopes on flight,
And, tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night ?

Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the pri-
(Ulysses, with a scornful smile, replies)
Far other rulers those proud steeds demand,
And scorn the guidance of a vulgar hand ;
Ev'n great Achilles scarce their rage can tame,
Achilles, sprung from an immortal di-

But say, be faithful, and the truth recite !
Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to night ?
Where stand his couriers ? in what quarter sleep
Their other princes ? tell what watch they keep :
Say, since their conquest, what their counsels
Or here to combat, from their city far, [are ; }
Or back to Ilion's wall transfer the war.

Ulysses thus, and thus Eumedes' son :
What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue shall own.
Hector, the peers assembling in his tent,
A council holds at Ilus' monument,
No certain guards the nightly watch partake ;
Where'er yon fires ascend, the Trojans wake :
Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep ;
Safe in their cares, th' auxiliary forces sleep,
Whose wives and infants, from the danger far,
Discharge their souls of half the fears of war.

Then sleep those aids among the Trojan train,
(Enquir'd the chief) or scatter'd o'er the plain ?
To whom the spy : Their powers they thus dis-
pose :

The Pæons, dreadful with their bended bows,
The Carians, Caucons, the Pelasgian host,
And Leleges, encamp along the coast.
Not distant far, lie higher on the land
The Lycian, Mysian, and Mæonian band,
And Phrygia's horse, by Thymbras' ancient wall ;
The Thracians utmost, and apart from all.
These Troy but lately to her succour won,
Led on by Rhesus, great Eioneus' son :
I saw his couriers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter snow :
Rich silver plates his shining car infold ;
His solid arms, resplendent, flame with gold ;
No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load,
Celestial Panoply, to grace a God !
Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
In cruel chains ; till you return reveal,
The truth or falsehood of the news I tell.

To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown :
Think not to live though all the truth be shown :
Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife
To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life ?
Or that again our camps thou may'st explore ;
No—once a traitor, thou betray'st no more.

Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandishment to stroke his beard,
Like lightning swift the wrathful falchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two ;
One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell,
The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and spear ;
These great Ulysses lifting to the skies,
To favouring Pallas dedicates the prize :

Great Queen of arms ! receive this hostile spoil,
And let the Thracian steeds reward our toil :
Thea first of all the heavenly host we praise ;
O speed our labours, and direct our ways !
This said, the spoils with dropping gore defac'd,
High on a spreading tamarisk he plac'd ;
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the
To guide their footsteps to the place again. [plain,
Through the still night they cross the devious
fields [shields,

Slippery with blood, o'er arms and heaps of

Arriving where the Thracian squadrons lay,
And eas'd in sleep the labours of the day. [band :
Rang'd in three lines they view the prostrate
The horses yok'd beside each warrior stand ;
Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
Through the brown shade the fulgid weapons
thin'd :

Amidst lay Rhesus, stretch'd in sleep profound,
And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.
The welcome sight Ulysses first descries,
And points to Diomea the tempting prize.
The man, the couriers, and the car behold !
Describ'd by Dolon, with the arms of gold.
Now, brave Tydides ! now thy courage try,
Approach the chariot, and the steeds untie ;
Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,
Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds,

Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms,
Breath'd in his heart, and strung his nervous arms ;
Where'er he pass'd a purple stream pursued
His thirsty faulchion, sat with hostile blood ;
Bath'd all his footsteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
And a low groan remurmur'd through the shore.
So the grim lion from his nightly den,
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen ;
On sheep or goats, restless in his way,
He falls, and foaming rends the guazle's prey.
Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
Till twelve lay breathless of the Thracian band.
Ulysses following, as his partner slew,
Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior drew ;
The milk-white couriers studious to convey
Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way ;
Left the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred,
Should start, and tremble at the heaps of dead.
Now twelve dupatch'd, the monarch last they
found ;

Tydides' faulchion fix'd him to the ground.
Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent ;
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
Whose visionary steel his bosom tore :
So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.
Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,
And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins ;
These, with his bow unbent, he last'd along ;
(The scourge forgot, on Rhesus' chariot hung.)
Then gave his friend the signal to retire ;
But him, new dangers, new achievements fire :
Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade
To send more heroes to th' infernal shade,
Drag off the car where Rhesus' armour lay,
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
While unresolv'd the son of Tydeus stands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands :

Enough, my son ; from father slaughter cease,
Regard thy safety, and depart in peace ;
Haste to the ships, the gotten spoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hostile Gods of Troy.

The voice divine confesses the martial Maid ;
In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd ;
The couriers fly before Ulysses' bow,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow.

Not unobserv'd they pass'd : the God of Light
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's
flight
Saw Tydeus' son with heavenly succour blest,
And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred

Swift to the Trojan camp descends the Power,
And wakes Hippocoon in the morning hour
(On Rhesus' side accusom'd to attend,
A faithful kinsman, and instructive friend).
He rose, and saw the field deform'd with blood ;
An empty space where late the couriers stood ;
The yet-warm Thracians panting on the coast ;
For each he wept, but for his Rhesus most :
Now while on Rhesus' name he calls in vain,
The gathering tumult spreads o'er all the plain ;
On heaps the Trojans rush, with wild affright ;
And wondering view the slaughters of the night.

Mean while the chiefs arriving at the shade,
Where late the spoils of Hector's spy were laid,
Ulysses stopp'd ; to him Tydides bore
The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore :
Then mounts again ; again their nimble feet
The couriers ply, and thunder towards the fleet.

Old Nestor first perceiv'd th' approaching sound,
Bespeaking thus the Grecian peers around :
Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear,
Thickening this way, and gathering on my ear ;
Perhaps some horses of the Trojan breed
(So may, ye Gods ! of pious hopes succeed)
The great Tydides and Ulysses bear,
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain !)
The chiefs out-number'd by the Trojan train ;
Perhaps, ev'n now pursued, they seek the shore ;
Or, oh ! perhaps those heroes are no more.

Scarce had he spoke, when lo ! the chiefs ap-
pear, [fear :
And spring to earth ; the Greeks dismiss their
With words of friendship and extended hands
They greet the kings : and Nestor first demands :
Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim,
Thou living glory of the Grecian name !
Say, whence these couriers ? by what chance be-
flow'd ?

The spoil of foes, or present of a God ?
Not those fair steeds so radiant and so gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day.
Old as I am, to age I corn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field ;
But sure till now no couriers struck my sight
Like these, conspicuous through the ranks of fight.
Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
Blest as ye are, and favourites of the skies ;
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And † her, whose fury bathes the world with gore.

Father ! not so (sage Ithacus rejoind')
The gifts of heaven are of a nobler kind.
Of Thracian lineage are the steeds ye view,
Whose hostile king the brave Tydides slew ;
Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.
These other spoils from conquer'd Dolon came,
A wretch, whose swiftness was his only fame,
By Hector sent our forces to explore,
He now lies headless on the sandy shore.

Then o'er the trench the bounding couriers flew ;
joyful Greeks with loud acclaim pursue.
Light to Tydides' high pavilion borne,
The matchless steeds his ample stall adorn :
The neighing couriers their new fellows greet,
And the full racks are heap'd with generous wheat.

Minerva.

But Dolon's armour, to his ships convey'd
High on the painted stern Ulysses laid,
A trophy destin'd to the blue-ey'd Maid.
Now from nocturnal sweat, and sanguine stain,
They cleanse their bodies in the neighbouring
main :

Then in the polish'd bath, refresh'd from toil,
Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,
In due repast indulge the genial hour,
And first to Pallas the libations pour :
They sit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The third Battle, and the A&S of Agamemnon.

Agamemnon, having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle : Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them ; while Juniter, Juno, and Minerva, give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him ; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the king shall be wounded, and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy : Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time ; but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaüs and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax ; but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time, Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sent Patroclus to enquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner ? Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least permit him to do it, clad in Achilles' armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem ; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field, near the monument of Ilus.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose resurgent from Tithonius' bed :
With new born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the course of heaven with sacred light :
When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command,
The torch of discord blazing in her hand.
Through the red skies her bloody sign extends,
And, wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.
High on Ulysses' bark, her horrid stand
She took, and thunder'd through the seas and land.
Ev'n Ajax and Achilles heard the sound,
Whole ships, remote, the guarded navy bound.
Thence the black Fury through the Grecian throng
With horror sounds the loud Orthian song :
The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms
Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms.
No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

The king of men his hardy host inspires
With loud command, with great example fires ;
Himself first rose, himself before the rest
His mighty limbs in radiant armour drest.
And first he cas'd his manly legs around
In shining greaves, with silver buckles bound :
The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast,
The same which once king Cinyras possess'd :
(The fame of Greece and her assembled host
Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coast ;
'Twas then, the friendship of the chief to gain,
This glorious gift he sent, nor sent

Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold ;
Three glittering dragons to the gorget rise,
Whose imitated scales, against the skies
Reflected various light, and arching bow'd,
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a showry cloud
(Jove's wondrous bow, of three celestial dyes,
Plac'd as a sign to man amid the skies).
A radiant baldrick, o'er his shoulder ty'd,
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side :
Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encas'd
The shining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,
That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade ;
Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround,
And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd :
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrors fill'd the expressive shield :
Within its concave hung a silver thong,
On which a mimic serpent creeps along ;
His azure length in easy waves extends,
Till in three heads th' embroider'd monster ends.
Cast o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
With nodding horse hair formidably grac'd :
And in his hands two steely javelins weilds,
That blaze to heaven, and lighten all the fields.

That instant Juno and the martial Maid
In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid ;
High o'er the chief they clasp'd their arms in air,
And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war.

Close to the limits of the trench and mound,
The fiery couriers to their chariots bound [wield
The squires restrain'd: the foot, with those who
The lighter arms, rush forward to the field.
To second these, in close array combin'd,
The squadrons spread their sable wings behind.
Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy sun,
As with the light the warriors toils begun.
Ev'n Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The woes of men unwilling to survey,
And all the slaughters that must stain the day.

Near Ilius' tomb, in order rang'd around,
The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground:
There wife Polydamas and Hector stood;
Æneas, honour'd as a guardian God;
Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine,
The brother warriors of Antenor's line;
With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face
And fair proportion match'd th' æthereal race;
Great Hector cover'd with his spacious shield,
Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
As the red star now shows his sanguine fires
Through the dark clouds, and now in night retires;
Thusthrough the ranks appear'd the god-like man,
Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van;
While steamy sparkles, restless as he flies,
Flash from his arms as lightning from the skies.
As sweating reapers in some wealthy field,
Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,
Bear down the furrows, till their labours meet;
Thick falls the heavy harvest at their feet:
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are strow'd on every side,
None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious flight,
Not horse to horse, and man to man, they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce contest their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the day.

Discord with joy the scene of death describes,
And drinks large laughter at her sanguine eyes:
Discord alone, of all th' immortal train,
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain:
The Gods in peace their golden mansions fill,
Rang'd in bright order on th' Olympian hill;
But general murmurs told their griefs above,
And each accus'd the partial will of Jove.
Mean while apart, superior and alone,
Th' eternal monarch on his awful throne,
Wrapt in the blaze of boundless glory sat;
And, fix'd, fulfill'd the just decrees of fate;
On earth he turn'd his all-considering eyes,
And mark'd the spot where Ilium's towers arise;
The sea with ships, the fields with armies spread,
The victor's rage, the dying and the dead.

Thus while the morning beams increasing bright
O'er heaven's pure azure spread the glowing light,
Communal death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But now (what time in some sequester'd vale
The weary woodman spreads his sparring meal,
When his tir'd arms refuse the axe to rear,
And claim a respite from the sylvan war;
But not till half the prostrate forest lay
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day)
Then, nor till then, the Greeks' impulsive might
Pierc'd the black phalanx, and let in the light.

Great Agamemnon then the slaughter led,
And flew Bienor at his people's head:
Whose squire Oileus, with a sudden spring,
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king;
But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
Which pierc'd his brain, and stretch'd him on the ground.

Atrides spoil'd, and left him on the plain:
Vain was their youth, that glittering armour vain:
Now soil'd with dust, and naked to the sky,
Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.

Two sons of Priam next to battle move,
The product one of marriage, one of love!
In the same car the brother warriors ride,
This took the charge to combat, that to guide:
Far other task, than when they went to keep,
On Ida's tops, their father's fleecy sheep:
These on the mountains once Achilles found,
And captive led, with pliant osiers bound:
Then to their fire for ample sums restor'd;
But now to perish by Atrides' sword;
Pierc'd in the breast the bafe born Ilius bleeds:
Cleft through the head, his brother's fate succeeds,
Swift to the spoil the hasty victor falls,
And strip, their features to his mind recalls,
The Trojans see the youths untimely die;
But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly.
So when a lion, raging o'er the lawns,
Finds, on some grassy lair, the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,
And grinds the quivering flesh with bloody jaws;
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not stay,
But swift through rustling thickets buries her way:
All drown'd in sweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.

Amidst the tumult of the routed train,
The sons of false Antimachus were slain;
He, who for bribes his faithless counsels sold,
And voted Helen's stay for Paris' gold.
Atrides mark'd, as these their safety sought,
And slew the children for the fathers fault;
Their headstrong horse unable to restrain,
They shook with fear, and dropp'd the silken rein;
Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call:

O spare our youth, and for the life we owe,
Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow;
Soon as he hears, that not in battle slain,
The Grecian ships his captive sons detain,
Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told,
And steel well-temper'd and persuasive gold.

These words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths address'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this stern reply—
If from Antimachus ye spring, ye die:
The daring wretch who once in council stood
To shed Ulysses' and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace! and sues his seed for grace!
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.

This said, Pisander from the car he cast,
And pierc'd his breast: supine he breath'd his last,
His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,
The trenchant tauchion lopp'd his hands away;
His sever'd head was toss'd among the throng,
And, rolling, drew a bloody train along.
Then where the thickest fought, the victor flew;
The kings example all his Greeks pursue.

Now by the foot the flying foot were slain,
Horse trod by horse, lay foaming on the plain.
From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise,
Shade the black host, and intercept the skies.
The brass-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge and bound,

And the thick thunder beats the labouring ground.
Still slaughtering on, the king of men proceeds;
The distant army wonders at his deeds.

As when the winds with raging flames conspire,
And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,
In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all;
Before Atreides' rage so sinks the foe,
Whose squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low:
The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword;
And many a car, now lighted of its lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls;
While his keen falchion drinks the warriors' lives;

More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!

Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate,
But Jove and Destiny prolong'd his date.
Safe from the darts, the care of Heaven's flood,
Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.

Now past the tomb where ancient Ilius lay,
Through the mid field the routed urge their way;
Where the wild figs th' adjoining summit crown,
That path they take, and speed to reach the town.

As swift Atreides with loud shouts pursu'd,
Hot with his toil, and bark'd in hostile blood,
Not far from the beech-tree, and the Scæan gates,
The hero halts, and his associates waits.
Mean while on every side, around the plain,
Dispers'd, disorder'd, fly the Trojan train:
So flies a herd of bees, that hear dismay'd
The lion's roaring through the midnight shade;
On heaps they tumble with successful haste:
The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last:
Not with less fury stern Atreides flew,
Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost flew;
Hurl'd from their cars, the bravest chiefs are kill'd,

And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.

Now storms the victor at the Trojan wall;
Surveys the towers, and meditates their fall.
But Jove descending, shook th' Idæan hills,
And down their summits pour'd a hundred rills:
Th' unkindled lightnings in his hand he took,
And thus the many-colour'd Maid bespoke:

Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,
To godlike Hector this our word convey---
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,

Bid him give way; but issue forth commands,
And trust the war to less important hands:
But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,
That chief shall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove shall string thy arm, and fire thy breast,
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd,
Till to the main the burning sun descend,
And sacred night her awful shade extend.
He spoke, and Iris at his word obey'd;
On wings of winds descends the various Maid.

The chief she found amidst the ranks of war,
Close to the bulwarks, on his glittering car.
The Goddess then: O son of Priam, hear!
From Jove I come; and his high mandate bear---
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,

Abstain from fight; yet issue forth commands,
And trust the war to less important hands.
But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,
The chief shall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove shall string thy arm, and fire thy breast,
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd,
Till to the main the burning sun descend,
And sacred night her awful shade extend.

She said, and vanish'd: Hector, with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the tumbling ground,
Clanging arms: he grasps in either hand
A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band;
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They stand to arms: the Greeks their onset dare,
Condense their powers, and wait the coming war.
New force, new spirit, to each breast returns:
The fight renew'd, with fiercer fury burns:
The king leads on; all fix'd on him their eye,
And learn from him to conquer, or to die.

Ye sacred Nine, celestial Muses! tell,
Who sav'd him first, and by his prowess fell!
The great Iphidamas, the bold and young,
From sage Antenor and Theano sprung;
Whom from his youth his grandfather Cisseus bred,
And nurs'd in Threæ, where snowy flocks are fed.
Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,
And early honour warm his generous breast,
When the kind fire consign'd his daughter's charms
(Theano's sister) to his youthful arms.
But, call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,
He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy;
From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
And swift to aid his dearer country flies.
With twelve black ships he reach'd Percepse's strand,

Thence took the long laborious march by land.
Now fierce for fame before the ranks he springs,
Towering in arms, and braves the king of kings.
Atreides first discharg'd the missive spear;
The Trojan stoop'd, the javelin pass'd in air.
Then near the corselet, at the monarch's heart,
With all his strength the youth directs his dart:
But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
Encumber'd with the dart Atreides stands,
Till, grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands,

At once his mighty sword discharg'd a wound
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
Stretch'd in the dust th' unhappy warrior lies,
And sleep eternal seals his swarming eyes.
Oh worthy better fate! oh early slum!
Thy country's friend; and virtuous, tho' in vain!
No more the youth shall join his consort's side,
At once a virgin, and at once a bride!
No more with presents her embraces meet,
Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet,
On whom his passion lavish of his store,
Bestow'd so much, and vainly promis'd more!

U. wep'd, uncover'd, on the plain he lay,
While the proud victor bore his arms away.
Coön, Antenor's eldest hope, was nigh:
'Tears, at the sight, came starting from his eye,
While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he
view'd.

And the pale features now deform'd with blood,
Then with his spear, unseen, his time he took,
Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow strook.
The thrilling steel transpierc'd the brawny part,
And through his arm flood forth the barbed dart,
Surpris'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear
On Coön rushes with his lifted spear:
His brother's corpse the pious Trojan draws,
And calls his country to assert his cause,
Defends him breathless on the sanguine field,
And o'er the body spreads his ample shield.
Atides, marking an unguarded part,
Transfix'd the warrior with the brazen dart;
Fierce on his brother's bleeding breast he lay,
The monarch's Faulchion lopp'd his head away:
The social shades the same dark journey go,
And join each o'er in the realms below.

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With every weapon art or fury yields:
Jly the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'er-
thrown.

This, while yet warm, distill'd the purple flood;
But when the wound grew stiff with clotted blood,
Then standing tortures his strong bosom rend,
Keen keen those darts the fierce Ilythiæ send
(The powers that cause the teeming matron's
throes,

Sad mothers of unutterable woes!)
Strung with the smart, all-panting with the pain,
He mours to his car, and gives his squire the rein:
Then with a voice which fury made more strong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng:

O friends! O Greeks! assert your honours won;
Proceed, and finish what this arm begun:
L! angry Jove forbids your chief to slay,
And envies half the glories of the day.

He said; the driver whirls his lengthful thong:
The horses fly! the chariot smokes along.
Clouds from their nostrils the fierce couriers blow,
And from their sides the foam descends in snow;
Shot through the battle in a moment's space,
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.

No sooner Hector saw the king retir'd,
Put thus his Trojans and his aids he fir'd:
Hear, all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race!
Fam'd in close fight, and dreadful face to face.
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers' virtues, and your own.
Behold the general flies! deserts his powers!
Lo, Jove himself declares the conquest ours!
Now on yon ranks impel your flaming steeds;
And, sure of glory, dare immortal deeds.

With words like these the fiery chief alarms
His flaming host, and every bosom warms;
As the bold hunter clears his bounds, to tear
The mangled lion, or the tusk'd bear; [heart,
With voice and hand provoke their doubting
And springs the foremost with his lifted dart:
So godlike Hector prompts his troops to dare;
Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the war.

On the black body of the foe he pours;
As from the cloud's deep' bosom, swell'd with
A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps, [showers,
Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps.
Say, Muse! when Jove the Trojan's glory
crown'd,

Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?
Alteus, Dolops, and Autonous dy'd,
Opites next was added to their side,
Then brave Hipponous fam'd in many a fight,
Opheltius, Orus, sunk to endless night:
Ælymnus, Agelaus; all chiefs of name;
The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.
As when a western whirlwind, charg'd with
storms,

Disperses the gather'd clouds that Notus forms,
The gust continued, violent, and strong,
Rolls sable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
Now to the skies the foaming billows rear,
Now breaks the surge, and wide the bottom bares;
Thus raging Hector, with resistless hands,
O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their bands.
Now the last ruin the whole host appalls;
Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls;
But wile Ulysses call'd Tydides forth,
His soul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.
And stand we deedless, O eternal shame!
Till Hector's arm involve the ships in flame?
Haste, let us join, and combat side by side.
The warrior thus: and thus the friend reply'd:

No martial toil I shun, no danger fear;
Let Hector come; I wait his fury here.
But Jove with conquest crowns the Trojan train:
And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain.
He sigh'd; but, sighing, rais'd his vengeful steel,
And from his car the proud Thymbraeus tell:
Molion, the charioteer, pursued his lord,
His death ennobled by Ulysses' sword.
There slain, they left them in eternal night,
Then plung'd amidst the thickest ranks of night:
So two wild boars outstrip the following hounds,
Then swift revert, and wounds return for
wounds.

Stern Hector's conquest in the middle plain
Stood check'd awhile, and Greece respir'd again.

The sons of Merops shone amidst the war;
Towering they rode in one resplendent car:
In deep prophetic arts their father skill'd,
Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field;
Fate urg'd them on; the father warn'd in vain,
They rush'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain!
Their breast no more the vital spirit warms;
The stern Tydides strips their shining arms.
Hypirochus by great Ulysses dies,
And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize;
Great Jove from Ide with slaughter fills his sight,
And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight.
By Tydeus' lance Agastrophus was slain,
The far-fam'd hero of Pæonian strain;
Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly,
His steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh;
Through broken orders, swifter than the wind
He fled, but flying left his life behind.
This Hector sees, as his experienc'd eyes
Travelle the hills, and to the rescue flies;
Shouts, as he past, the clystal regions rend,
And moving armies on his march attend.

Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war :

Mark how this way yon bended squadrons yield :
The storm rolls on, and Hector rules the field :
Here stand his utmost force---The warrior said ;
Swift at the word his ponderous javelin fled ;
Nor mis'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
Raz'd the smooth cone, and thence obliquely
glanc'd.

Safe in his helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands)
Without a wound the Trojan hero stands :
But yet so stunn'd, that, staggering on the plain,
His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain ;
O'er his dim sight the misty vapours rise,
And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes.
Tydides followed to regain his lance ;
While Hector rose, recover'd from the trance :
Remounts his car, and herds amidst the crowd :
The Greek pursues him, and exults aloud.

Once more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit breath,
Or thank that swiftness which outstrips the death.
Well by Apollo are thy prayers repaid,
And oft that partial power has lent his aid.
Thou shalt not long the death deserv'd withstand,
If any God assist Tydides' hand.

Fly then, inglorious ! but thy flight, this day,
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay,

Him, while he triumph'd, Paris ey'd from far
(The spouse of Helen, the fair cause of war)
Around the fields his feather'd shafts he sent,
From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument ;
Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe ;
Just as he sloop'd, Agastrophus's crest

To seize, and drew the corselet from his breast,
The bow-string twang'd ; nor flew the shaft in
vain,

But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing Trojan, with a joyful spring,
Leaps from his ambush, and insults the king.

He bleeds ! (he cries) some God has sped my
dart ;

Would the same God had fixt it in his heart !
So Troy, reliev'd from that wide wasting hand,
Should breathe from slaughter, and in combat
Whole sons now tremble at his darted spear, [stand :
As scatter'd lambs the rushing lions fear.

He dauntless thus : Thou conqueror of the fair,
Thou woman warrior with the curling hair ;
Vain archer ! trusting to the distant dart,
Unkill'd in arms to act a manly part !
Thou hast but done what boys or women can ;
Such hands may wound, but not incense a man.
Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel :
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the steel.
Where this but lights, some noble life expires ;
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of fires,
Steeps earth in purple, glut the birds of air,
And leaves such objects as distract the fair.
Ulysses hastens with a trembling heart,
Before him steps, and bending draws the dart :
Forth flows the blood ; an eager pang succeeds ;
Tydides mounts, and to the navy succs,
Now on the field Ulysses stands alone,

The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on :

But stands collected in himself and whole,
And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul :

What farther subterfuge, what hopes remain ?
What shame, inglorious, if I quit the plain ?
What danger, singly if I stand the ground,
My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around ?
Yet wherefore doubtful ? let this truth suffice ;
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies :
To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart :
And knowing this, I know a soldier's part.

Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast,
Near, and more near, the shady cohorts press ;
These, in the warrior, their own fate enclose :
And round him deep the steely circle grows,
So farts a boar, whom all the troop surrounds
Of shooting huntsmen, and of clamorous hounds ;
He grins his ivory tusks ; he foams with ire ;
His language eye balls glare with living fire ;
By these, by those, on every part is ply'd ;
And the red slaughter spreads on every side.
Pierc'd through the shoulder, first Teicippis fell ;
Next Ennomus and Thoön sunk to hell ;
Cheridamus, beneath the navel thrust,
Falls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody dust,
Charops, the son of Hippalus, was near ;
Ulysses reach'd him with the fatal spear ;
Ere on his aid his brother Socus flew,
Socus, the brave, the generous, and the wise :
Near as he drew, the warrior thus began :

O great Ulysses, much enduring man !
Not deeper skull'd in every martial fight,
Than worn to toils, and active in the night !
This day two brothers shall thy conquest grace,
And end at once the great Hippasian race,
Or thou beneath this lance shall press the field—
He said, and forceful pierc'd his precious shield :
Through the strong brass the ringing javelin
thrown,

Plough'd half his side, and bar'd it to the bone.
By Pallas' care, the spear, though deep infix'd,
Stopt short of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.

The wound nor mortal wife Ulysses knew,
Then furious thus (but first some steps withdrew) :
Unhappy man ! whose death our hands shall grace !
Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy race.
No longer check my conquests on the foe ;
But, pierc'd by this, to endless darkness go,
And add one spectre to the realms below !

He spoke ; while Socus, seiz'd with sudden
fright,

Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight ;
Between his shoulders pierc'd the following dart,
And held its passage through the panting heart.
Wide in his breast appear'd the grisly wound ;
He falls ; his armour rings against the ground.

Then thus Ulysses, gazing on the slain :
Fam'd son of Hippalus ! there press the plain ;
There ends thy narrow span assign'd by Fate,
Heaven owes Ulysses yet a longer date.

Ah, wretch ! no father shall thy corpse compose,
Thy dying eyes no tender mother close ;
But hungry birds shall tear those balls away,
And hovering vultures scream around their prey.
Me Greece shall honour, when I meet my doom,
With solemn funerals and a lasting tomb.

Then, raging with intolerable smart,
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.

The dart a tide of spouting gore pursued,
 And gladden'd Troy with sight of hostile blood.
 Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
 Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
 Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears;
 The well-known voice thrice Menelaus hears:
 Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cry'd,
 Who shares his labours, and defends his side:
 O friend! Ulysses' shouts invade my ear;
 Distress'd he seems, and no assistance near:
 Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,
 Oppress'd by multitudes, the best may fall.
 Greece, robb'd of him, must bid her host despair.
 And feel a loss, not ages can repair.

Then, where the cry directs, his course he bends;
 Great Ajax, like the God of war, attends.
 The prudent chief in fore distress they found,
 With bands of furious Trojans compass'd round.
 As when some huntsman, with a flying spear,
 From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer;
 Down his cleft side while fresh the blood distils,
 He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills:
 Till, life's warm vapour issuing through the wound,
 Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beast surround;
 Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade,
 The lion rushes through the woodland shade,
 The wolves, though hungry, four dispers'd away;
 The lordly savage vindicates his prey.

Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
 A single warrior, half an host sustains:
 But soon as Ajax heaves his tower-like shield,
 The scatter'd crowds fly frighted o'er the field;
 Atides' arm the sinking hero stays,
 And, sav'd from numbers, to his car conveys,

Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew;
 And first Doryclus, Priam's son, he slew.
 On strong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,
 And lays Lyander bleeding on the ground.
 As when a torrent, swell'd with wintry rains,
 Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains,
 And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
 A country's ruins! to the seas are borne:
 Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng;
 Men, steeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.

But Hector, from this scene of slaughter far,
 Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:
 Loud groan proclaim his progress through the plain,

And deep Scamander swells with heaps of slain.
 There Nestor and Idomeneus oppose
 The warrior's fury, there the battle glows;
 There fierce on foot, or from the chariots height,
 His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
 The spouse of Helen, dealing darts around,
 Had pierc'd Machaon with a distant wound:
 In his right shoulder the broad

And trembling Greece for her
 To Nestor then Idomeneus begun:
 Glory of Greece, old Nereus' valiant son!
 Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,
 And great Machaon to the ships convey.
 A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
 Is more than armies to the public weal.
 Old Nestor mounts the seat: beside him rode
 The wounded offspring of the healing God.
 He lends the lash; the steeds with sounding feet
 The dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.

But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,
 Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
 While here (he cry'd) the flying Greeks are slain;
 Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain.
 Before great Ajax see the mingled throng
 Of men and chariots driven in heaps along!
 I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the field
 By the broad glittering of the seven-fold shield.
 Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy steeds,
 There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds;
 There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite,
 And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight.

Thus having spoke, the driver's lash resounds;
 Swift through the ranks the rapid chariot bounds;
 Stung by the stroke, the couriers scour the fields,
 O'er heaps of carcases, and hills of shields.
 The horses' hoofs are bath'd in heroes' gore,
 And, dashing, purple all the car before;
 The groaning axle sable drops distils,
 And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
 Here Hector, plunging through the thickest fight,
 Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light:
 (By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone,
 The ranks lie scatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown)
 Ajax he thuns through all the dire debate,
 And fears that arm whose force he felt so late,
 But partial Jove, espousing Hector's part,
 Shot heav'n-bred horror through the Grecian's heart;

Confus'd, unnerv'd in Hector's presence grown,
 Amaz'd he stood, with terrors not his own.
 O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,
 And, glaring round, with tardy steps withdrew.
 Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
 Beset with watchful dogs and shouting twains,
 Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,
 Though rage impels him, and though hunger calls,
 Long stands the showering darts, and missile fires;
 Then sourly slow th' indignant beast retires.
 So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd.
 While his swollen heart at every step rebell'd.

As the slow beat with heavy strength endued,
 In some wide field by troops of boys pursued,
 Though round his sides a wooden tempest rain,
 Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain;
 Thick on his hide the hollow blows rebound,
 The patient animal maintains his ground,
 Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
 And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.
 On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung,
 The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
 Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,
 Now turns, and backwards bears the yielding
 Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly, [bands;
 And threatens his followers with retorted eye.
 Fix'd as the bar between two warring powers,
 While hissing darts descend in iron showers:
 In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,
 Its surface bristled with a quivering wood;
 And many a javelin, guiltless on the plain,
 Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.
 But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,
 And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts;
 Whose eager javelin launch'd against the foe,
 Great Asilaon felt the fatal blow;
 From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
 And his sack knees desert their dying load.

The victor rushing to despoil the dead,
From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled:
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood,
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood,
Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd,
Yet thus, retreating, his associates fir'd:

What God, O Grecians! has your heart dis-
may'd?

Oh, turn to arms; 'tis Ajax claims your aid.
This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,
And this the last brave battle he shall wage;
Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave
The warrior rescue, and your country save.

'Thus urg'd the chief; a generous troop appears,
Who spread their bucklers, and advance their
spears,

To guard their wounded friend: while thus they
With pious care, great Ajax joins the band:
Each takes new courage at the hero's sight;
The hero rallies and renews the fight.

Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,
While Nestor's chariot far from fight retires:
His couriers, steep'd in sweat, and stain'd with
gore,

The Greeks' preserver, great Machaon, *here.
That hour Achilles, from the topmost height
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of light;
His fasted eyes beheld around the plain
The Grecian rout, the slaying, and the slain,
His friend Machaon singled from the rest,
A transient pity touch his vengeful breast.
Straight to Menœtius' much-lov'd son he sent;
Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent:
In evil hour! Then fate decreed his doom;
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come.

Why calls my friend? Thy lov'd injunctions lay;
Whate'er they will, Patroclus shall obey.

O first of friends! (Pelides thus reply'd)
Still at my heart, and ever at my side!
'The time is come, when yon despairing host
Shall learn the value of the man they lost:
Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan,
And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.
Go now to Nestor, and from him be taught
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought;
For, seen at distance, and but seen behind,
His form recall'd Machaon to my mind;
Nor could I, through yon cloud, discern his face,
The couriers pass'd me with so swift a pace.

The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste,
Through intermingled ships and tents he pass'd;
'The chiefs descending from their car he found;
'The panting steeds Eurymedon unbound.
The warriors standing on the breezy shore,
To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,
He paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale
Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale;
Then to consult on farther methods went,
And took their seats beneath the shady tent.
The draught precrib'd, fair Hecamede prepares,
Arctonous' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs:
(Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,
Greece, as the prize of Nestor's wisdom, gave)
A table first with azure feet she plac'd;
Whose ample orb a brazen charger grac'd:
Honey new press'd, the sacred flower of wheat,
And wholesome garlic, crown'd the savoury treat.

Next her white hand a spacious goblet brings,
A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings
From eldest times: the massy sculptur'd vase,
Glittering with golden studs, four handles grace;
And curling vines around each handle roll'd,
Support two turtle-doves emboss'd in gold.

A massy weight, yet heav'd with ease by him,
When the brisk nectar overlook'd the brim.
Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine
Pours a large portion of the Pramnian wine;
With goat's-milk cheese a flavoured taste bestows,
And last with fleur the smiling surface strows.
This for the wounded prince the dame prepares;
The cordial beverage reverend Nestor shares:
Salubrious draughts the warriors' thirst allay,
And pleasing conference beguiles the day.

Mean time Patroclus, by Achilles sent,
Unheard approach'd, and stood before the tent.
Old Nestor rising then, the hero led
To his high seat: the chief refus'd, and said:

'Tis now no season for these kind delays;
The great Achilles with impatience stays.
To great Achilles this respect I owe;
Who asks what hero, wounded by the foe,
Was borne from combat by thy foaming steeds.
With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds:
This to report my hasty course I behd:
Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend.

Can then the sons of Greece (the sage rejoin'd)
Excite compassion in Achilles' mind?

Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know?
This is not half the story of our woe.
Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,
Our bravest heroes in the navy roan,
Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed,

And stern Eurypylus, already bleed.
But ah! what flattering hopes I entertain!
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:
Ev'n till the flames consume our fleet he stays,
And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.
Chief after chief the raging foe destroys;
Calm he looks on, and every death enjoys.
Now the slow course of all-impairing time
Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;
Oh! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,
When this bold arm th' Epeian powers oppress'd,
The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,
And stretch'd the great Itymœus dead!
Then, from my fury fled the trembling swains,
And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,
As many goats, as many lowing kine:
And thrice the number of unrival'd steeds,
All teeming females, and of generous breeds.
These, as my first essay of arms, I won:
Old Neleus glory'd in his conquering son.
Thus Elis forc'd, her long arrears restor'd,
And shares were parted to each Pylian lord.
The fate of Pyle was sunk to last despair,
When the proud Elians first commenc'd the war;
For Neleus' sons Alcides' rage had slain;
Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!
Oppress'd, we arm'd; and now this conquest

gain'd,
My fire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd.
(That large reprisal he might justly claim,
For prize defrauded, and insulted fame,



When Elis' monarch at the public course
 Detain'd his chariot and victorious horse)
 The rest the people shar'd ; myself survey'd
 The just partition, and due victims pay'd.
 Three days were past, when Elis rose to war,
 With many a courier, and with many a car ;
 The sons of Actor at their army's head [led.
 (Young as they were) the vengeful squadrons
 High on a rock fair Thyroëssa stands,
 Our utmost frontier on the Pylian lands ;
 Not far the streams of sam'd Alphæus flow ;
 The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their tents
 below.

Pallas, descending in the shades of night,
 Alarms the Pylians, and commands the fight.
 Each burns for fame, and swells with martial
 Myself the foremost ; but my fire deny'd, [pride ;
 Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to stern alarms,
 And stopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.
 My fire deny'd in vain : on foot I fled
 Amidst our chariots : for the Goddess led.

Along fair Arene's delightful plain,
 Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.
 There, horse and foot, the Pylian troops unite,
 And, sheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.
 Thence, ere the sun advanc'd his noon-day flame,
 To great Alphæus' sacred source we came.
 There first to Jove our solemn rites were paid :
 An untam'd heifer plies'd the blue-eyed Maid ;
 A bull Alphæus ; and a bull was slain
 To the blue monarch of the watery main. •
 In arms we slept, beside the winding flood,
 While round the town the siege Epeians stood.
 Soon as the sun, with all-revealing ray,
 Flam'd in the front of heaven, and gave the day ;
 Bright scenes of arms, and works of war, ap-
 pear ;

The nations meet ; there Pylos, Elis here.
 The first who fell, beneath my javelin bled ;
 King Augias' son, and spouse of Agamède :
 (She that all simples' healing virtues knew,
 And every herb that drinks the morning dew.)
 I seiz'd his car, the van of battle led :
 Th' Epeians saw, they trembled, and they fled.
 The foe dispers'd, their bravest warrior kill'd,
 Fierce as a whirlwind now I swept the field :
 Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train ;
 Two chiefs from each fell breathless to the plain.
 Then Actor's sons had dy'd, but Neptune shrouds
 The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.
 O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,
 Collecting spoils, and slaughtering all along,
 Through wide Buprasian fields we forc'd the
 foes,

Where o'er the vales th' Olenian rocks arose ;
 Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alisium flows.
 Ev'n there the hindmost of their rear I lay,
 And the same arm that led, concludes the day,
 Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.
 There to high Jove were public thanks assign'd,
 As first of Gods ; to Nestor, of mankind.
 Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood ;
 So prov'd my valour for my country's good.

Achilles with unactive fury glows,
 And gives to passion what to Greece he owes.
 How shall he grieve, when to th' eternal shade
 Her gods shall sink, nor his the power to aid ?

O friend ! my memory recalls the day.

When, gathering aids along the Grecian sea,
 I and Ulysses touch'd at Pthia's port,
 And enter'd Peleus' hospitable court.

A bull to Jove he flew in sacrifice,
 And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
 Thyself, Achilles, and thy reverend sire

Menætiæus, turn'd the fragments on the fire.

Achilles sees us, to the feast invites :
 Social we sit, and share the genial rites.

We then explain'd the cause on which we came,
 Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.

Your ancient fathers generous precepts gave :
 Peleus said only this—“ My son ! be brave : ”

Menætiæus thus : “ Though great Achilles shine

“ In strength superior, and of race divine,

“ Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend ;

“ Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend.”

Thus spoke your father at Theffalia's court ;

Words now forgot, though now of vast import.

Ah ! try the utmost that a friend can say,

Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey.

Some favouring God Achilles' heart may move ;

Though deaf to glory, he may yield to love.

If some dire oracle his breast alarm,

If aught from heaven withhold his saving arm,

Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,

If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line ;

Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear,

Proud Troy may tremble, and desist from war ;

Preis'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train

Shall seek their walls, and Greece respire again.

This touch'd his generous heart, and from the
 tent

Along the shore with hasty strides he went :

Soon as he came, where, on the crowded strand,

The public mall and courts of justice stand,

Where the tall fleet of great Ulysses lies,

And altars to the guardian Gods arise,

There sad he met the brave Evæmon's son,

Large painful drops from all his members run ;

An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,

The sable blood in circles mark'd the ground.

As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart ;

Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart ;

Divine compassion touch'd Patroclus' breast,

Who, fighting, thus his bleeding friend address'd :

Ab ! hapless leaders of the Grecian host !

Thus must ye perish on a barbarous coast ?

Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,

Far from your friends, and from your native shore ?

Say, great Eurypylus ! shall Greece yet stand ?

Resists she yet the raging Hector's hand ?

Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame,

And this the period of our wars and fame ?

Eurypylus replies : No more, my friend,

Greece is no more ! this day her glories end.

Ev'n to the ships victorious Troy pursues,

Her force increasing as her toil renews.

Those chiefs, that us'd her utmost rage to meet,

Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the

But thou, Patroclus ! act a friendly part, [fleet,

Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart ;

With lukewarm water wash the gore away,

With healing balms the raging smart allay,

Such as sage Chiron, sire of Pharmacy,

Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.

Of two fam'd surgeons, Podalirius stands
This hour surrounded by the Trojan bands;
And great Machaon, wounded in his tent,
Now wants that succour which so oft he lent.
To him the chief: What then remains to do?
Th' event of things the Gods alone can view.
Charg'd by Achilles' great command I fly,
And bear with haste the Pylian king's reply:
But thy distress this instant claims relief.
He said, and in his arms upheld the chief.

The slaves their master's slow approach sur-
vey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor display'd:
There stretch'd at length the wounded hero lay,
Patroclus cut the forky steel away,
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruise'd;
The wound he wash'd, the styptic juice infus'd.
The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

B O O K XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle at the Grecian Wall.

The Greeks being retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall: Hector also casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose;
With Gods averse th' ill-fated works arise;
Their powers neglected, and no victim slain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches sunk in vain.

Without the Gods, how short a period stands
The proudest monument of mortal hands!
This stood, while Hector and Achilles rag'd,
While sacred Troy the warring hosts engag'd;
But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,
And what surviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd;
Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore,
Then Ida's summits pour'd their watery store;
Rhesus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
Careus roaring down the stony hills,
Ætopus, Granicus, with mingled force,
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source;
And gulfy Simois, rolling to the main
Helmets, and shields, and godlike heroes slain:
These turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,
Deluged the rampire nine continual days;
The weight of waters saps the yielding wall,
And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.
Incessant cataracts the Thunderer pours,
And half the skies descend in sluicy showers.
The God of Ocean, marching stern before,
With his huge erident wound, the trembling shore,
Vast stones and piles from their foundation heaves,
And whelms the smoky ruin in the waves.
Now smooth'd with sand, and levell'd by the flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder stood;
In their old bounds the rivers roll again,
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.

But this the Gods in later times perform;
As yet the bulwarks stood, and brav'd the storm;

The strokes yet echoed of contending powers;
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood distain'd
the towers.

Smote by the arm of Jove, and dire dismay,
Close by their hollow ships the Grecians lay:
Hector's approach in every wind they hear,
And Hector's fury every moment fear.
He, like a whirlwind, toss'd the scattering throng,
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
So midst the dogs and hunters daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands;
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hissing javelins rain and iron storm:
His powers untam'd their bold assault defy,
And where he turns, the rout dispart, or die:
He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows;
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches flows.
The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,
But snort and tremble at the gulf beneath;
Just on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,
And the turf trembles, and the skies resound.
Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,
Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep;
The bottom bare (a formidable snow!)
And bristled thick with sharpened flakes below.
The foot alone this strong defence could force,
And try the pass impervious to the horse.
This saw Polydamas; who, wisely brave,
Restrained great Hector, and his counsel gave:
Oh thou! bold leader of the Trojan bands,
And you, confederate chiefs from foreign lands:
What entrance here can cumbrous chariots find,
The stakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
No pass through those, without a thousand
wounds,
No space for combat in yon narrow bounds.

Proud of the favours mighty Jove has shown,
On certain dangers we too rashly run:
If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
Oh may this instant end the Grecian name!
Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,
And one great day destroy and bury all!
But should they turn, and here oppress our train,
What hopes, what methods or retreat remain?
Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruise'd;
All Troy must perish, if their arms prevail,
Nor shall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
Hear then, ye warriors! and obey with speed;
Back from the trenches let your steeds be led,
Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way:
So Greece shall stoop before our conquering
power,

And this (if Jove consent) her fatal hour.

This counsel pleas'd: the godlike Hector sprung
Swift from his seat; his clanging armour rung.
The chief's example follow'd by his train,
Each quits his car, and issues on the plain.
By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd,
Compel the coursers to their ranks behind.
The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,
And all obey their several chiefs' commands.
The best and bravest in the first conspire,
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
Great Hector glorious in the van of these,
Polydamas, and brave Cebriones.
Before the next the graceful Paris shines,
And bold Alcathous, and Ageor joins.
The sons of Priam with the third appear,
Deiphobus, and Helenus the seer;
In arms with these the mighty Asius stood,
Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood,
And whom Arisba's yellow coursers bore,
The coursers fed on Selle's winding shore.
Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,
And great Aeneas, born on fountful Ide.
Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd,
Whom Glaucus and Asteropæus aid;
Next him, the bravest at their army's head,
But he more brave than all the hosts he led.

Now with compacted shields, in close array,
The moving legions speed their headlong way:
Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And see the Grecians gasping at their feet.

While every Trojan thus, and every aid,
Th' advice of wise Polydamas obey'd;
Asius alone, confiding in his car,
His vaunted coursers urg'd to meet the war.
Unhappy hero! and advis'd in vain!
Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the
plain;

No more those coursers with triumphant joy
Restore their master to the gates of Troy!
Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
And great Idomeneus shall boast thy fall.
Pierce to the left he drives, where from the plain
The flying Grecians strove their ships to gain;
Swift through the wall their horse and chariots
pass,

The gates half-open'd to receive the last.
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies:
His following host with clamours rend the skies;

To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were
vain.

To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
Who from the Lapiths' warlike race descend;
This Polyætus, great Perithous' heir,
And that Leonteus, like the God of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise;
Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies:
Whose spreading arms, with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground;
High on the hill appears their stately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the storm.
So graceful these, and so the shock they stand
Of raging Asius, and his furious band.
Orestes, Acamas, in front appear,
And Oenoneus and Thoön close the rear;
In vain their clamours shake the ambient fields,
In vain around them beat their hollow shields;
The fearless brothers on the Grecians call,
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
Ev'n when they saw Troy's sable troops impend,
And Greece tumultuous from her towers descend,
Forth from the portals rush'd th' intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breasts, and stood themselves the
war.

So two wild boars spring furious from their den,
Rous'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;
On every side the crackling trees they tear,
And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare; [roll,
They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls
Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.
Around their heads the whistling javelins lung,
With sounding strokes their brazen targets rung;
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian powers
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty towers;
To save their fleet, their last efforts they try,
And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.

As when sharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow
Descend, and whiten all the fields below:
So fast the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires rolls the rocky shower;
Heavy and thick resound the batter'd shields,
And the dead echo rattles round the fields.

With shame repuls'd, with grief and fury driven,
The frantic Asius thus accuses Heaven:
In Powers immortal who shall now believe?
Can those too flatter, and can Jove deceive?
What man could doubt but Troy's victorious
power

Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?
But like when wasps from hollow crannies drive,
To guard the entrance of their common hive,
Darkening the rock, while with unwearied wings
They strike th' assailants, and infix their stings;
A race determin'd, that to death contend:
So fierce these Greeks their last retreats defend.
Gods! shall two warriors only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the Fates!

These empty accents mingled with the wind;
Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind;
To godlike Hector, and his matchless might
Was ow'd the glory of the destin'd fight,
Like deeds of arms through all the forts were
And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide; [try'd.

Through the long walls the stony showers were heard,

The blaze of flames, the flash of arms appear'd.
The spirit of a God my breast inspire,
To raise each act to life, and sing with fire !
While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair ;
And all her guardian Gods, in deep dismay,
With unassisting arms deplor'd the day.

Ev'n yet the dauntless Lapithæ maintain
The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.
First Damasus, by Polyætus' steel
Pierc'd through his helmet's brazen vizor, fell ;
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore ;
The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more !
Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath,
Nor leis Leonteus strows the field with death :
First through the belt Hippomachus he gor'd,
Then sudden wav'd his unresisted sword ;
Antiphates, as through the ranks he broke,
The taulchion struck, and fate pursued the stroke ;
Iamenus, Orestes, Menon, bled ;
And round him rose a monument of dead.

Mean time, the bravest of the Trojan crew,
Bold Hector and Polydamas pursue ;
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
These on the farther bank now stood and gaz'd,
By Heaven alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd :
A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,
Their martial fury in their wonder lost.
Jove's bird on founding pinions beat the skies ;
A bleeding serpent, of enormous size,
His talons trust'd ; alive, and curling round,
He stung the bird, whose throat receiv'd the wound :

Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circle wings his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the heavens with cries :

Amidst the host the falling serpent lies.
They, pale with terror, mark its spires unroll'd,
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.
Then first Polydamas the silence broke,
Long weigh'd the signal, and to Hector spoke :

How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,
For words well-meant, and sentiments sincere !
True to those counsels which I judge the best,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.
To speak his thoughts, is every freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight ;
And all I move, deferring to thy sway,
But tends to raise that power which I obey.
'Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain ;
Seek not, this day, the Grecian ships to gain ;
For sure, to warn us Jove his omen sent,
And thus my mind explains its clear event.
The victor eagle, whose sinister flight
Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright.
Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,
Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize ;
'I has though we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,
Though these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
'Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed ;
More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.
So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise ;
For thus a skillful seer would read the skies.

To him then Hector with disdain return'd :
(Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)
Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue !
Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong ;
Or, if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,
Sure Heaven resumes the little sense it lent.
What coward counsels would thy madness move,
Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove ?
The leading sign, th' irrevocable nod,
And happy thunders of the favouring God,
These shall I slight ? and guide my wavering mind
By wandering birds, that sit with every wind ?
Ye vagrants of the sky ! your wings extend,
Or where the suns arise, or where descend ;
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
While I the dictates of high Heaven obey.
Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause.
But why shouldst thou suspect the war's success ?
None fears it more, as none promotes it less :
Though all our chiefs amid yon ships expire,
Trust thy own cowardice t' escape their fire.
Troy and her sons may find a general grave,
But thou canst live, for thou canst be a slave.
Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests
Spread their cold poison through our soldiers' breasts,

My javelin can revenge so base a part,
And free the soul that quivers in thy heart.

Furious he spoke, and, rushing to the wall,
Calls on his host ; his host obey the call ;
With ardour follow where their leader flies :
Redoubling clamorous thunder in the skies.
Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide :
He fills the Greeks with terror and dismay,
And gives great Hector the predestin'd day.
Strong in themselves, but stronger in their aid,
Close to the works their rigid siege they laid.
In vain the mounds and massy beams defend,
While these they undermine, and those they rend ;
Upheave the piles that prop the solid wall ;
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.
Greece on her ramparts stands the fierce alarms ;

The crowded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,
Shield touching shield, a long resplendent row ;
Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.
The bold Ajaces fly from tower to tower,
And rouse, with flame divine, the Grecian power.
The generous impulse every Greek obeys ;
Threats urge the fearful ; and the valiant, praise.

Fellows in arms ! whose deeds are known to fame,

And you whose ardour hopes an equal name !
Since not alike endued with force or art ;
Behold a day when each may act his part !
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old. [cite ;
Urge those who stand ; and those who faint, ex-
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhortations of fight ;
Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all ;
Seek not your fleet, but fall from the wall ;
So Jove once more may drive their routed train,
And Troy lay trembling in her walls again.

Their ardour kindles all the Grecian powers ;
And now the stones descend in heavier showers.

As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,
And opens his cloudy magazine of storms;
In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
A snowy inundation hides the plain;
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep;
Then pours the silent tempest, thick and deep:
And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,
And one bright waste hides all the works of men:
The circling seas alone, absorbing all,
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each side increas'd the stony rain,
And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.
Thus godlike Hector and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would
yield,

Till great Sarpedon tower'd amid the field;
For mighty Jove inspir'd with martial flame
His matchless son, and urg'd him on to fame.
In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample shield in air;
Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
Ponderous with brais, and bound with ductile
gold:

And, while two pointed javelins arm his hands,
Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.

So, press'd with hunger, from the mountain's
brow

Descends a lion on the flocks below;
So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
In sullen majesty, and stern disdain:
In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,
And shepherds gail him with an iron war;
Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.

Resolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows
With generous rage that drives him on the foes.
He views the towers, and meditates their fall,
To sure destruction dooms th' aspiring wall;
Then, casting on his friend an ardent look,
Fir'd with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke:

Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,
Our numerous herds that range the fruitful hold,
And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound?
Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd;
Unless great acts superior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous Powers above?
'Tis ours, the dignity they give to grace;
The first in valour, as the first in place:
That when with wondering eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deserve the sovereign state,
Whom those that envy, dare not imitate!
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us bestow,

Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!

He said; his words the listening chief inspire
With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire;
The troops pursue their leaders with delight,
Rush to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
Menestheus from on high the storm beheld
Threatening the fort, and blackening in the field:
Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,
And saw where Teucer with th' Ajaces stood;
Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields
Rings to the skies, and echoes through the fields,
The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,
Heaven trembles, rear the mountains, thunders all
the ground. [said]

Then thus to Thoos;—Hence with speed (he
And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid;
Their strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the Lycian princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force.
But, if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon; at least, our towers defend.
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
To share the danger, and repel the foe.

Swift as the word, the herald speeds along
The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng;
And finds the heroes bath'd in sweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the dusty shore.
Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!
Your aid (said Thoos) Peleus' son demands,
Your strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Thither the Lycian princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force.
But if too fiercely here the foes contend,
At least, let Telamon those towers defend.
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
To share the danger, and repel the foe.
(Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,
And thus bespoke his brothers of the war:
Now, valiant Lycomedes! exert your might,
And, brave Oileus, prove your force in fight:
To you I trust the fortune of the field,
Till by this arm the foes shall be repell'd;
That done, expect me to complete the day—
Then, with his seven-fold shield he strode away.
With equal steps bold Teucer press'd the shore,
Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.

High on the walls appear'd the Lycian powers,
Like some black tempest gathering round the
towers;

The Greeks, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the
Fierce Ajax first th' advancing hoits invades, [skies.
And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,
Sarpedon's friend; across the warrior's way,
Rent from the walls, a rocky fragment lay;
In modern ages not the strongest swain
Could heave th' unwieldy burthen from the plain.
He pois'd, and swung it round; then, toss'd on
high,

He flew with force, and labour'd up the sky;

Full on the Lycian's helmet thundering down,
The ponderous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown.
As skilful divers from some airy steep,
Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,
So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,
And murmuring to the shade, the soul retires.

While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;
The hearded shaft the destin'd passage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast
Might stop the progress of his warlike host,
Conceal'd the wound, and, leaping from his height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfinish'd fight.
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Disabled Glaucus slowly quit the field;
His beating breast with generous ardour glows,
He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmæon first was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breast he plung'd the pointed steel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
The spear, purged by gushing streams of gore;
Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and every nerve applies;
It shakes; the ponderous stones disjointed yield;
The rolling ruins smoke along the field.
A mighty breach appears, the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax sends his javelin at the foe:
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,
And through his buckler drove the trembling wood;
But Jove was present in the dire debate,
To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance and severer fight;
Then, rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's
charms,

His fainting squadrons to new fury warms:
O where, ye Lycians! is the strength you boast!
Your former fame and ancient virtue lost!
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain;
Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall;
The force of powerful union conquers all.

This just rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew,
They join, they thicken, and th' assault renew:
Unmov'd th' embodied Greeks their fury dare,
And fix'd support the weight of all the war;
Nor could the Greeks rep'l the Lycian powers,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian towers.
As, on the confines of adjoining grounds, bounds;
Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their

They tug, they sweat; but neither gain or yield,
One foot, one inch, of the contended field:
Thus obstinate to death they fight, they fall:
Nor these can keep, nor those can win, the wall.
Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a wound,
Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms re-
sound;

The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore.

As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful
loads,

From side to side the trembling balance nods
(While some laborious matron, just and poor,
With nice exactness weighs her woolly store)
Till, pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends
Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, descends:
So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might
With Fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his host with loud repeated cries:
Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,
Haste to the fleet, and tofs the blazing brands!
They hear, they run; and, gathering at his call,
Raise scaling-engines, and ascend the wall:
Around the works a wood of glittering spears
Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.
A ponderous stone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
Not two strong men th' enormous weight could
raise

Such men as live in these degenerate days;
Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear
The snowy fleece, he tols'd, and shook in air:
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a God.
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,
Of massy substance, and stupendous frame;
With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,
On lofty beams of solid timber hung:
Then, thundering through the planks with forceful
sway,
Drives the sharp rock; the solid beams give way,
The folds are shatter'd; from the crackling door
Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night! and shakes two shining spears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame.
He moves a God, resistless in his course,
And seems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, through the gaping space,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place;
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly:
The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends
the sky.

B O O K XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fourth Battle continued, in which Neptune assists the Greeks: the acts of Idomeneus.

Neptune, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes) assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him: then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks

who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones, losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus; this occasions a conversation between those two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcahous; Deiphobus and Aeneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing; Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till, being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

WHEN now the Thunderer on the sea-beat coast
Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering host;
He left them to the Fates, in bloody fray,
To toil and struggle through the well-fought day;
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight
Those eyes that shed insufferable light:
To where the Mysians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;
And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian strays,
Renown'd for justice and for length of days;
Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food;
Jove feels delighted; and avoids the scene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
No aid, he deems, to either host is given,
While his high law suspends the powers of Heaven.

Mean time the * Monarch of the watery main
Observ'd the Thunderer, nor observ'd in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He sat; and round him cast his azure eyes,
Where Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise;
Below fair Ilion's glittering spires were seen,
The crouded ships, and sable seas between.
There, from the crystal chambers of the main
... 'd, he sat; and mourn'd his Argives slain.
At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;
Fierce as he pass'd, the lofty mountains nod,
The forest shakes! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footsteps of th' immortal God. }
From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
And, at the fourth, the distant Ægæ shook.

Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands: {reins,
This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
He sits superior, and the chariot flies:
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the watery way;
And heavy whales in awkward measures play:
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his couriers fly:
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.

Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave;
Between where Tenedos the surges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave: }

There the great Ruler of the azure round
Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,
Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand,
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
Inflexible, immortal: there they stay,
The Father of the floods pursues his way;
Where, like a tempest darkening heaven around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattled roll'd as Hector rush'd along:
'To the loud tumult and the barbarous cry,
The heavens re-echo, and the shore reply;
They vow destruction to the Grecian name,
And in their hopes, the fleets already flame.

But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,
The God whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,
Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas seen,
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien;
His shouts incessant every Greek inspire,
But mock the Ajaxes, adding fire to fire.

'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise;
Oh, recollect your ancient worth and praise:
'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear;
Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
On other works though Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
There, Greece has strength: but this, this part
o'erthrown,

Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone.
Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his Gods, and calls high Jove his fire.
If yet some heavenly Power your grace excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to
fight,

Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet remain;
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain:

Then with his sceptre, that the deep controuls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls:
Strength, not their own, the touch divine impart,
Prompts their light limbs, and swells their dar-
ing hearts.

Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight
Forth-springing instant, darts her self from high,
Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky:
Such, and so swift, the power of Ocean flew;
The wide horizon shut him from their view.

Th' inspiring God, Oilæus' active son
Perceiv'd the first, and thus to Telamon:
Some God, my friend, some God in human form
Favouring descends, and wills to stand the storm.
Not Calchas this, the venerable seer;
Short as he turn'd, I saw the Power appear:

I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a God;
Ev'n now some energy divine I shoke,
And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air!

With equal ardour (Telamon returns)
My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns:
New rising spirits all my fierce alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;
Singly, methinks, yon towering chief I meet,
And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.
Full of the God that urg'd their burning breast,
The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.
Neptune mean while the routed Greeks inspir'd,
Who, breathless, pale, with length of labours tir'd,
Pant in the ships; while Troy to conquest calls,
And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before th' impending storm they lie,
While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.
Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal
hour:

But breathe new courage as they feel the power.
Teucer and Leitus first his words excite;
Then stern Peneleus rises to the fight;
Thoas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, th' impulsive fury found;
Last Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes,
While thus the God the martial fire awakes:

Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace,
To chiefs of vigorous youth and manly race!
I trusted in the Gods, and you, to see
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free:
Ah no!—the glorious combat you disclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.
Heavens! what a prodigy these eyes survey,
Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd hands?
And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands?
A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train,
Not born to glories of the dusty plain;
Like frighted fawns, from hill to hill pursued,
A prey to every savage of the wood:
Shall these, so late who trembled at your name,
Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame?
A change to shameful, say, what cause has wrought?
The soldier's baseness, or the general's fault?
Fools! will ye perish for your leader's vice;
The purchase infamy, and life the price?
'Tis not your cause, Achilles' injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but yours the shame.
Grant that our chief offend through rage or lust,
Must you be cowards if your king's unjust?
Prevent this evil, and your country save:
Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.
Think, and subdue! on dastards dead to fame
I waste no anger, for they feel no shame:
But you, the pride, the flower of all our host,
My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost!
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose;
A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endless infamy, on instant death,
For lo! the fated time, th' appointed hour;
Hark! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar!
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall.

These words the Grecian's fainting hearts in-
spire,

And listening armies catch the godlike fire.
Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,
With well-rang'd squadrons strongly circled round:
So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,
As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight;
Or had the God of War inclin'd his eyes,
The God of War had own'd a just surprize.
A chosen phalanx, firm, resolv'd as fate,
Descending Hector and his battle wait:
An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields,
Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;
And, level'd at the skies with pointing rays,
Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.

Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The close-compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
Troy charg'd the first, and Hector first of Troy.
As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne
(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the ponderous mass descends:
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds;
At every shock the crackling wood rebounds;
Still gathering force, it smokes; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to
the plain:
There stops—So Hector. Their whole force he
Resistless when he rag'd, and when he stop'd, un-
mov'd.

• On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,
And all their faultchions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires;
But with repeated shouts his army fires.
Trojans! be firm; this arm shall make your way
Through yon square body, and that black array.
Stand, and my spear shall rout their scattering
power,

Strong as they seem, embattled like a tower.
For he that Juno's heavenly bosom warms,
The first of Gods, this day inspires our arms.

He said, and rous'd the soul in every breast;
Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest,
Forth march'd Deiphobus; but, marching held
Before his wary steps his ample shield.
Bold Merion aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide)
The glittering javelin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
But pierc'd not through: unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.
The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear:
The Greek retreating mourn'd his frustrate blow
And curs'd the treacherous lance that spar'd a
foe:

Then to the ships with furl speed he went,
To seek a surer javelin in his tent.

Mean while with rising rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By Teuce's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The son of Mentor, rich in generous steeds.
Ere yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led
In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred,

The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
 And blest'd in bright Medecaste's arms:
 (This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy,
 Ally'd the warrior to the house of Troy.)
 To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came,
 And match'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame:
 With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne,
 He liv'd, below'd and honour'd as his own.
 Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear:
 He groans beneath the Telamonian spear.
 As from some far-seen mountain's airy crown,
 Subdued by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,
 And soils its verdant tresses on the ground:
 So falls the youth; his arms the fall rebound.
 Then Teucer rushing to despoil the dead,
 From Hector's hand a shining javelin fled;
 He saw, and shunn'd the death; the forceful dart
 Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimachus's heart,
 Creatus' son, of Neptune's forceful line;
 Vain was his courage, and his race divine!
 Prostrate he falls; his clanging arms rebound,
 And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
 To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,
 And just had fasten'd on the dazzling prize,
 When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung;
 Fall on the shield's round boss the weapon rung;
 He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
 Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.
 Repuls'd, he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
 The spoils contested, and bear off the slain.
 Between the leaders of th' Athenian line
 (Stichius the brave, Menestheus the divine)
 Deplor'd Amphimachus, sad object! lies;
 Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
 As two grim lions bear acrois the lawn,
 Snatch'd from devouring bounds, a slaughter'd
 fawn,

In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,
 And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood;
 So the chief: great Ajax from the dead
 Strips his bright arms, Oileus lops his head:
 Tois'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
 At Hector's feet the gory visage lay.

The God of Ocean, fir'd with stern disdain,
 And pierc'd with sorrow for his § grandson slain,
 Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
 And breathes destruction on the Trojan bands.
 Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,
 He finds the lance-tam'd Idomen of Crete:
 His pensive brow the generous care express
 With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast,
 Whom in the chance of war a javelin tore,
 And his sad comrades from the battle bore;
 Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent;
 That office paid, he issued from his tent,
 Fierce for the fight; to whom the God begun,
 In Thoas' voice, Andraemon's valiant son,
 Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks arise,
 And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies:

Where's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring
 Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilium lost! [beast,
 To whom the king: On Greece no blame be
 thrown,

Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
 Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
 Nor fear with-holds, nor shameful sloth detains.

§ Amphimachus.

'Tis Heaven, alas! and Jove's all-powerful doom,
 That far, far distant from our native home
 Wills us to fall; inglorious! Oh my friend!
 Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend
 Or arms, or counsels, now perform thy best,
 And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest.

Thus he; and thus the God, whose force can
 The solid globe's eternal basis shake: [make
 Ah! never may he see his native land,
 But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,
 Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay,
 Nor dares to combat on this signal day!
 For this, behold! in horrid arms I shine,
 And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine:
 Together let us battle on the plain;
 Two, not the worst; nor ev'n this succour vain:
 Not vain the weakest, if their force unite;
 But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight.

This said, he rushes where the combat burns;
 Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns:
 From thence, two javelins glittering in his hand,
 And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,
 Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
 Like lightning bursting from the arm of Jove,
 Which to pale man the wrath of Heaven declares,
 Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;
 In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,
 From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
 Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
 Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flash'd along.

Him near his tent, Meriones attends;
 Whom thus he questions: Ever best of friends!
 O say, in every art of battle skill'd,
 What holds thy courage from so brave a field?
 On some important message art thou bound,
 Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound?
 Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,
 And glows with prospects of th' approaching day.

O prince! (Meriones replies) whose care
 Leads forth th' embattled sons of Crete to war;
 This speaks my grief; this headie's lance I wield;
 The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield.

To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive
 The wanted weapons; tho's my tent can give;
 Spears I have store (and Trojan lances all)
 That shed a lustre round th' illumin'd wall.
 Though I, didd'ful of the distant war,
 Nor trust the dart, nor aim th' uncertain spear,
 Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain;
 And thence these trophies and these arms I gain.
 Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roll'd,
 And high-hung spears, and shields that flame
 with gold.

Nor vain (said Merion) are our martial toils;
 We too can boast of no ignoble spoils,
 But those my ship contains; whence distant far,
 I fight conspicuous in the van of war.
 What need I more? if any Greek there be
 Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.

To this Idomeneus: The fields of fight
 Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;
 And were some ambush for the foes design'd,
 Ev'n there, thy courage would not lag behind.
 In that sharp service, singled from the rest,
 The fear of each, or valour, stands confest,
 No force, no firmness, the pale coward shows;
 He shifts his place; his colour comes and goes;

A dropping sweat creeps cold on every part,
Against his bosom beats his quivering heart;
Terror and death, in his wild eye balls stare;
With chattering teeth he stands, and stiffening }
And looks a bloodless image of despair! [hair,
Not so the brave!—still dauntless, still the same,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die:
If aught disturb the tenour of his breast,
'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.

In such assays thy blameless worth is known,
And every art of dangerous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Those wounds were glorious all, and all before;
Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight
T' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
Go—from my conquer'd spears the choicest take,
And to their owners send them nobly back.

Swift as the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear,
And breathing slaughter follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain
(The wide destroyer of the race of man).
Terror, his best-lov'd son, attends his course,
Arm'd with stern holdnets, and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground:
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring Phlegyians, and Ephyrian arms;
Invok'd by both, relentless, they dispose
To these glad conquest, murderous rout to thofe.
So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
• And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain.

Then first spake Merion: Shall we join the
Or combat in the centre of the fight? [right,
Or to the left our wanted succour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.
Not in the centre (Idomen reply'd):
Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide;
Each godlike Ajax makes that post his care,
And gallant Teucer deals destruction there:
Skill'd, or with shafts to gall the distant field,
Or bear close battle on the sounding shield.
These can the rage of haughty Hector tame:
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,
And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.
Great must he be, of more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound.
Whom Ajax tells not on th' ensanguin'd ground:
In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course. •
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.

He said; and Merion to th' appointed place,
Fierce as the God of battles, urg'd his pace.
Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld
Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embodied in a tide they pour;
The rising combat sounds along the shore.
As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
From different quarters sweep the sandy plain;
On every side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
dry fields are lifted to the skies:

Thus, by despair, hope, rage, together driven,
Met the black hosts, and, meeting, darken'd hea-
ven.

All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;
Dire was the gleam of breast-plates, helms, and
shields,

And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields;
Tremendous scene! that general horror gave,
But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.

Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vy'd,

And crouds of heroes in their anger dy'd.

The Sire of earth and heaven, by Thetis won,

To crown with glory Peleus' godlike son,

Will'd not destruction to the Grecian powers,

But spar'd a while the destin'd Trojan towers:

While Neptune, rising from his azure main,

Warr'd on the King of Heaven with stern disdain,

And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train.

Gods of one source, of one ethereal race,

Alike divine, and heaven their native place;

But Jove the greater; first-born of the skies,

And more than men, or Gods, supremely wise.

For this, of Jove's superior might afraid,

Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.

These powers infold the Greek and Trojan train

In War and Discord's adamant chain,

Indissolubly strong; the fatal tie

Is stretch'd on both, and, close-compell'd, they die.

Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,

The bold Idomeneus controls the day.

First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,

Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain'd

Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,

From high Cabesus' distant walls he came;

Cassandra's love he fought, with boasts of power,

And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dower.

The king consented, by his vaunts abus'd,

The king consented, but the Fates refus'd.

Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride.

The field he measur'd, with a larger stride.

Him, as he stalk'd, the Cretan javelin found;

Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound:

His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to hell:

His arms resounded as the boaster fell.

The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead;

And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped!

Such is the help thy arms to Ilium bring,

And such the contract of the Phrygian king!

Our offers now, illustrious prince! receive;

For such an aid what will not Argos give?

To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,

And count Atrides' fairest daughter-thine.

Mean time, on farther methods to advise,

Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;

There hear what Greece has on her part to say.

He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corpse away.

This Asius view'd, unable to contain,

Before his chariot warring on the plain;

(His crowded couriers, to his squire consign'd,

Impatient panted on his neck behind)

To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,

He hop'd the conquest of the Cretan king.

The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,

Full on his throat discharg'd the forceful spear:

Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,

And glitter'd, extant at the farther side.

As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Groans to the oft-beav'd ax, with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground :
So sunk proud Asius in that dreadful day,
And stretch'd before his much-lov'd couriers lay.
He grinds the dust disdain'd with streaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore.
Depriv'd of motion, stiff with stupid fear,
Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer,
Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey :
Pierc'd by Antiochus, he pants beneath
The stately car, and labours out his breath.
Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone)
Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son.

Stabb'd at the sight, Deiphobus drew nigh,
And made with force the vengeful weapon fly.
The Cretan saw ; and, stooping, caus'd to glance
From his slope shield the disappointed lance.
Beneath the spacious targe (a blazing round,
Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
On his rais'd arm by two strong braces stay'd)
He lay collect'd in defensive shade ;
O'er his safe head the javelin idly hung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
Ev'n then, the spear the vigorous arm contest,
And pierc'd obliquely king Hypenor's breast :
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, his people's guardian now no more !

Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries)
Nor unreveng'd, lamented Asius lies :
For these though hell's black portals stand dis-
This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade.

Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,
Touch'd every Greek, but Nestor's son the most.
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd
Till sad Mecistheus and Alastor bore [friend ;
His honour'd body to the tented shore.

Nor yet from sight Idomeneus withdraws :
Resolv'd to perish in his country's cause,
Or find some foe, whom heaven and he shall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom,
He sees Alcaëus in the front aspire :
Great Æsyetes was the hero's fire :
His spouse Hippodamê, divinely fair,
Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care ;
Who charm'd her parent's and her husband's heart,
With beauty, sense, and every work of art :
He once, of Ilium's youth, the loveliest boy,
The fairest snow, of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapless hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,
And fetters every limb : yet, bent to meet
His fate, he stands ; nor shuns the lance of Crete.
Fixt as some column, or deep-rooted oak,
(While the winds sleep) his breast receiv'd the
stroke.

Before the ponderous stroke his corselet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour sends a jarring sound :
His labouring heart heaves with so strong a
bound, [wound :
The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the
Fast-flowing from its source, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.

Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain ;
Behold, Deiphobus ! now vaunt in vain ;
See ! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend,
This, my third victim, to the shades I send.
Approaching now, thy boasted might approve,
And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.
From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal game,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came :
Deucalion, blameless prince ! was Minos' heir ;
His first-born I, the third from Jupiter :
O'er spacious Crete and her bold sons I reign,
And thence my ships transport me through the
main :

Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine,
A scourge to thee, thy father and thy line.

The Trojan heard ; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with venturous arms, the king of Crete ;
Or seek auxiliar force ; at length decreed
To call some hero to partake the deed,
Forthwith Æneas rises to his thought :
For him, in Troy's remotest lines he sought ;
Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, stands,
And sees superior posts in meaner hands.
To him, ambitious of so great an aid,
The bold Deiphobus approach'd, and said :
Now Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy bolom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcaëus dies, thy brother and thy friend !
Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one root contain'd.
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe ;
Haste, and revenge it on the insulting foe.

Æneas heard, and on a space resign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind ;
Then, rising in his rage, he burns to fight :
The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
As the fell boar on some rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to slaughter bred,
When the loud rustics rise, and shout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war ;
O'er his bent back the bristly honours rise,
Fires stream in lightning from his sanguine eyes ;
His foaming tusks both dogs and men engage,
But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage :
So stood Idomeneus, his javelin shook,
And met the Trojan with a lowering look.
Antiochus, Deapyrus, were near,
The youthful offspring of the God of war,
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd :
To these the warrior sent his voice around :
Fellows in arms ! your timely aid unite ;
Lo, great Æneas rushes to the fight :
Sprung from a God, and more than mortal bold ;
He steth in youth, and I in arms grown old.
Else should this hand, this hour, decide the strife,
The great dispute, of glory, or of life.

He spoke ; and all as with one soul obey'd ;
Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade
Around the chief. Æneas too demands
Th' assisting forces of his native lands :
Paris, Deiphobus, Ajenor join ;
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)
In order follow all th' embodied train,
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain ;
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold :

With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains, through the well-known
meads,

So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.

Round dead Alcathous now the battle rose;
On every side the steely circle grows; [ring,
Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd helmets
And o'er their heads unheeded javelins sing.
Above the rest two towering chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like Gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual
blood.

The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
The Cretan saw, and shunn'd the brazen spear:
Sent from an arm so strong, the missile wood
Struck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.
But Oenomas receiv'd the Cretan's stroke,
The forceful spear his hollow corselet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
And roll'd the smoking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he fobs away his breath,
And furious grasps the bloody dust in death.
The victor from his breast the weapon tears;
(His spoils he could not, for the shower of spears.)
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumberous arms, stiff with cold age,
His listless limbs unable for the course;
In standing fight he yet maintains his force:
Till, faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd slow steps he drags from off the field.

Deiphobus beheld him as he past,
And, fir'd with hate, a parting javelin cast:
The javelin err'd, but held its course along,
And pierc'd Ascalaphus, the brave and young:
The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,
And gnash'd the dust all bloody with his wound.

Nor knew the furious father of his fall;
High-thron'd amidst the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal synod sat;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.

Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay,
For slain Ascalaphus commenc'd the tray.
Deiphobus to seize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glittering prize;
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm discharg'd his spear:
He drops the weight, disabled with the pain;
The hollow helmet rings against the plain.
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking javelin, and rejoind his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends;
Around his waist his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew:
Him his swift couriers, on his splendid car,
Rapt from the lessening thunder of the war;
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the shore,
And swelling, as he pass'd, the sands with gore.

Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguine
ground,
Heaps fall on heaps, and heaven and earth resound.
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierc'd his throat; the bending head, deprest
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast:

TRANS

His shield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies;
And everlasting slumber seals his eyes.
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round,
Transpiers'd his back with a dishonest wound:
The hollow vein that to the neck extends
Along the thine, his eager javelin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his social train
Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain.
Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away;
His time observ'd; for, clos'd by foes around,
On all sides thick, the peals of arms resound.
His shield, emboss'd, the ringing storm sustains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great Neptune's care preserv'd from hostile rage
This youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age)
In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,
Fac'd every foe, and every danger fought;
His winged lance, resistless as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the master's mind;
Restless it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the distant enemy.
The son of Adius, Adamas, drew near,
And struck his target with the brazen spear,
Fierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow,
And blunts the javelin of th' eluded foe.
In the broad buckler half the weapon stood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Disarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;
But Merion's spear o'ertook him as he flew,
Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.
Bending, he fell, and doubled to the ground,
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
While death's strong pangs distend his labouring
His bulk enormous on the field displays; [side,
His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life de-
cays.

The spear, the conqueror from his body drew,
And death's dim shadows swam before his view.
Next brave Deipyrus in dust was laid:
King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
And smote his temples, with an arm so strong,
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
There, for some luckier Greek it rests a prize;
For dark in death the godlike owner lies!
Raging with grief, great Menelaüs burns,
And, fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
That shook the ponderous lance, in act to throw;
And this stood adverse with the bended bow:
Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,
But harmless bounded from the plated steel.
As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
(The winds collected at each open door)
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the
ground:

So from the steel that guards Atides' heart,
Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.
Atides, watchful of th' unwary foe, [bow,
Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the
And nail'd it to the eugh: the wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the
But good Agenor gently from the wound [sands
The spear solicits, and the bandage bound;
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
At once the tent and ligature supply'd.

Behold ! Pisander, urg'd by Fate's decree,
Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great Menelaus ! to enhance thy fame ;
High-towering in the front, the warrior came.
First the sharp lance was by Atreides thrown ;
The lance far distant by the winds was blown.
Nor pierc'd Pisander through Atreides' shield ;
Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field.
Not so discourag'd, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind ;
Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord
Like lightning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.

His left arm high oppos'd the shining shield :
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Distinct with studs ; and brazen was the blade) ;
This on the helm discharg'd a noble blow ;
The plume dropt nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the crest. Atreides wav'd his steel :
Deep through his front the weighty faulchion fell ;

The crashing bones before its force gave way ;
In dust and blood the groaning hero lay ;
Forc'd from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore.
The fierce Atreides spurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and, loud-exulting, said :

Thus, Trojans, thus, at length he taught to
O race perfidious, who delight in war ! [fear ;
Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
A prince's rapt transcends a navy storm'd :
In such bold feats your impious might approve,
Without th' assistance, or the fear, of Jove.
The violated rites, the ravish'd dame,
Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on flame,
Crimes heap'd on crimes shall bend your glory
down,

And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town.
O thou, great Father ! Lord of earth and skies,
Above the thought of man ! supremely wise !
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe,
A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust ?
The best of things, beyond their measure, cloy ;
Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy ;
The feast, the dance ; whate'er mankind desire,
Ev'n the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.
But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight.

This said, he seiz'd (while yet the carcass
heav'd)

The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd :
Then sudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold son of Pylæmenes slew,
Harpalion had through Asia travell'd far,
Following his martial father to the war ;
Through filial love he left his native shore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more !
His unsuccessful spear he chanc'd to fling
Against the target of the Spartan king ;
Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehensive eyes.
Him, through the hip transpiercing as he fled,
The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point defends,
And the swelling bladder rends :

Sunk in his sad compassionate arms he lay,
And in short partings sobb'd his soul away ;
(Like some vile worm extended on the ground)
While life's red torrent gush'd from out the

Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
In slow procession bore from off the plain.
The pensive father, father now no more !
Attends the mournful pomp along the shore ;
And unavailing tears profusely shed ;
And, unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.

Paris from far the moving sight beheld,
With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd ;
His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race ;
With his full strength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his seat in Corinth's stately town ;
Polydus' son, a peer of old renown.

Of late the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or slow disease at home :
He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,
And chose the certain, glorious path to death.
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went ;
The soul came issuing at the narrow vent ;
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop useless on the ground,
And everlasting darkness shades him round.

Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field) ;
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conquest hovers o'er th' Achaian bands :
With such a tide superior virtue sway'd,
And he * that shakes the solid earth, gave aid.
But in the centre Hector fix'd remain'd,
Where first the gates were forc'd and bulwarks
gain'd ;

There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval station where th' Ajaces keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whose humble barrier scarce the foe divides ;
Where late in fight, both foot and horse engag'd,
And all the thunder of the battle rag'd)
There join'd, the whole Boeotian strength remains,
The proud Ionians with their sweeping trains,
Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epean force ;
But, join'd, repel not Hector's fiery course.
The flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led,
Bias and great Menestheus at their head.
Meges the strong the Epeian bands controll'd,
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold ;
The Phthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Phylæus his noble line ;
Iphiclus' son ; and that (Oileus) thine :
(Young Ajax' brother, by a still'n embrace ;
He dwelt far distant from his native pla
By his fierce stepdame from his father's
Expell'd and exil'd for her brother
These rule the Phthians, and their arms
Mixt with Boeotians, on the shores of Troy.

Now side by side, with like unweary'd care,
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war :
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright ploughshare thro' the fallow soil,

Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the flaming share;
O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,
And streams of sweat down their four foreheads flow
A train of heroes follow'd thro' the field, [flow
Who bore by turns great Ajax' seven-fold shield,
Whene'er he breath'd, remissive of his might,
Tir'd with incessant slaughters of the fight
No following troops his brave associate grace.

In close engagement an unpractis'd race,
The Locrian squadrons nor the javelin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield,
But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,
Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling;
Dextrous with these they aim a certain wound,
Or sell the distant warrior to the ground.
Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain,
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky,
The mingled tempest on the foes they pour;
Troy's scattering orders open to the shower

Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd,
But sage Polydamas, discretely brave,
Address'd great Hector, and this counsel gave.

Though great in all, thou seem'st to avert to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend,
To Gods and men thy matchless worth is known,
And every art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counsel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well?
Content with what the bounteous Gods have given,
Seek not alone to engrois the gifts of Heaven
To some the powers of bloody war belong,
To some, sweet music, and the charm of song,
To few, and wondrous few, has Jove assign'd
A wife, extensive, all-considering mind,
Their guardians these, the nations round confers,
And towns and empires for their safety bleis
If Heaven have lodg'd this virtue in my breast,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the best.
See, as thou mov'st, on dangers dangers spread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
Behold! distress'd within you hostile wall,
How many Trojans yield, disperse, or fall?
What troops, out-number'd, scarce the war main-
tain?

And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain?
Here cease thy fury, and the chiefs and kings
Convok'd to council, weigh the sum of things.
Whether (the Gods succeeding our desires)
To yon tall ships to bear the Trojan fires,
Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,
Contented with the conquest of the day.
I fear, I fear, lest Greece, not yet undone,
Pay the large debt of last revolving sun,
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!

The counsel pleas'd; and Hector, with a
[ground,
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling
Swift as he leap'd his clashing arms resound.
To guard this post (he cried) thy art employ,
And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy;
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And hasten back to end the doubtful day.

This said; the towering chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And seems a moving mountain topt with snow.
Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder rise.
To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command,
Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
But round the battlements, and round the plain,
For many a chieftain look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deiphobus, nor Helenus the fear,
Nor Asius' son, nor Asius self appear
For these were pierc'd with many a hastily wound,
Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground;
Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay,
High on the wall some breath'd the souls way.

Far on the left, amid the throng he found
Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
The graceful Paris, whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd:
Ill-fated Paris! slave to woman-kind,
As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is Deiphobus, where Asius gone?
The godlike father, and th' intrepid son?
The force of Helenus, dispensing fate,
And great Othryoneus, so fear'd of Ite?
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging Gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods,
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance swallow all.

When Paris thus My brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deter'd thy blame,
Though then not deadly, nor unknown to fame;
But since yon rampart by thy arms lay low,
Scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you seek on yonder shore I see slain;
Of all those heroes two alone remain;
Deiphobus, and Helenus the fear.
Each now d labled by a hostile spear.
Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires:
This heart and hand shall second all thy fires:
What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
I'll death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But, 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat, strength is of the Gods alone.

These words the hero's angry mind a usage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.
Around Polydamas, distun'd with blood.
Cebrius, Phalces, stern Orthæus flood.
Palmas, with Polyetes the divine,
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line:
(Who reach'd far Ilium, from Ascania far,
The former day, the next engag'd in war)
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps;
Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps:
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to
the shore.

Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
Full in the blazing van great Hector shin'd,
Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.

Before him flaming, his enormous shield
Like the broad sun illumin'd all the field :
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray ;
His piercing eyes through all the battle fray,
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the strong.

Thus stalk'd he, dreadful ; death was in his
look ;

Whole nations fear'd ; but not an Argive shook.

The towering Ajax, with an ample stride,
Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defy'd :

Hector ! come on, thy empty threats forbear :

'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear :

The skill of war to us not idly given,

Lo ! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but Heaven.

Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,

To force our fleet : the Greeks have hands, and

Long e'er in flames our lofty navy fall, [hearts.

Your boasted city and your god-built wall

Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground ;

And spread a long, unmeasur'd ruin round,

The time shall come, when, chas'd along the plain,

Ev'n thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain ;

Ev'n thou shalt wish, to aid thy desperate course,

The wings of falcons for thy flying horse ;

Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,

While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame.

As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise,
And hail, with shouts, his progress through the
skies :

Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side :

They ceas'd ; and thus the chief of Troy reply'd :

From whence this menace, this insulting
strain ?

Enormous boaster ; doom'd to vaunt in vain.

So may the Gods on Hector life bestow,

(Not that short life which mortals lead below,

But such as those of Jove's high lineage bore,

The blue-ey'd Maid, or He that gilds the morn.)

As this decisive day shall end the fame

Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.

And thou, imperious ! if thy madness wait

The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate :

That giant corpse, extended on the shore,

Shall largely feed the fowls with fat and gore.

He said, and like a lion stalk'd along :

With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,

Sent from his following host : the Grecian train

With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain ;

A shout that tore Heaven's concave, and above

Shook the fix'd splendors of the throne of Jove.

B O O K XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the Girdle of Venus.

Nestor, sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon : on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands ; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence ; which advice is pursued. Juno seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to over-reach him ; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic circle of Venus. She then applies herself to the God of Sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter ; this done, she goes to Mount Ida, where the God, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks : Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle. Several actions succeed ; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way : the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

BUT nor the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul ;
His startled ears th' increasing cries attend :
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend :

What new alarm, divine Machaon, say,
What mixt events attend this mighty day ?
Hark ! how the shouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet !
Here, with the cordial draught, dispel thy care,
Let Hecamede the strengthening bath prepare,
Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore ;
While I th' adventures of the day explore.

He said : and seizing Thrasymedes' shield,
(His valiant offspring) hasten'd to the field ;
(That day, the son his father's buckler bore)
Thence snatch'd a lance, and issued from the door.

Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew ;
Dire disarray ! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.
As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps,
The waves just heaving on the purple deeps ;
While yet th' expected tempest hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,
The masts of waters will no wind obey ;
Jove sends one gust, and bids them roll away.
While wavering counsels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pyliaan sage,
To join the host, or to the general haste ;
Debating long, he fixes on the last ;
Yet, as he moves, the fight his bosom warms ;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms ;

The gleaming faulchions flash, the javelins fly;
Blows echo blows, and all or kill or die.

Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,
By tardy steps ascending from the fleet:
The king of men, Ulysses the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
(Their ships at distance from the battle stand,
In lines advanc'd along the shelving strand:
Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length; beside the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crowded ships they moor:
Who landed first lay highest on the shore.)
Supported on their spears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,
Whom thus the general of the host address:

O grace and glory of th' Achaian name!
What drives thee, Nestor, from the field of fame?
Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd,
Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat, ah now too soon made good,
On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.
Is every heart inflam'd with equal rage
Against your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to see with mournful eyes
In every Greek a new Achilles rise?

Geranian Nestor then: So Fate has will'd;
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from th' aerial bower,
Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And best defence, lies smoking on the ground:
Ev'n to the ships their conquering arms extend,
And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heaven ascend.
On speedy measures then employ your thought,
In such distress If counsel profit aught;
Arms cannot much: though Mars our souls ex-
cite:

These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight.

To him the monarch: That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,
And that the rampart, late our surest trust,
And best defence, lies smoking in the dust:
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Past are the days when happier Greece was blest,
And all his favour, all his aid confest;
Now Heaven, averse, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies.
Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,
And launch what ships lie nearest to the main;
Leave these at anchor till the coming night:
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight.
Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,
Than perish in the danger we may shun.

Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes:
What shameful words (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling tongue, and timorous
heart.

Oh, were thy sway the curse of meaner powers,
And thou the shame of any host but ours!
A host, by Jove endued with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Adventurous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.

And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain?
And have whole streams of blood been spilt in
vain?

In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
To think such meanings, or the thought declares?
And comes it ev'n from him whose sovereign sway
The banded legions of all Greece obey?
Is this a general's voice that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate de-
nies, [prize.

Thou giv'st the foe: all Greece becomes their
No more the troops (who hoisted sails in view,
Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue;
But thy ships flying, with despair shall see;
And owe destruction to a prince like thee.

Thy just reproofs (Atreides calm replies)
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise,
Unwilling as I am to lose the host,
I force not Greece to leave this hateful coast,
Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Aught, more conducive to our weal unfold.
Tydides cut him short, and thus began:
Such counsel if you seek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it; and what he shall say,
Young though he be, disdain not to obey:
A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,
May speak to councils and assembled kings.
Hear then in me the great Oenides' son,
Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run)
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall;
With three bold sons was generous Prothous blest,
• Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possess;
Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpass
The rest in courage) Oeneus was the last.
From him, my Sire. From Calydon expell'd,
He pass'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;
The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)
He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd;
There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,
And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame!
Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.

Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire,
Attend; and in the son, respect the sire:
Though sore of battle, though with wounds op-
Let each go forth, and animate the rest, [press,
Advance the glory which he cannot share,
Though not partaker, witness of the war.
But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
Beyond the missile javelin's founding flight,
Safe let us stand; and from the tumult far,
Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war.

He added not: the listening kings obey,
Slow moving on; Atreides leads the way.
The God of Ocean (to inflame their rage)
Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age;
Press in his own, the general's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero spoke:
Atreides, lo! with what disdainful eye
Achilles sees his country's forces fly;
Blind impious man! whose anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.

But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of earth and heaven) her wings display'd;

Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,
Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable Dame.

Vain are thy fears (the Queen of Heaven replies,
And, speaking, rolls her large majestic eyes)
Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favour
Like great Alcides, his all-conquering son? [won,
Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know, thy lov'd one shall be ever thine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithea the divine.

Swear then (he said) by those tremendous floods
That roar through hell, and bind th' invoking
Gods:

Let the great parent Earth one hand sustain,
And stretch the other o'er the sacred main.
Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witness from the depths of hell;
That she, my lov'd one, shall be ever mine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithea the divine.

The queen assents; and from th' infernal bowers
Invokes the sable Tartarean Powers,
And those who rule th' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian Gods.

Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos' smoky isle,
They wing their way, and Ixobrus' sea-beat soil,
Through air unseen, involv'd in darkness glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide
(Mother of savages, whose echoing hills
Are heard resounding with a hundred rills);
Fair Ida trembles underneath the God;
Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod;
There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise
To join its summit to the neighbouring skies;
Dark in embowering shade, conceal'd from sight,
Sat Sleep, in likeness of the bird of Night.
(Chalcis his name by those of heavenly birth,
But call'd Cymidis by the race of earth).

To Ida's top successful Juno flies;
Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes:
The God, whose lightning sets the heavens on fire,
Through all his bosom feels the fierce desire;
Fierce as when first by stealth he seiz'd her charms,
Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms,
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then press'd her hand, and thus with transport
spoke:

Why comes my goddess from th' æthereal sky,
And not her steeds and flaming chariots nigh?

Then she—I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathless gods,
The reverend Ocean and grey Tethys reign,
On the last limits of the land and main.
I visit these, to whose indulgent cares
I owe the nursing of my tender years;
For strife, I hear, has made that union cease,
Which held so long this ancient pair in peace.
The steeds, prepar'd my chariots to convey
O'er earth and seas, and through th' aerial way,
Wait under Ide: of thy superior power
To ask consent, I leave th' Olympian bower;
Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells
Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells.

For that (said Jove) suffice another day;
But eager love denies the least delay.

And be these moments sacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,
Or for an earthly, or a heavenly love:
Not when I press'd Ixion's matchless dame
Whence rose Perithous like the Gods in fame.
Not when fair Danaë felt the shower of gold
Stream into life, when Perseus brave and bold.
Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame,
(Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came)
Nor Phoenix' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair Latonia's face,
Nor comelier Ceres' more majestic grace.
Not thus ev'n for thyself I felt desire,
As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.

He spoke: the Goddess with the charming eyes
Glows with celestial red, and thus replies:
Is this a scene for love? On Ida's height
Expos'd to mortal and immortal sight;
Our joy profan'd by each familiar eye,
The sport of heaven, and fable of the sky.
How shall I e'er review the blest abodes,
Or mix among the senate of the Gods?
Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,
All heaven beholds me recent from thy arms?
With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bower,
Sacred to love and to the genial hour;
If such thy will, to that recess retire,
And secret there indulge thy soft desire.

She ceas'd; and, smiling with superior love,
Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove:
Nor god nor mortal shall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold;
Not ev'n the Sun, who darts through heaven his
rays,

And whole broad eye th' extended earth surveys.

Gazing he spoke, and kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the Goddess threw.
Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours
Unbidden herbs, and voluntary flowers:
Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread
And clustering lotos swell'd the rising bed,
And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,
And flamy crocus made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal'd the heavenly pair,
Steep'd in soft joys, and circumfus'd with air;
Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round.
At length, with Love and Sleep's soft power oppress'd,

The panting Thunderer nods, and sinks to rest.

Now to the navy borne on silent wings,
To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings;
Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd he stood,
And thus with gentle words address'd the God:

Now, Neptune! now th' important hour employ,

To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:
While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed
The golden vision round his sacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties,
Have clos'd those awful and eternal eyes.

Thus having said, the Power of Slumber flew;
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And towering in the foremost ranks of war,

Indignant thus—Oh once of martial fame!
 O Greeks! if yet ye can deserve the name!
 This half-recover'd day, shall Troy obtain?
 Shall Hector thunder at your ships again?
 Lo still he vaunts, and threatens the fleet with fires,
 While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.
 One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,
 Be still yourselves, and we shall need no more.
 Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms,
 Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms:
 His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,
 Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield;
 Let to the weak, the lighter arms belong,
 The ponderous targe be wielded by the strong.
 (Thus arm'd) not Hector shall our presence stay:
 Myself, ye Greeks! myself will lead the way.

The troops assent; their martial arms they change,

The busy chiefs their banded legions range. [pain,
 The kings, though wounded, and oppress'd with
 With helpful hands themselves assist the train.
 The strong and cumbrous arms the valiant wield.
 The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.
 Thus sheath'd in shining brass, in bright array
 The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:
 His brandish'd faulchion flames before their eyes,
 Like lightning flashing through the frighted skies.
 Clad in his might, th' Earth-shaking Power ap-
 pears;

Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.

Troy's great defender stands alone unaw'd,
 Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a God:
 And lo! the God and wondrous man appear:
 The seas stern Ruler there, and Hector here.
 The roaring main, at her great master's call,
 Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a watery wall
 Around the ships; seas hanging o'er the shores,
 Both armies join: Earth thunders, Ocean roars.
 Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound,
 When stormy winds disclose the dark profound;
 Let loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall
 Roar through the woods, and make whole forests
 fall;

Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
 Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour:
 With such a rage the meeting hosts are driven,
 And such a clamour shakes the sounding heaven.
 The first bold javelin urg'd by Hector's force,
 Direct at Ajax' bosom wing'd its course;
 But there no pass the crossing belts afford,
 (One brac'd his shield, and one sustain'd his sword.)
 When back the disappointed Trojan drew,
 And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
 But 'scap'd not Ajax; his tempestuous hand
 A ponderous stone upheaving from the sand,
 (Where heaps, laid loose beneath the warrior's
 Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the fleet) [feet,
 Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings;
 On the raz'd shield the falling ruin rings,
 Full on his breast and throat with force descends;
 Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,
 But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
 Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.
 As when the bolt, red-hissing from
 Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,
 The mountain oak in flaming ruin lies,
 Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise;

Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,
 And own the terrors of th' Almighty hand!
 So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore;
 His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore.
 His following shield the fallen chief o'er-spread;
 Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
 His load of armour sinking to the ground,
 Clanks on the field; a dead and hollow sound.
 Loud shouts of triumph fill the crowded plain:
 Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain:
 All spring to seize him; storms of arrows fly,
 And thicker javelins intercept the sky.
 In vain an iron tempest hisses round:
 He lies protect'd, and without a wound.

Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
 The pious warrior of Anchises' line,
 And each bold leader of the Lycian band,
 With covering shields (a friendly circle) stand.
 His mournful followers, with assiduous care,
 The groaning hero to his chariot bear:
 His foaming coursers, swifter than the wind,
 Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.

When now they touch'd the mead's enamell'd
 Where gentle Xanthus rolls his easy tide,
 With watery drops the chief they sprinkle round,
 Plac'd on the margin of the flowery ground,
 Kneel'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
 Now faints anew, low-sinking on the shore;
 By fits he breathes, half views the fleet,
 And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes.

Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
 With double fury each invades the field.

Oilean Ajax first his javelin sped,
 Pierc'd by whose point the son of Enops bled;
 (Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neis bore
 Amidst her flocks, on Satnio's silver shore)
 Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies
 Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.
 An arduous battle rose around the dead;
 By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled.

Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
 And at Prothenor shook the trembling spear;
 The driving javelin through his shoulder thrust,
 He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
 Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
 And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:
 From this unerring hand their flies no dart
 But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.
 Prompt on that spear to which thou ow'st thy fall,
 Go, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's dreary
 hall!

He said, and sorrow touch'd each Argive
 The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest,
 As by his side the groaning warrior fell,
 At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing steel;
 The foe reclining, shunn'd the flying death;
 But Fate, Archilochus, demands thy breath:
 Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,
 The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart.
 Swift to perform Heaven's fatal will it fled,
 Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
 And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
 The dropping head first tumbled to the plain.
 So just the stroke, that yet the body stood
 Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.

Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eye
 Ajax loud insulting cries).

Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
A worthy vengeance for Prothænor slain?
Mark well his port! his figure and his face
Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage
known,

Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son.

He spake, and smil'd severe, for well he knew
The bleeding youth: Troy sadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas aveng'd his cause;
As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws,
He pierc'd his heart—Such fate attends you all,
Proud Argives! destin'd by our arms to fall;
Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece shall share
The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath,
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.

Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,
But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most.
At the proud boaster he directs his course:
The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.
But young Ilioneus receiv'd the spear,
Ilioneus, his father's only care.
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of
gain):

Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove through the neck, and hurl'd him to the
He lifts his miserable arms in vain! [plain:
Swift his broad faulchion fierce Peneleus spread,
And from the spouting shoulders struck his head:
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
The lance, yet striking through the bleeding eye,

The victor seiz'd; and as aloft he shook
The gory visage, thus insulting spoke:
Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
Haste, to his father, let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs resound with frantic woe,
Such as the house of Promachus must know;
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear:
When we victorious shall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.

Dreadful he spoke, then tois'd the head on
high;

The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:
Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.

Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus shine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording Nine!
O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero, first embrued the field?
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whose blest trophies will ye raise to fame?

Thou first, great Ajax, on th' ensanguin'd plain
Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Myſian train.
Phalces and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew,
Bold Merion, Morys, and Hippotion flew.
Strong Periphætès and Prothoon bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead.
Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaüs' steel,
His people's pastor, Hyperenor, fell;
Eternal darkness wrapt the warrior round,
And the fierce soul came rushing through the
wound.

But stretch'd in heaps before Oïleus' son,
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chase.

B O O K X V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fifth Battle, at the Ships; and the Acts of Ajax.

Jupiter, awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks. He is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions: she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the assembly of the Gods, attempts, with extraordinary address, to incense them against Jupiter; in particular, touches Mars with a violent resentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter: Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his Ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

Now in swift flight they pass the trench pro-
found,

And many a chief lay gasping on the ground:
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
Mean while, awaken'd from his dream of love,
On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove:
Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,
There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue;

These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the
plain;

And, midst the war, the Monarch of the Main.
Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes)
Hecking blood, and panting yet for breath,
His senses wandering to the verge of death.
The God beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudulent Juno spoke:

O thou, still adverse to th' Eternal will,
For ever studious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the godlike Hector yield,
And driv'n his conquering squadrons from the
field.

Canst thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withstand
Our power immense, and brave th' Almighty
hand?

Hast thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,
From the vast concave of the spangled sky,
I hung thee trembling in a golden chain;
And all the raging Gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from th' Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.
For godlike Hercules these deeds were done,
Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son:
When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas tost
The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast,
Him through a thousand forms of death I bore,
And sent to Argos, and his native shore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Left arts and blandishments successless prove,
Thy lost deceits, and well dissimul'd love.

The Thunderer spoke: imperial Juno mourn'd,
And, trembling, these submissive words return'd:
By every oath that Powers immortal ties,
The foolish earth, and all-infolding skies;
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that
flow flow;

Through the drear realms of gliding ghosts be-
By the dread honours of thy sacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the Ruler of the Main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain:
By his own ardour, his own pity, I wad
To help his Greeks; he sought, and disobey'd:
Else had thy Juno better counsels given,
And taught submission to the Sic of Heaven.

'Think'st thou with me? fair Empress of the
Skies!

(Th' immortal Father with a smile replies)
Then soon the haughty Sea-god shall obey,
Nor dare to act but when we point the way.
If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright synod on th' Olympian hill;
Our high decree let various Ius know,
And call the God that bears the silver bow.
Let her descend, and from th' embattled plain
Command the Sea-god to his watery reign:
While Phœbus hastes, great Hector to prepare
To rise afresh, and once more wake the war;
His labouring bosom re-inspires with breath,
And calls his senses from the verge of death.
Greece, chas'd by Troy ev'n to Achilles' fleet,
Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet.
He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall send Patroclus, but shall send in vain.
What youths he slaughters under Iliou's walls!
Ev'n my lov'd son, divine Sarpedon, falls!
Vanquish'd at last by Hector's lance he lies,
Then, nor till then, shall great Achilles rise;
And lo! that instant godlike Hector dies. }
From that great hour the war's whole fortune
Pallas assists, and lofty Iliou burns: [turns,
Not till that day shall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heavenly host engage

In aid of Greece. The promise of a God
I gave, and seal'd it with th' Almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the stars to raise:
Such was our word, and Fate the word obeys.

The trembling Queen (th' Almighty order giv'
Swift from th' Idæan summit shot to heaven. (ca)
As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought a length of lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space:
So swift flew Juno to the bliss abodes,
If thought of man can match the speed of Gods,
There sat the Powers in awful synod plac'd:
They bow'd, and made obeisance as the pass'd,
Through all the brazen dome: with goblets
(crow'd

They hail her queen: the nectar streams around,
Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl,
And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul?

To whom the white-arm'd Goddess thus re-
plies:

Enough thou know'st the Tyrant of the Skies,
Severely bent his purpose to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.
Go thou, the seats of heaven attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall:
But Jove shall thunder through th' ethereal dome,
Such stern decrees, such threat'ned woes to come,
As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprise,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the Skies.

The Goddess said, and Iliou took her place:
Black horror sadden'd each celestial face.
To see the gathering grudge in every breast,
Smiles on her lips a splendid joy express;
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sat steadfast care, and lowering discontent.
Thus she proceeds—Attend, ye Powers above!
But know, 'tis madness to contest with Jove:
Supreme he sits; and fees, in pride of sway,
Your vassal Godheads grudgingly obey:
Fierce in the majesty of power controls, [poles,
Shakes all the thrones of heaven, and bends the
Submiss, Immortals! all he wills, obey;
And thou, great Mars, begin and show the way.
Behold Afcapulus! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh;
Thy own lov'd boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boasted offspring be thy own.

Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,
Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce began:
Thus then, Immortals! thus shall Mars obey;
Forgive me, Gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Descending first to yon forbidden plain,
The God of battles dares avenge the slain;
Dares, though the thunder bursting o'er my head
Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead.

With that, he gives command to Fear and
To join his rapid couriers for the fight: [Flight
Then, grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies;
Arms, that reflect a radiance through the skies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driven,
Discharg'd his wrath on half the host of heaven;
But Pallas, springing through the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the God.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars she snatch'd the sick and
spear;

Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus to th' impetuous homicide the aid :

By what wild passion, furious ! art thou tost ?
Striv'st thou with Jove ? thou art already lost.
Shall not the Thunderer's dread command re-
And was imperial Juno heard in vain ? [strain,
Back to the skies would'st thou with shame be
driven,

And in thy guilt involve the host of heaven ?
Ilium and Greece no more shall Jove engage ;
The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage,
Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,
And one vast ruin whelm th' Olympian state.
Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call ;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet shall fall,
Why should Heaven's law with foolish man com-
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die ? [ply,

This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne :
Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan,
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the God of Day.
Go wait the Thunderer's will (Saturnia cry'd)
On yon tall summit of the fountful Ide :
There in the Father's awful presence stand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.

She said, and sat : the God that girds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hill they came
(Fair nurse of fountains and of savage game) ;
There fat th' Eternal ; he, whose nod controls
The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles.
Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round :
Well-pleas'd the Thunderer saw their earnest
care,

And prompt obedience to the Queen of Air ;
Then (while a smile serenec his awful brow)
Commands the Goddess of the showery bow :

Iris ! descend, and what we here ordain
Report to yon mad Tyrant of the Main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuse, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms ?
Strives he with me, by whom his power was given,
And is there equal to the Lord of Heaven ?

Th' Almighty spake : the Goddess wing'd her
To sacred Ilium from th' Idæan height. [flight
Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows,
Drive through the skies, when Boreas fiercely
So from the clouds descending Iris falls, [blows ;
And to blue Neptune thus the Goddess calls ;

Attend the mandate of the Sire above,
In me behold the messenger of Jove :
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms ?
Striv'st thou with him, by whom all power is
given ?

And art thou equal to the Lord of Heaven ?

What means the haughty Sovereign of the Skies
(The King of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies)

Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high ;
No vassal God, nor of his train, am I.
Three brother Deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhœa, Earth's immortal dame :
Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know ;
Infernal Pluto sways the shades below ;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain ;
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep :
Olympus, and this earth, in common lie ;
What claim has here the Tyrant of the Sky ?
Far in the distant clouds let him control,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole ;
There to his children his commands be given,
The trembling, servile, second race of Heaven.
And must I then (said she) O Sire of Floods !
Bear this fierce answer to the King of Gods ?
Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent ;
A noble mind disdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian sentinels are given,
To scourge the wretch insulting them and Heav-
ven.

Great is the profit (thus the God rejoind)
When ministers are blest with prudent mind :
Warn'd by thy words, to powerful Jove I yield,
And quit, though angry, the contended field.
Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,
The same our honours, and our birth the same.
If yet, forgetful of his promise given
To Hermes, Pallas, and the Queen of Heaven ;
To favour Ilium, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal races
Give him to know, unless the Grecian train
Lay yon proud structures level with the plain,
Howe'er th' offence by other Gods be past,
The wrath of Neptune shall for ever last.

Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,
And plung'd into the bosom of the flood.
The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus bespoke the Source of Light :

Behold ! the God whose liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe ; whose earthquakes rock the
Desists at length his rebel war to wage, [world,
Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage ;
Else had my wrath, heaven's thrones all shaking
round,

Burn'd to the bottom of the seas profound ;
And all the Gods that round old Saturn dwell
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.
Well was the crime and well the vengeance spar'd,
Ev'n power immense had found such battle hard.
Go thou, my son ! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad ægis on thy active arm ;
Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war :
Let Ilium conquer, till th' Achaian train
Fly to their ships, and Hellepont again :
Then Greece shall breathe from toils—The God-
head said ;

His will divine the son of Jove obey'd.
Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle through the liquid skies ;
As Phœbus, shooting from th' Idæan brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector seated by the stream he sees,
His sense returning with the coming breeze ;

Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise ;
 Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes ;
 Jove thinking of his pains, they past away.
 To whom the God who gives the golden day :
 Why fits great Hector from the field so far ?
 What grief, what wound, withholds thee from
 the war ?

The fainting hero, as the vision bright
 Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight :
 What blest immortal, with commanding breath,
 Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death ?
 Has fame not told, how, while my trusty sword
 Bath'd Greece in slaughter, and her battle gor'd,
 The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow
 Had almost sunk me to the shades below ?
 Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,
 And hell's black horrors swim before my eye.

To him Apollo : Be no more dismay'd ;
 See, and be strong ! the Thunderer sends thee aid.
 Behold ! thy Phœbus shall his arms employ,
 Phœbus, propitious still to thee and Troy.
 Inspire thy warriors then with manly force,
 And to the ships impel thy rapid horse :
 Ev'n I will make thy fiery couriers way,
 And drive the Grecians headlong to the sea.
 Thus to bold Hector spoke the son of Jove,
 And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
 As when the pamp'ring steed, with reins unbound,
 Breaks from his stall, and pours along the ground ;
 With ample strokes he rushes to the flood,
 To bathe his sides, and cool his fiery blood ;
 His head now freed, he tosses to the skies ;
 His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies :
 He snuffs the females in the well-known plain,
 And springs, exulting, to his fields again :
 Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
 Full of the God ; and all his hosts pursue.
 As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
 Invade the mountain-goat, or branching hind ;
 Far from the hunter's rage secure they lie
 Close in the rock (not fated yet to die) ;
 When lo ! a lion shoots across the way !
 They fly : at once the chafers and the prey.
 So Greece, that late in conquering troops pur-
 sued, {blood,

And mark'd their progress through the ranks in
 Soon as they see the furious chief appear,
 Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear.
 Thus with grief observ'd his dreadful course,
 Thoas, the bravest of th' Ætolian force :
 Skill'd to direct the javelin's distant flight,
 And bold to combat in the standing fight ;
 Nor more in councils fam'd for solid sense,
 Than winning words and heavenly eloquence.
 Gods ! what portent (he cry'd) these eyes in-
 vades ?

Lo ! Hector rises from the Stygian shades !
 We saw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd :
 What God restores him to the frighted field ;
 And, not content that half of Greece lie slain,
 Pours new destruction on her sons again ?
 He comes not, Jove ! without thy powerful will ;
 Lo ! still he lives, pursues and conquers still !
 Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand :
 The Greeks' main body to the fleet command ;
 But let the few whom briskest spirits warm,
 Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm.

Thus point your arms ; and when such foes ap-
 Pierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear. [pear

The warrior spoke, the listening Greeks obey,
 Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.

Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion, gave command,

The valiant leader of the Cretan band,
 And Mars-like Meges : these the chiefs excite,
 Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
 Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
 To flank the navy, and the shores defend.

Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,
 And Hector first came towering to the war.

Phœbus himself the rushing battle led ;
 A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head.

High-held before him Jove's enormous shield
 Portentous shone, and shaded all the field ;

Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift consign'd,
 To scatter hosts, and terrify mankind.

The Greeks expect the shock, the clamours rise
 From different parts, and mingle in the skies.

Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,
 And arrows leaping from the bow-string flung ;

These drink the life of generous warriors slain ;
 Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.

As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the shield,
 Sat doubtful Conquest hovering o'er the field ;

But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,
 Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,

Deep horror seizes every Grecian breast,
 Their force is humbled, and their fear confess.

So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,
 No swain to guard them, and no day to guide,

When two fell lions from the mountain come,
 And spread the carnage through the shady gloom.

Impetuous Phœbus pours around them fear,
 And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.

Heaps fall on heaps : the slaughter Hector leads ;
 First great Arcesilas, then Sticlus, bleeds ;

One to the bold Boeotians ever dear,
 And one Menestheus' friend, and fam'd compeer.

Medon and Ialus, Æneas sped ;
 This sprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led ;

But hapless Medon from Oileus came ;
 Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,

Though born of lawless love : from home ex-
 pell'd,

A banish'd man, in Phylacæ he dwell'd,
 Press'd by the vengeance of an angry wife ;

Troy ends, at last, his labours and his life.
 Mecystes next Polydamas o'erthrew ;

And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor slew.
 By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,

Pierc'd through the shoulder as he basely flies.
 Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain ;

Stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain.
 The Greeks dismay'd, confus'd, disperse or fall ;

Some seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall.
 While these fly trembling, others pant for breath,

And o'er the slaughter stalks gigantic Death.
 On rush'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night ;

Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,
 Points to the fleet : For, by the Gods, who flies,

Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies ;
 No weeping sister his cold eye shall close,

No friendly hand his funeral pyre compose.
 Who stops to plunder at this signal hour,

The birds shall tear him, and the dogs devour.

Furious he said, the smarting scourge rebounds;
The couriers fly; the smoking chariot bounds:
The hosts rush on; loud clamours shake the shore;
The horses thunder, Earth and Ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound, [mound:
Push'd at the bank; down sunk th' enormous
Roll'd in the ditch the heavy ruin lay;
A sudden road! a long and ample way.
O'er the dread fosse (a late impervious space)
Now steeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous pass.
The wondering crouds the downward level trod;
Before them flam'd the shield, and march'd the
God.

Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
Easy, as when ashore the infant stands,
And draws imagin'd houses in the sands;
The sportive wanton, pleas'd with some new play,
Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away.
Thus vanish'd, at thy touch, the towers and walls;
The toil of thousands in a moment falls.

The Grecians gaze around with wild despair,
Confus'd, and weary all the Powers with prayer;
Exhort their men with praises, threats, commands;
And urge the Gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experienc'd Nestor chief obtests the skies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes:

O Jove! if ever, on his native shore,
One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fattest firtings of the fold;
If e'er thou sign'st our wishes with thy nod;
Perform the promise of a gracious God!
This day, preserve our navies from the flame,
And save the reliques of the Grecian name.

Thus pray'd the sage: th' Eternal gave consent,

And peals of thunder shook the firmament:
Presumptuous Troy mistook th' accepting sign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies,
The roaring deeps in watery mountains rise,
Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus, loudly roaring, and o'er-powering all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
Legions on legions from each side arise:
Thick sound the keels; the storm of arrows flies,
Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,
These wield the mace, and those the javelin
throw.

While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
And labouring armies round the works engag'd;
Still in the tent Patroclus sat, to tend
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He sprinkles healing balms to anguish kind,
And adds discourse, the medicine of the mind.
But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy; then, starting from his seat,
With bitter groans his sorrows he express,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast.
Though yet thy state requires redress (he cries)
Depart I must: what horrors strike my eyes!
Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
A mournful witness of this scene of woe:
I haste to urge him, by his country's care,
To rise in arms, and shine again in war.

Perhaps some favouring God his soul may bend;
The voice is powerful of a faithful friend.

He spoke; and speaking, swifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the ward behind.
Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack sustain,
But strive, though numerous, to repulse, in vain!
Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.
As when a shipwright with Palladian art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels every part;
With equal hand he guides his whole design,
By the just rule, and the directing line:
The martial leaders, with like skill and care,
Preserv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks were
And every ship sustain'd an equal tide. [try'd,
At one proud bark, high-towering o'er the fleet,
Ajax the great and godlike Hector meet;
For one bright prize the matchless chiefs contend;
Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend;
One kept the shore, and one the vessel trod;
That fix'd as Fate, this acted by a God.
The son of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand;
But pierc'd by Telemon's huge lance expires;
Thundering he falls, and drops th' extinguish'd
fires.

Great Hector view'd him with a sad survey,
As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.
Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space:
Lo! where the son of royal Clytius lies;
Ah, save his arms, secure his obsequies!

This said, his eager javelin fought the foe:
But Ajax shunn'd the meditated blow.

Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lyncphron:
An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax board,
A faithful servant to a foreign lord;
In peace, in war, for ever at his side,
Near his lov'd master, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,
And lies a lifeless load along the land.
With anguish Ajax views the piercing sight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight;

Teucer, behold! extended on the shore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! how no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd, to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.

Where are those darts on which the Fates attend?
And where the bow, which Phœbus taught to
Impatient Teucer, hastening to his aid, [bend?
Before the chief his ample bow display'd;

The well-stor'd quiver on his shoulders hung:
Then hiss'd his arrow, and the bow-string sung.
Clytius, Pisenor's son, renown'd in fame
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name)
Drove thro' the thickest of th' embattled plains
The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arrests him from behind.
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far,
The headlong couriers spurn his empty car;

Till sad Polydamas the steeds restrain'd,
And gave, Alistynous, to thy careful hand;
Then, fir'd to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe;
Rage edg'd his sword, and strengthen'd every
blow.

Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause,
At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the destin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day!
But Hector was not doom'd to perish then:
Th' all-wise Disposer of the fates of men
(Imperial Jove) his present death withstands;
Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands.
At its full stretch as the tough string he drew,
Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two;
Down dropt the bow: the shaft with brazen-head
Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.
Th' astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries,
Some God prevents our destin'd enterprise;
Some God, propitious to the Trojan foe,
Has, from my arm unfailing, struck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with
art;

Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.

Since Heaven commands it (Ajax made reply)
Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by,
(Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield)
And quit the quiver for the ponderous shield;
In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,
Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long successes vain,
'To force our fleet, or ev'n a ship to gain,
Asks toil, and sweat, and blood: their utmost
might

Shall find its match---no more: 'tis ours to fight.

Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside;
The four-fold buckler o'er his shoulders ty'd;
On his brave head a crested helm he plac'd,
With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;
A dart, whose point with brass resplendent shines,
The warrior wears: and his great brother joins.

This Hector saw, and thus express'd his joy:
Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,
And spread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I saw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours shine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How easy then, to see the sinking state
Of realms accurst, deserted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours.
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your powers.
Death is the worst; a fate which all must try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.
The gallant man, though slain in fight lie be,
Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free;
Entails a debt on all the grateful state;
His own brave friends shall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed;
And late posterity enjoy the deed!

This rous'd the soul in every Trojan breast.
The godlike Ajax next his Greeks address'd:
'How long, ye warriors of the Argive race
(To generous Argos what a dire disgrace!
How long, on these curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live or die!

What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire?
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall;
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates;
To your own hands are trusted all your fates;
And better far, in one decisive strife,
One day should end our labour, or our life;
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,
Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious
hands.

The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame;
And every kindling bosom pants for fame.
Then mutual slaughters spread on either side;
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd;
There, pierc'd by Ajax, sunk Laodamas,
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.
Polydamas laid Otus on the sand,
The fierce commander of th' Epian band.
His lance bold Megeas at the victor threw;
The victor, stooping, from the death withdrew;
(That valued life, O Phoebus, was thy care);
But Cresseus' bosom took the flying spear:
His corpse fell bleeding on the slippery shore;
His radiant arms triumphant Megeas bore.
Dolops, the son of Lampus, rushes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,
And fam'd for prowess in a well-fought field;
He pierc'd the centre of his sounding shield;
But Megeas Phyleus' ample breast-plate wore
(Well-known in fight on Seles' winding shore)
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale;
Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won,
Had sav'd the father, and now saves the son.
Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance;
New ting'd with Tyrian dye: in dust below,
Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow.
Mean time their fight the Spartan king survey'd,
And stood by Megeas' side, a sudden aid,
Through Dolops' shoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its passage through the panting wound,
And issued at his breast. With thundering sound
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.
In rush the conquering Greeks to spoil the slain:
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young.
He (ere to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;
But when, oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilium, and excell'd in war;
For this, in Priam's court, he held his place,
Below'd no less than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead
Lo, Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinsman dies;
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on!--a distant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage;
Till Greece at once, and all her glory end,
Or Ilium from her towering height descend,

Hew'd from the lowest stone; and bury all
In one sad sepulchre, one common fall.

Hector (thus said) rush'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows:
Then Ajax thus—O Greeks! respect your fame,
Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame:
Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.
On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.

His generous sense he not in vain imparts;
It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts;
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,
And stop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.
The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause,
Warms the bold son of Nestor in his cause:
Is there (he said) in arms a youth like you,
So strong to fight, so active to pursue?
Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed?
Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed.

He said; and backward to the lines retir'd;
Forth rush'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremost ranks; his lance he threw,
And round the black battalions cast his view.
The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear,
While the swift javelin hiss'd along in air.
Advancing Melanippus met the dart
With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart:
Thundering he falls; his falling arms resound,
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.
The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize:
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
And rears his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart
The distant hunter sent into his heart.
Observing Hector to the rescue flew;
Bold as he was, Antiochus withdrew.
So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd swain;
While, conscious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gathering multitude resound,
Timely he flies the yet-untasted load,
And gains the friendly shelter of the wood.
So tears the youth; all Troy with shouts pursue,
While stones and darts in mingled tempests flew;
But, enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
His manly breast, and with new fury burns.

Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove:
The Sire of Gods, confirming Thetis' prayer,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair;
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.

On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the skies;
Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn,
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilium burn.
These fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
He raises Hector to the work design'd,
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe.
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge javelin, and whole armies fall.

Not with more rage a conflagration rolls;
Wraps the vast mountains, and involves the poles.
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye balls glow:
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For Jove his splendor found the chief had thrown;
And cast the blaze of both the kists on one.
Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what Fate allow'd, the honours of a day!

Now, all on fire for fame his breath, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and single every prize;
Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
The Grecian phalanx moveless as a tower,
On all sides batter'd, yet resists his power:
So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main;
By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain;
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempest blow,
And sees the watery mountains break below.
Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall,
Like fire from Jove, and bursts upon them all:
Buist as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends,
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing thro' every shroud:
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears;
And instant death on every wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.

As when a lion rushing from his den,
Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen
(Where numerous oxen, as at ease they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead)
Leaps on the herds before the herdsmen's eyes:
The trembling herdsmen far to distance flies:
Some loudly bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)
He singles out; arrests, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he seiz'd, and flew:
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame;
The minister of stern Eurytheus' ire,
Against Alcides, Corpeus was his sire:
The son redeem'd the honours of the race,
A son as generous as the sire was base;
O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far
In every virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield!
Against the margin of his ample shield
He struck his hasty foot: his heels up sprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rang.
On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan prest,
And plung'd the pointed javelin in his breast.
His circling friends, who strove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero, fled, or sharr'd his fate.

Chac'd from the foremost line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main:
Wedge'd in one body at the tents they stand,
Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy desperate band.

Now manly shame forbids th' inglorious flight;
Now fear itself confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but Nestor most
(The sage preserver of the Grecian host)

Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores;
And by their parents, by themselves, implores.

O friends! be men: your generous breasts in-
flame

With equal honour, and with mutual shame?
Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents, share:
Think of each living father's reverend head:
Think of each ancestor with glory dead;
Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue;
They ask their safety, and their fame, from you:
The Gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are lost, if you desert the day.

He spoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.
The mist of darkness Jove around them threw,
She clear'd, restoring all the war to view;
A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain,
And shew'd the shores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they saw, and all who fly, or fight,
The scene wide-opening to the blaze of light.
First of the field great Ajax strikes their eyes,
His port majestic, and his ample size:

A ponderous mace with studs of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long, he swings around;
Nor fights, like others, fix'd to certain stands,
But looks a moving tower above the bands;
High on the decks, with vast gigantic stride,
The godlike hero stalks from side to side.
So when a horseman from the watery mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)
Drives four fair couriers, practis'd to obey,
To some great city through the public way;
Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies:
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.

From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew,
No less the wonder of the warring crew,
As furious Hector thunder'd, threats aloud,
And rush'd enrag'd before the Trojan crowd:
Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores:
So the strong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the swans' or cranes' embody'd flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And, stooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes fierce spirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the founding prores.
Thou wouldst have thought, so furious was their
fire

No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
Troy in proud hopes, already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain!

Like strength is felt from hope and from despair
And each contends, as his were all the war.

'Twas thou, bold Hector! whose resolute hand
First seiz'd a ship on that contested strand;
The same which dead Proteus bore,
The first that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan shore:
For this in arms the warring nations stood, [blood.
And bath'd their generous breasts with mutual
No room to poize the lance or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man, they grow:
Wounded they wound; and seek each other's
hearts

With falcions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.
The falcions ring, shields rattle, axes found,
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground;
With streaming blood the slippery shores are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Still raging Hector with his ample hand
Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud com-
mand: [years

Haste, bring the flames! the toil of ten long
Is finish'd! and the day desir'd appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with destruction of yon hostile fleet.
The coward counsels of a timorous throng
Of reverend dotards, check'd our glory long:
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:
In this great day he crowns our full desires,
Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.

He spoke—the warriors, at his fierce command,
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
Ev'n Ajax paus'd (so thick the javelins fly)
Stepp'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.
Yet where the oars are plac'd, he stands to wait:
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate:
Ev'n to the last, his naval charge defends,
Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now portends;
Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts inspire,
Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.

O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!
Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.
What aids expect you in this utmost strait?
What bulwarks rising between you and fate?
No aids, no bulwarks, your retreat attend;
No friends to help, no city to defend.
This spot is all you have, to lose or keep;
There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hostile ground you tread; your native lands
Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.

Raging he spoke; nor farther wastes his breath,
But turns his javelin to the work of death.
Whatever bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
Against the sable ships, with flaming brands,
So well the chief his naval weapon sped,
The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead;
Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell!

B O O K XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The sixth Battle: the A&ls and Death of Patroclus.

Patroclus (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles' troops and armour. He agrees to it; but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without further pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, foldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles' armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation: he beats them off from the vessels. Hector himself flies. Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulses and disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.

So warr'd both armies on th' ensanguin'd shore,
While the black vessels smok'd with human gore.
Mean time Patroclus to Achilles flies;
The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
Not faster tickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the fable waters flow.
Divine Pelides, with compassion mov'd,
Thus spoke, indulgent to his best-belov'd:

Patroclus, say, what grief thy bosom bears,
That flows so fast in these unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant, whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breast, with fonder passion weeps;
Not more the mother's soul that infant warm,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou hast mine! Oh tell me, to what end
Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend?

Griev'd thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come sad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live (our first, most tender care)
Thy good Menætiüs breathes the vital air,
And hoary Pelëus yet extends his days;
Pleas'd in their age to hear their children's praise.

Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim!
Perhaps yon reliques of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care, [share.
And speak those sorrows which a friend would

A sigh, that instant, from his bosom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke:

Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast,
Thyself a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the best!
Lo! every chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son
And wise Ulysses, at the navy groan, } own.
More for their country's wounds than for their }
Their pain, soft arts of pharmacy can ease,
Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.

May never rage like thine my soul enslave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country slighted in her last distress, [dress?
What friend, what man, from thee shall hope re-

TRANS.

No---men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curse that sence, that unforgiving mind.

O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,
Nor ever amorous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender Goddess brought thee forth.
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm,
A soul well-suited that tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind.

If some dire oracle thy breast alarm,
I taught from Jove, or Thetis, stop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Glad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and desert the war:
Without thy person Greece shall win the day,
And thy mere image chase her foes away.
Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ships, and Greece respire again.

Thus, blind to fate! with supplicating breath,
Thou begg'st his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding sigh

Thy friend return'd; and with it this reply:

Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears;
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles, he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can suggest:
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought
Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage: [engage,
I made him tyrant: gave him power to wrong
Ev'n me; I felt it; and shall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the to'ls of many a well fought day;
Due to my conquest of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the meanest slave.
But bear we this---the wrongs I grieve are past;
'Tis time our fury should relent at last:
I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears;
Now Hector to my ships his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears.

Go, then, Patroclus ! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms :
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go, save the fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
At the last age of yon deserted land !
Behold all Ilion on their ships descends ;
How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends !
It was not thus, when, at my sight amaz'd,
Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd :
Had not the injurious king our friendship lost,
You ample trench had bury'd half her host.
No camps, no bulwarks, now the Trojans fear ;
Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there :
No longer flames the lance of Tydides' son ;
No more your general calls his heroes on ;
Hector alone I hear ; his dreadful breath
Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain :
Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,
And give the Greeks to visit Greece again. }
But heed my words, and mark a friend's com-
mand,

Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,
And from thy deeds expects, th' Achaian host
Shall render back the beautiful maid he lost.
Rage uncontrol'd through all the hostile crew,
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.
Though Jove in thunder should command the war ;
Be just, consult my glory, and forbear :
The fleet once sav'd, desist from farther chase, •
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race ;
Some adverse God thy rashness may destroy ;
Some God, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece, redeem'd from this destructive strait,
Do her own work ; and leave the rest to Fate. '
Oh ' would to all th' immortal Powers above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove,
That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race survive ;
Might only we the vast destruction shun,
And only we destroy th' accursed town !

Such conference held the chiefs ; while on the
strand [band.

Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan
Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd,
So thick the darts an iron tempest rain'd :
On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung ;
His hollow helm with falling javelins rung ;
His breath, in quick, short pantings, comes and
goes ;

And painful sweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at most ;
Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post :
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and woe succeeds to woe.

Say, Muses, thron'd above the starry frame,
How first the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame ?

Stern Hector wav'd his sword : and standing
near

Where furious Ajax ply'd his ashen spear,
Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,
'That the broad faulchion lopp'd its brazen head :
His pointle's spear the warrior shakes in vain ;
The brazen head falls sounding on the plain.
Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign ;

Warn'd, he retreats, Then swift from all sides pour
The hissing brands ; thick streams the fiery shower ;
O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,
And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.

Divine Achilles view'd the rising flames,
And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims :
Arm, arm, Patroclus ! Lo, the blaze aspires !
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame ;
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name ;
I haste to bring the troops—the hero said ;
The friend with ardour, and with joy obey'd.

He cas'd his limbs in brass ; and first around
His manly legs with silver buckles bound
The clat'ping greaves ; then to his breast applic'd
The flamy cuirass, of a thousand dyes ;
Emblaz'd with studs of gold : his faulchion shone
In the rich belt, as in a starry zone :
Achilles' shield his ample shoulders spread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head :
Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He flash'd around intolerable day.

Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' javelin stands,
Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands ;
From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and shap'd it for his fire ;
Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The second to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
The winged couriers harnes'd to the car ;

Xanthus and Balaus, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed ;
Whom the wing'd Harpy, swift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy shore :
Swift Pedasus was added to their side
(Once great Actœon's, now Achilles' pride)
Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,
A mortal courier, match'd th' immortal race.

Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.

All breathing death, around their chief they stand,
A grim terrific formidable band :
Grim as voracious wolves, that seek the springs
When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings ;
When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood,
Has diench'd their wide insatiate throats with
blood,

To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And, gorg'd with slaughter, still they thirst for
more.

Like furious rush'd the Myrmaïonian crew,
Such their dread strength, and such their death-
ful view.

High in the midst the great Achilles stands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd from Ilion's shores
Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars ;
Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himself supreme in valour, as in sway.

First march'd Menestheus, of celestial birth,
Deriv'd from thee, whose waters wash the earth,
Divine Spirchius ! Jove-defending flood !
A mortal mother mixing with a God.

Such was Menestheus, bitt miscall'd by fame
The son of Borus, that espous'd the dame.

Eudorus next ; whom Polymeles the gay,
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
Her, fly Celenus lov'd, on her would gaze,
As with swift step she form'd the running maze :
To her high chamber, from Diana's quire,
The God pursued her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
The son confess'd his father's heavenly race,
And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chase.
Strong Echecléus, blest in all those charms
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms ;
Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he fought and won the dame ;
Her secret offspring to her fire she bare ;
Her fire caref'd him with a parent's care.

Pisander follow'd ; matchless in his art
To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart ;
No hand so sure of all th' Emathian line,
Or if a surer, great Patroclus ! thine.
— fourth by Phoenix' grave command was
grac'd ;

Lærcés' valiant offspring led the last.
Soon as Achilles with superior care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This stern remembrance to his troops he gave :
Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave !
Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan
throng,

Think what reproach these ears endure'd so long,
" Stern son of Peleus ! (thus ye us'd to say,
While, restless, raging, in your ships you lay)
" Oh, nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield ;
" Whose rage defrauds us of so fam'd a field ;
" If that dire fury must for ever burn,
" What make we here ? Return ; ye chiefs, re-
turn ! " [no more.

Such were your words—Now, warriors, grieve
Lo there the Trojans ! bathe your swords in gore !
This day shall give you all your foul demands ;
Glut all your hearts ! and weary all your hands !
Thus while he rous'd the fire in every breast,
Close, and more close, the listening cohorts prest ;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks ; of aim, a steely ring
Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the
As when a circling wall the builder forms, [king.
Of strength defensive again't wind and storms,
Compacted stones the thickening work compose,
And round him wide the rising structure grows :
So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng,
Shield urg'd on shield, and man drove man along ;
Thick, undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.

Far o'er the rest, in glittering pomp appear,
There bold Automedon, Patroclus here ;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd ;
Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.

But, mindful of the Gods, Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his shady tent :
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold
(The presents of the silver-footed dame).
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,
Which never man had stain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in offerings to the Powers divine,
But Peleus' son ; and Peleus' son to none
Had rais'd in offerings, but to Jove alone.

This ting'd with sulphur, sacred first to flame,
He purg'd ; and wash'd it in the running stream.
Then cleans'd his hands ; and, fixing for a space
His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place
Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midst ; and thus the God implor'd :

O thou Supreme ! high-thron'd all height above !
Oh great Pelasgic, Dodonæan Jove !
Who 'midst furioung frosts, and vapours chill,
Pleid'st on bleak Dolona's vocal hill -
(Whose groves, the Selli, race austere ! surround,
Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground ;
Who hear, from rustling rocks, thy dark de-
crees ;

And catch the fates, low-whisper'd in the breeze :)
Hear, as of old ! Thou gav'st, at Thetis' prayer,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair.
Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The best, the dearest of my friends, I yield ;
Though still determin'd, to my ships conhn'd ;
Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.
Oh ! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war :
Pres'd by his single force, let Hector see
His fame in arms not owing all to me.
But when the fleets are sav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conquest and renown retire ;
Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,
And safe return him to these eyes again.

Great Jove consents to half the chief's request,
But heaven's eternal doom denies the rest ;
To free the fleet, was granted to his prayer ;
His safe return, the winds dispers'd in air.
Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.

Mean while the troops beneath Patroclus' care
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As wasps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their mansions by the broad high way,
In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,
Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage ;
All rise in arms, and with a general cry
Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms,
So loud their clamour, and so keen their arms ;
Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires.

Oh warriors, partners of Achilles' praise !
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days :
Your godlike master let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think, your Achilles sees you fight : be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you save.

Joyful they heard, and, kindling as he spoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and smoke.
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,
The hollow ships return a deeper sound.

The war stood still, and all around them gaz'd,
When great Achilles' shining armour blaz'd :
Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh ;
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.

Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus ! flew,
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.
Close to the stern of that fam'd ship, which bore
Unblest Proteilaus to Ilion's shore,
The great Præonian, bold Pyrræches, stood
(Who led his bands from Axios' winding flood).

His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound ;
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.
His troops, that see their country's glory slain,
Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ship proud Troy retires:
Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy rises:
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies ;
Triumphant Greece her rescued decks ascends,
And loud acclaim the starry region rends.
So, when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heaven's expanse like one black cieling spread,

Sudden the Thunderer, with a flashing ray, [day:
Bursts through the darkness, and lets down the
'T he hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,
And streams, and vales, and forests, strike the eyes ;
'The smiling scene wide opens to the sight,
And all th' unmeasur'd æther flames with light.

But Troy repuls'd, and scatter'd o'er the plains,
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now every Greek some hostile hero slew,
But still the foremost bold Patroclus flew ;
As Arclycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound ;
The brazen pointed spear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone :
Headlong he fell. Next, Thoas, was thy chance,
Thy breast, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and transpierc'd his thigh,
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away ;
In darkness and in death the warrior lay.

In equal arms two sons of Nestor stand,
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band :
By great Antilochus, Asymnius dies,
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth ! he lies.
Kind Maria, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathless carcase on the ground :
Furious he flies, his murderer to engage ;
But godlike Thraſimede prevents his rage,
Between his arm and shoulder aims a blow ;
His arm falls spouting on the dust below :
He sinks, with endless darkness cover'd o'er ;
And vents his soul, effus'd with gushing gore.
Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bled,
Sarpedon's friends, Amisodarus' seed ;
Amisodarus, who, by Furies led,
The bane of men, abhorr'd Chimaera bred ;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty sire.

Stopp'd in the tumult, Cleobolus lies
Beneath Oilcus' arm, a living prize ;
A living prize not long the Trojan stood ;
'The thirsty falchion drank his reeking blood:
Plung'd in his throat the smoking weapon lies ;
Black death, and fate un pitying, seal his eye .

Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame,
Lycan the brave, and fierce Peneleus, came ;
In vain their javelins at each other flew,
Now met in arms, their eager swords they drew.
On the plum'd crest of his Boeotian foe,
The daring Lycan aim'd a noble blow ;
The sword broke short ; but his, Peneleus' sped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head :
'The head, divided by a stroke so just,
Hurt by the skin : the body sunk to dust.

O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds,
Pierc'd through the shoulder as he mounts his
steeds ;

Back from the car he tumbles to the ground :
His swimming eyes eternal shades furround.

Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan steel :
Beneath the brain the point a passage tore,
Crash'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in
gore :

His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils, pour a flood ;
He sobs his soul out in the gulf of blood.

As when the flocks, neglected by the swain
(Or kids, or lambs) lie scatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge survey,
And tend the trembling, unresisting prey ;
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came ;
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.

But still at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,
Still pointed at his breast his javelin flam'd :
The Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad shoulders spread the mastly shield,
Obseiv'd the storm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing shower.
He sees for Greece the scale of conquest rise,
Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.

As when the hand of Jove a tempest forms,
And rolls the clouds to blacken heaven with
storms,

Dark o'er the fields th' ascending vapour flies,
And shades the sun, and blots the golden skies :
So from the ships, along the dusky plain,
Dire Flight and Terror drove the Trojan train.
Ev'n Hector fled ; through heaps of diarray
The fiery couriers forc'd their loud away :
While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd ;
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vast carnage bruish'd:
Chariots on chariots roll ; the clashing spokes
Shock ; while the madd'ning steeds break short their
yokes :

In vain they labour up the sleepy mound ;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with shouts, Patroclus flies ;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies ;
Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight ;
Clouds rise on clouds, and heaven is snatch'd from
fight.

Th' affrighted steeds, their dying lords cast down,
Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die,
Where horse, and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding heroes under axes groan.

No stop, no check, the steeds of Peleus knew ;
From bank to bank th' immortal couriers flew,
High-bounding o'er the fosse : the whirling car
Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying
And thunders after Hector ; Hector flies, [war,
Patroclus slakes his lance ; but Fate denies.

Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,
The tide of Trojans urge their desperate course,
Than when in Autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is laden with incessant showers
(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
Or judges, brib'd, betray the righteous cause) ;
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies :

Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept
away;

Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;
And trembling man fees all his labours vain.

And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd)
Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,
Bore down half Troy in his resistless way,
And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the day.
Between the space where silver Simois flows,
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires
rose,

All grim in dust and blood, Patroclus stands,
And turns the slaughter on the conquering bands
First Pronous died beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the shield his valiant heart.
Theftor was next; who saw the chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear;
Shrank-up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly;
Patroclus mark'd him as he slunn'd the war,
And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the
jaws

The javelin sticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that over-hangs the main,
An angler, studious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore;
Not with less ease the barbed javelin bore
The gaping dastard: as the spear was shook,
He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.

Next on Eryalus he flies; a stone,
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:
Full on his crown the ponderous fragment flew,
And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two:
Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,
And death involv'd him with the shades of hell.
Then low in dust Epaltes, Echius lie;
Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
Amphotrus, and Erymas succeed;
And last Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.
Where'er he moves, the growing slaughters spread
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.

When now Sarpedon his brave friend beheld
Groveling in dust, and gasping on the field,
With this reproach his flying host he warns:
Oh stain to honour! oh disgrace to arms!
Forfake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain:
The task be mine, this hero's strength to try.
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.
He spake; and, speaking, leaps from off the car;
Patroclus lights, and steinly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountain's height
Stoop with re sounding pinions to the fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry:
The desert echoes, and the rocks reply:
The warriors thus, oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.

Jove view'd the combat; whose event foreseen,
He thus bespoke his Sister and his Queen:
The hour draws on; the Destinies ordain,
My godlike son shall press the Phrygian plain:
Already on the verge of death he stands,
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.
What passions in a parent's breast debate!
Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate,

And send him safe to Lycia, distant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;
Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,
And fatten with celestial blood the field?

Then thus the Goddess with the radiant eyes:
What words are these? O Sovereign of the Skies!
Short is the date prescrib'd to mortal man;
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow span,
Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began?
How many sons of Gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilium must resign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,
And murmuring powers condemn their partial
Jove.

Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And, when th' ascending soul has wing'd her
flight,

Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
The breathless body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praise,
A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
And lasting honours to his ashes give;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live.

She said; the Cloud-compeller, overcome,
Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom. {till'd
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heavens dis-
A shower of blood o'er all the fatal field:
The God, his eyes averting from the plain
Laments his son, predestin'd to be slain,
Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native
reign.

Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the shield, and pois'd the lifted spea
From strong Patroclus' hand the javelin fled,
And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed;
The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk sustain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two founding darts the Lycian leader threw;
The first aloof with erring fury flew,
The next transpierc'd Achilles' mortal steed,
The generous Pedatus of Theban breed;
Fix'd in the shoulder's joint, he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slippery
ground.

His sudden fall th' entangled harness broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook:
When bold Automedon, to disengage
The starting couriers, and restrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his sword, and freed
Th' incumbent'd chariot from the dying steed:
The rest move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.

The towering chiefs to fiercer fights advance,
And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its dying force.
Not to Patroclus' never-erring dart:
Amid'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part, }
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart;
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, (fit mast for some great admiral)
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground:
Thus fell the king; and, laid on earth supine, }
Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine:
He grasp'd the dust disdain'd with streaming gore,
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.

So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking
blood; [the wood]

Deep groans, and hollow roars, re-bellow through

Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief address'd his last command:
Glaucus, be bold; thy task be first to dare
The glorious danger of destructive war,
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and supply the dead.
Tell them, I charg'd them with my latest breath
Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.
What grief, what shame, must Glaucus undergo,
If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe!
Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;
That, taught by great examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.

He ceas'd; the Fates suppress'd his labouring
breath,

And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death.
Th' insulting victor with disdain bestrode
The prostrate prince, and on his bosom uod;
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of
blood,

And the soul issued in the purple flood.
His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain,
Unguided now, their mighty master slain.
All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.
His painful arm, yet useless with the smart
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
Supported on his better hand he stay'd;
To Phœbus then, ('twas all he could) he pray'd:

All-seeing monarch! whether Lycia's coast,
Or sacred Ilium, thy bright presence boast,
Powerful alike to ease the wretch's smart!
O hear me! God of every healing art!
Lo! stuff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with
pain,

That thrills my arm, and shoots thro' every vein,
I stand, unable to sustain the spear,
And sigh, at distance from the glorious war.
Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,
Nor Jove vouchsaf'd his hapless offspring aid.
But thou, O God of Health! thy succour lend,
To guard the reliques of my slaughter'd friend.
For thou, though distant, canst restore my might,
To heal my Lycians, and support the fight.

Apollo heard; and, suppliant as he stood,
His heavenly hand restrain'd the flux of blood:
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breath'd a spirit in his rising heart:
Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,
And owns th' assistance of immortal hands.
First to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms:
With ample strides he stalks from place to place
Now fire Agenor, now Polydamas;
Æneas next, and Hector, he accosts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts:

What thoughts, regardless chief! thy breast
employ

Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!

Those generous friends, who, from their country
far,

Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.
See! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wise,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee!
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
O save from hostile rage his lov'd remains:
Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,
Nor on his cost revenge her heroes lost.

He spoke; each leader in his grief partook,
Troy, at the loss, through all her legions shook.
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief, who led to Troy's beleaguerr'd wall
A host of heroes, and out-dun'd them all.
Fir'd they rush on; first Hector seeks the foes,
And with superior vengeance greatly glows.

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands,
And, rousing Ajax, rous'd the listening bands:

Heroes, be men! be what you were before;
Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.
The chief, who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the held.
To guard his body, Troy in numbers lies;
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.

Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him
And send the living Lycians to the dead. [spread,

The heroes kindle at his fierce command;
The martial squadrons close on either hand:
Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
Thessalia there, and Greece, oppole their arms.
With horrid shouts they circle round the slain;
The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great Jove, to swell the horrors of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night;
And round his son confounds the warring hosts,
His fate enobling with a crowd of ghosts.

Now Grece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;
Agacles' soul, from Budium's lofty walls:
Who, charg'd for murder thence, a suppliant came
To Peleus and the silver-footed dame;
Now sent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade.
Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;
Hurl'd by Hectorian force, it cleft in twain
His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the
slain.

Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;
And, like an eagle darting at his game
Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band;
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,
Oh generous Greek! when with full vigor thrown
At Æthenalaüs flew the weighty stone,
Which sunk him to the dead: when Troy, too
near

That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear.
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the lists, or at the fighting toe;
So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;
Till Glaucus, turning, all the rest inspir'd.
Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:
Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,
With stately seats, and riches, blest in vain:

Mim, bold with youth, and eager to pursue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and slew;
Pierc'd through the bosom with a sudden wound,
He fell, and, falling, made the fields resound.
Th' Achaians sorrow for their hero slain;
With conquering shouts the Trojans shake the plain,

And crowd to spoil the dead: the Greeks oppose;
An iron circle round the carcase grows.

Then brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,
Dispatch'd by Merion to the shades of death:
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The priest of Jove, and honour'd like his God.
Between the jaw and ear the javelin went:
The soul, exhaling, issued at the vent.

His spear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who stooping forward from the death withdrew;
The lance hiss'd harmless o'er his covering shield,
And trembling struck and rooted in the field;
'There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.

Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)
And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize,
My spear, the destin'd passage had it found,
Had had thy active vigour to the ground.

Oh valiant leader of the Dardan host!
(Insulted Merion thus retorts the boast)
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust,
An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust.
And it to this my lance thy fate be given,
Vain are thy vaunts; succels is still from Heaven:
'This instant lends thee down to Pluto's coast;
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost.

O friend (Menæctius' son this answer gave)
With words to combat, ill besits the brave;
Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repel,
Your swords must plunge them to the shades of hell.

To speak, befits the council: but to dare
In glorious action, is the task of war.

This said, Patroclus to the battle flies;
Great Merion follows, and new shouts arise:
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors close;
And thick and heavy found the storm of blows.
As thro' the thrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's axe resound;
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing
wale,

While crackling forests fall on every side:
Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,
So tell the warriors, and to rung their arms.

Now great Sarpedon on the sandy shore,
His heavenly form defac'd with dust and gore,
And stuck with darts by warring heroes shed,
Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.
His long-disputed corse the chiefs enclose,
On every side the busy combat grows;
Thick as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode
(The pails half foaming with a milky flood)
'The buzzing flies, a persevering train,
Instant iwarin, and chas'd return again.

Jove view'd the combat with a stern survey,
And eyes that flash'd intolerable day.
Fix'd on the field his fight, his breast debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates:
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,

This instant see his short-liv'd trophies won,
And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd
son;

Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame and horror of the fight.
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praise
At length he dooms; and, that his last of days
Shall set in glory, bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended see the shades below.

Then Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away,
Sunk with Troy's heavy fate, he sees decline
The scales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.

Then, or before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall,
(So Jove decreed!) at length the Greeks obtain
The prize contested, and despoil the slain.
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne,
Patroclus' ships the glorious spoils adorn.

Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the Cloud-compelling Jove:
Descend, my Phœbus! on the Phrygian plain,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon slain;
Then bathe his body in the chrysal flood:
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood;
O'er all his limbs celestial odours shed,
And with celestial robes adorn the dead.
Those rites discharg'd, his sacred corse bequeath
To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death.
They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear,
His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear;
What honours mortals after death receive,
Those unavailing honours we may give!

'Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathless hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud, to silver Simois' shore;
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and dress'd
His manly members in th' immortal vest;
And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews,
Restores his freshness, and his form renews.
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,
Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the God's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;
The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid,
Where endless honours wait the sacred shade.

Mean while Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming couriers, and with loosen'd reins.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Against what Fate and powerful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain;
For he, the God, whose counsels uncontrol'd
Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold;
The God who gives, resumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.

Who first, brave hero! by that arm was slain,
Who last, beneath thy vengeance, press'd the slain
When Heaven itself thy fatal fury led, [plain;
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Admetus first; Autonous then succeeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Meges bleeds:
Epistor, Melanippus, bite the ground:
The slaughter, Elafus and Milius crown'd;

Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night ;
The rest, dispersing, trust their fates to flight.

Now Troy had, stoop'd beneath his matchless
power,

But flaming Phœbus kept the sacred tower.
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus strook,
His blazing agis thrice Apollo shook : [cloud,
He try'd the fourth ; when bursting from the
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud :

Patroclus ! cease ; this heaven-defended wall
Defies thy lance ; not fated yet to fall ;
Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand :
Troy shall not stoop ev'n to Achilles' hand.

So spake the God who darts celestial fires ;
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires :
While Hector, checking at the Scæan gates
His panting coursers, in his breast debates,
Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.
Thus while he thought, beside him Phœbus stood,
In Atlas' shape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood ;
(Thy brother, Hecuba ! from Dymas sprung,
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young.)
Thus he accosts him : What a shameful sight !
Gods ! is it Hector that forbears the fight ?
Were thine my vigour, this successful spear
Should soon convince thee of so false a fear.
Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy shame.
Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed,
And Heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed.

So spake the inspiring God ; then took his flight,
And plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight.
He bids Cebion drive the rapid car ;
The last rebounds, the coursers rush to war :
The God the Grecians' sinking souls depress,
And pour'd swift spirits through each Trojan
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight ; [breast.
A spear his left, a stone employs his right :
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe ;
Pointed above, and rough and gross below :
The falling ruin crush'd Cebion's head,
The lawless offspring of king Priam's bed ;
His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound :
The bustling balls drop sightless to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides ;
While the proud victor thus his fall derides :

Good heavens ! what active seats you artist
shows !

What skillful dyers are our Phrygian foes !
Mark with what ease they sink into the sand !
Fity ! that all their practice is by land !

Then, rushing forward on his prostrate prize,
To spoil the carcass fierce Patroclus lies :

Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold ;
Pierc'd through the dauntless heart, then tum-
bles slain ;

And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage ;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow through the shades.

Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head,
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.
While all around, confusion, rage, and fright,
Mix the contending hoists in mortal fight.
So, pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood ;
Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the Sylvans groan ;
This way and that the rattling thicket bends,
And the whole forest in one crash descends.
Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,
In dreadful shock the mingled hoists engage. [ring ;
Darts shower'd on darts, now round the carcass
Now flights of arrows bounding from the string :
Stones follow stones ; some clatter on the fields,
Some, hard and heavy, shake the sounding shields.
But where the rising whirlwind clouds the

plains,
Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains,
And, stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding
reins !

Now, flaming from the zenith, Sol had driven
His fervid orb through half the vault of heaven ;
While on each host with equal tempest fell
The showering darts, and numbers sunk to hell.
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.
Then, from amidst the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corse, and radiant arms.
Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows,
And, breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the press, like Mars himself, he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onset flew.
There ends thy glory ! there the Fates untwine
The last, black remnant of so bright a line ;
Apollo dreadful stops the middle way ;
Death calls, and Heaven allows no longer day !

For lo ! the God, in dusky clouds enshrin'd,
Approaching dealt a staggering blow behind.
The weighty shock his neck and shoulders reel ;
His eyes flash sparkles, his sunn'd senses reel
In giddy darkness : far to distance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champain rung.
Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore,
That plume, which never stoop'd to earth before ;
Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,
And shade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod ;
Not long—for Fate pursues him, and the God.

His spear in shivers falls : his ample shield
Drops from his arm : his baldrick flows the field :
The corselet his astonish'd breast forsakes :
Loose is each joint : each nerve with horror
Stupid he stares, and all-assistless stands : [shakes.
Such is the force of more than mortal hands !

A Dardan youth there was, well known to
fame,

From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name ;
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horse,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course :
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His venturous spear first drew the hero's gore ;
He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more ;
Nor, though disarm'd, Patroclus' fury stood ;
But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him short, and herded in the crowd. }

Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
Retires for succour to his social train,
And flies the fate, which Heaven decreed, in vain.
Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat pursues:
The lance arrests him with a mortal wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
With him all Greece was sunk; that moment all
Her yet-surviving heroes seem'd to fall.
So, scorched with heat, along the desert shore,
The roaming lion tapers a bristly boar,
Fatt by the spring; they both dispute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws befear'd with blood,

At length the sovereign savage wins the strife,
And the torn boar reëigns his third and lie.
Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He sternly views him, and triumphing cries:
Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of subverting Troy;
The san'y'd scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy suit pleasures serv'd with captive dames!
Unthinking man! I fought, those towers to pierce,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like
But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made; [these:
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
gh mu
say,

And much enjoy thee, this important day.
"Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he said)
"Without the bloody arms of Hector dead;"
He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped.

Supine and wildly gazing on the skies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies:
Vain boaster! cease, and know the Powers di-
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine; [vine:
To Heaven is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And Heaven itself disarm'd me ere my fall.
Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in fight:
By Fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next, the third mean part thy own:
But thou, imperious! hear my latest breath;
The Gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death.
Insulting man, thou shalt be soon as I; [night:
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws
Ev'n now on life's last verge I see thee stand,
I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.

He faints; the soul unwilling wings her way
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!

Then Hector, pausing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcase, thus address'd the dead:
From whence this boding speech, the stern de-
ceit

Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be given [ven?
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of Hea-
Penive he said; then pressing, as he lay,
His breathless bosom, tore the lance away,
And upwards cast the corpie: the reeking spear
He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,
Fet from his rage th' immortal couriers drove,
Th' immortal couriers were the gift of Jove.

B O O K XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The seventh Battle, for the Body of Patroclus: the AAs of Menelaus.

Menelaus, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires; but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a slight; who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Aeneas sustains the Trojans. Aeneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus' death; then returns to the fight; where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ships. The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

ON the cold earth divine Patroclus spread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.
Great Menelaus, touch'd with generous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:
Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer
moves,
Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves;
And anxious (helpless as he lies, and bare)
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcase came,
His broad shield glimmers, and his lances same.

The son of Panthus, skill'd the dart to send,
Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend:
This hand, Atreides, laid Patroclus low;
Warrior desist, nor tempt an equal blow:
To me the spoils my prowess won, resign;
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.

The Trojan thus: the Spartan monarch burn'd
With generous anguish, and in scorn return'd:
Laugh'st thou not, Jove! from thy superior
throne,
When mortals boast of prowess not their own?

Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight,
Nor thus the boar (those terrors of the plain)
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vainest of the boastful kind
These sons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conquering steel
This boaster's brother, Hyperenor, fell;
Against our arm, which rashly he defy'd,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,
No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his fire.
Presumptuous youth! like his shall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or, while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.

Unmov'd Euphorbus thus: That action known,
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy destin'd head,
And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed:
On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,
'To soothe a comfort's and a parent's woe;
No longer thou defer the glorious strife,
Let Heaven decide our fortune, fame, and life.

Swift as the word the missile lance he flings,
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the bra's innoxious falls.
On Jove the father, great Atides calls,
Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain;
Wide through the neck appears the grisly wound,
Pronc sinks the warrior, and his arms rebound.
The shining circle's of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,
Instant with gems and gold, bestrew the shore,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.

As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in snowy flowerets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heaven invades
The tender plant, and withers all its shades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead.
Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies:
Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire
The village curs and trembling swains retire,
When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar,

And fee his jaws distill with smoking gore;
All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,
They shout incessant, and the vales rebound.

Mean while Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
And urg'd great Hector to dispute the prize
(In Mentis' shape, beneath whose martial care
'The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war :)
Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitless speed to chase
Achilles' couriers, of ætherial race;
They stoop not, these, to mortal man's command,
Or stoop to none but great Achilles' hand.
Too long amus'd with a pursuit so vain,
Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus slain!
By Sparta slain! for ever now suppress
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast!

Thus having spoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great Hector's soul: through all the war
He darts his anxious eye; and instant view'd
The breathless hero in his blood imbrued
(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)
And in the victor's hands the shining prey.
Sheath'd in bright arms, through cleaving ranks
he flies,

And sends his voice in thunder to the skies:
Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan sent,
It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
Atrides from the voice the storm divin'd,
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind:

Then shall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
Slain in my cause, and for my honour slain?
Desert the arms, the relics of my friend?
Or, singly, Hector and his troops attend!
Sure where such partial favour heaven bestow'd,
'To brave the hero were to brave the God:
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field;
'Tis not to Hector, but to heaven I yield.
Yet, not the God, nor heaven, shall give me fear,
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear:
Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,
And give Achilles all that yet remains
Of his and our Patroclus.—This, no more,
The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the shore,
A sable scene! The terrors Hector led.
Slow he recedes, and sighing quits the dead.

So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Fur'd by loud clamours, and a storm of darts;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.
Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd;
O'er all the black battalions sent his view,
And through the cloud the god like Ajax knew;
Where labouring on the left the warrior stood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood;
There breathing courage, where the God of Day
Had sunk each heart with terror and dismay.

To him the king: Oh Ajax, oh my friend;
Halt, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend:
The body to Achilles to restore,
Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
For naked now, despoil'd of arms, he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize.
He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had stern Hector seiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;
But soon (as Ajax rear'd his tower-like shield)
Sprung to his car, and measur'd back the field.
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To stand a trophy of his fame in war.

Mean while great Ajax (his broad shield display'd)

Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade;
And now before, and now behind he stood:
Thus, in the centre of some gloomy wood,
With many a step the lions' furrows
Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rousing all her powers,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow
lowers.

Faſt by his ſide the generous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.

But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraidſ:
Where now in Hector ſhall we Hector find?
A manly form, without a manly mind!
Is this, O chief! a heroe's boaſted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name!
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preſerve thy Troy;
'Tis time to try if Ilium's ſtate can ſtand
By thee alone, nor aſk a foreign hand;
Mean, empty boaſt! but ſhall the Lycian's ſtake
Their lives for you? thoſe Lycian's you forſake?
What from thy thankleſſ arms can we expect?
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy baſe neglect:
Say, ſhall our ſlaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls?
Ev'n where he dy'd for Troy, you left him there,
A feaſt for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
(On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.
Did ſuch a ſpirit as the Gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart
(Such, as ſhould burn in every ſoul, that draws
The ſword for glory, and his country's cauſe;)
Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon catcaſe to the walls of Troy.
Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms and honour'd corſe again!
Greece with Achilles' friend ſhould be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his ſhade.
But words are vain—Let Ajax once appear,
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
'Thou dar'ſt not meet the terrors of his eye;
And lo! already thou prepar'ſt to fly.

'The Trojan chief with fix'd reſentment ey'd
The Lycian leader, and deſpate replied:

Say, is it juſt (my friend) that Hector's ear
From ſuch a warrior ſuch a ſpeech ſhould hear?
I deem'd thee once the wiſeſt of thy kind,
But all this inſult ſuits a prudent mind.
I ſhun great Ajax? I deſert my train?
'Tis mine to prove the raſh aſſertion vain;
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
And hear the thunder of the ſounding ſteeds.
But Jove's high will is ever uncontroul'd,
The ſtrong he withers, and confounds the bold;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and
now

Strikes the freſh garland from the victor's brow!
Come, through yon ſquadron let us hew the way,
And thou be witneſs, if I fear to-day:
It yet a Greek the ſight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero can defend the dead.

Then, turning to the martial hoſts, he cries,
Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles' arms ſhall ſhine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conqueſt mine.

He ſtrode along the field, as thus he ſaid
(The ſable plumage nodded o'er his head):
Swift through the ſpacious plain he ſent a look;
One inſtant ſaw, one inſtant overtook
'The diſtant band, that on the ſandy ſhore
The radiant ſpoils to ſacred Ilium bore.

There his own mail unbrac'd the field beſtrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the maſſy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he ſtands,
The work and preſent of celeſtial hands;
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
As firſt to Peleus by the court of heaven:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
'Orbid by fate to reach his father's years.

Him, proud in triumph, glittering from afar,
The God, whoſe thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity, as apart he ſate,
And conſcious look'd through all the ſcene of fate.
He ſhook the ſacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the Godhead ſaid:

Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory! and what fates attend!
In heavenly panoply divinely bright
Thou ſtand'ſt, and armies tremble at thy ſight,
As at Achilles' ſelf! beneath thy dart
Lies ſlain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead thoſe arms haſt torn,
Which once the greateſt of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illuſtrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou ſad'ſt away:

For ah! no more Andromache ſhall come,
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tur'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!

Then with his ſable brow he gave the nod,
That ſeals his word; the ſanction of the God.
The Rubbun arms (by Jove's command dispos'd)
Conform'd ſpontaneous, and around him clos'd;
Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members grew,
Through all his veins a ſudden vigour flew,
The blood in buſker tides began to roll,
And Mars himſelf came ruſhing on his ſoul.
Exhorting loud, through all the field he ſtrode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a God.
Now Meſſiſſes, Glaucus, Medon, he inſpires:
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothous fires;
The great Theſtilocus like fury found,
Aſteropæus kindled at the ſound,
And Eunomus, in augury renown'd.
Hear, all ye hoſts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
Of neighbouring nations, or of diſtant lands!
'Twas not for ſtate we ſummon'd you ſo far,
To boaſt our numbers, and the pomp of war;
Ye came to fight; a violent foe to chaſe,
To ſave our preſent, and our future race.

For this, our wealth, our products, you enjoy;
And glean the reliſks of exhausted Troy.

Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
To die or conquer are the terms of war.
Whatever hand ſhall win Patroclus ſlain,
Whoe'er ſhall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's ſelf ſhall equal honours claim;
With Hector part the ſpoil, and ſhare the fame.

Fir'd by his words, the troops diſmiſs their
fears,
They join, they thicken, they protend their ſpears;
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! what number ſhall the field o'er-
ſpread,

What victims periſh round the mighty dead!
Great Ajax mark'd the growing ſtorm from far,
And thus beſpoke his brother of the war:

Our fatal day, alas! is come (my friend)
 And all our wars and glories at an end
 'Tis not this cost alone we guard in vain,
 Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain;
 We too must yield the same sad fate must fall
 On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all
 See what a tempestful Hector spreads,
 And lo! it bursts it thunders on our heads!
 Call on our Cries, if a y h ar the call,
 The bravest Grecs thus h ur de nds them all
 The warrior rais'd his voice and wide around
 The field re-echoed the distant sound
 Oh! if oh princes! to whose hand is given
 'Tis I men, who glory is in Heaven!
 My u ho i s ho i s t i l s g i v e
 Y l g u l u r A s u u l [f r,
 A u t w l l e i r c h f
 A l l t h r e g d w a r,
 C e m p l y,
 A f r o n

Swi v r s e l y l s a l,
 Ne h m a d e u, a n e l l w a g,
 And Maron, burning with her rage
 And long succeeding umbels who can name?
 But all were Cries and c g e r a l l o r f a m e
 Fierce to th charge great Hector led the throng,
 Whole l i c y, e n l o d e d, i n h a w t h o u s a n d s,
 Th u w h e n i m o m u t b l o w t o m i s i n d r a v e s,
 W h e r e s o m e w o l v e r d i m o g u e s h i s w a v e s,
 F u l l i n t h e r o t s s t o p d t h e r u l i n g t i d e,
 T h w o l g o r a m v o k s f r o m s i d e t o s i d e,
 T h e r t m i c s t o h i s m o s t f l o r e,
 A n d d i s t a n t r e d i c h e l l o w t o t h e r o a r

N e f r e d, t h e i m A c h i l b a r d
 W t l e z e n s h i l l i n d u r d c r i c k e l
 J, p r u r d r e n e r t h e m u g l e d l i g h t,
 C o c t e x a r o r s i n h e l m s i n g i n t
 T o h i m, t h e c n i c f o r w h i n t h e f o r c e n e d,
 H e d h a d n o t h e r a l f r i h l i v d f r i e n d
 D a d l e p r o t e c t i w t h s u p e r i o r c r i c
 N e t u e i s h i s c n i c t o t h e b r d s o f a i r

T h e h l a t t a t h e G r e c i a n s f a i r e s u s t a i n,
 R e p l d t h v l d, t h e T r o j a n s f e i z e t h e f l a m
 T h e r e t h e r l y, t o r e v e n g e l e d o n
 E y n e t t h e f A j a x I c h m o n
 (A j a x, t o P e t r u o n t h e s e c o n d n a m e,
 I n g r a c i o l s t a t e n e x t, a n d n e x t i n f a r i c),
 W i t h n e a d u p, o r c e t h e f o r e m o s t r a n k s h e t o r e
 S o t h r u g h t a t h u c k e t b a r i t s t h e m o u n t a i n - b o a r
 A n d r u d e l y l e t t e r s, f r t o d i s t a n c e r o u n d,
 T h m i c h l u n c a n d t h e b a y i n g h o u n d
 T h r o L o t h u s, b r a v e P e l i u s' h e i r,
 H i p p o u, d r a g d t h e c a r c a s e t h r o u g h t h e w a r,
 T h r o w y i n c l e s c o r l, t h e s e t h e b o u n d
 W i t t h o n g i n f e r t t h r o u g h t h e d o u b l e w o u n d
 I n c i t a t e o o r t a k e s t h e d e e d,
 D o u n d b y g r e a t A j a x v e n g e f u l l i n c e t o b l e e d
 I t c l e t t h e h e l m t b r i z e n c h e e l s i n t w i n,
 T h i n a t t e r d c r e s t a n d h o r s e h a i r f l o w t h e p l a i n
 W i t h n e r v e s r e l a x d h e t u m b l e s t o t h e g r o u n d
 T h e b r a i n c o m e s g u i s h i n g t h r o u g h t h e g h a s t l y
 w o u n d

He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread
 Now lies, a sad companion of the dead
 Far from Larissa lies, his native air,
 And all requites his parent's tender care.

Lamented youth? in life's first bloom he fell,
 Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.
 Once more at Ajax, Hector's javelin flies
 The Grecian marking, as it cut the skies,
 Shunn'd the descending death, which huffing on,
 Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphytus' son,
 Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
 The boldest warrior, and the noblest mind.
 In little Panope, for strength renown'd,
 He held his feat, and rul'd the realms around
 Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
 And deep tr inspicering through the shoulder stood,
 In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
 The fields re sounded with his weighty fall.
 Phorcys as slain Hippothous he defends,
 The Iclamonian lance h's belly rends,
 The hollow armor burst before the stroke,
 And through the wound the rushing entrails broke
 In shag convulsion panting on the sands
 He lies, and grips the dust with dying hands.

Sauca at the light, recede the Trojan train
 The stent g Agives it up the heroic fl an
 And row had Troy by Greece compell'd to yield
 Fled to the m i, d i d t e n d t h e f i e l d,
 G r e c e i n h e r n a t i v e o r t i t u d e e l o n t,
 W i t h J o v e a v e r l e, h a d t u r n d t h e f e l i c i t y o f s i t e
 B u t P h a u b u s u r g d A n e t o t h e f i g h t,
 H e f e m d l e k e d P e n p h a s t o f i g h t
 (A h e r a l d i n A n c h i s e s l o v e g r o w n o l d,
 R e v e r d f o r p r u d e n c e a n d w i t h p r u d e n c e, b o l d).

This sh -- What methods yet, oh chief! remain,
 To save your Troy, though Heaven's fall ord un?
 There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care,
 By valor, number, and by arts of war,
 Have shew'd the powers to spare a sin in state,
 And gund t l e n g h t h e g l o r i o u s o l d s o f f i t e
 B u t y o u w h e n F o r t u n e i n t e, w h e n J o v e d e c l a r e s

His partial favour aid a t s y o u r w a r s,
 Y o u r s h a m e f u l e f f o r t s g u n t y o u r s e l v e s e m p l o y,
 A n d f o r c e t h u n w i l l i n g G o d t o r u i n T r o y

A l e i s t h r o u g h t h e f o r m a s t u n d, d e t e c t s
 T h e P o w e r c o u l d, a n d t h u s t o H e c t o r c r i e s
 O h l a s t i n g t h i n c t o o u r o w n t e a s p r e y,
 W e s e e k o u r i m p i r t s, a n d d e s e r t t h e d a y!
 A G o d (n o r i s h e l e s) m y b o l o m w a r m s,
 A n d t e l l s m e, J o v e s h e r t s t h e T r o j a n a r m s

He spoke, and fore most to the combat flew
 The bold example all his hot pursuing
 Then first, Leocritus beneath him bled,
 In sun below'd by valiant Icomedes,
 Who view'd his fall, and grieving at the chance,
 Swift to revenge it, lent his mighty lance
 The whirl lance, with vigorous force address'd,
 Deleth'd, and punts in Apollon's breast
 From rich Paeonia's vales the warrior came,
 Next tlec, Aetropes' in place and fame
 Aetropus with grief beheld the slain,
 And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain
 In dislolutely firm, around the dead,
 Rank within rank, or buckler buckler spread,
 And hemm'd with bristled spears, the Grecian
 A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood [flood
 Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care,
 And in an orb contracts the crowded war,
 Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
 And stands the centre and the soul of all.

Fixt on the spot they war, and, wounded, wound;
A sanguine torrent sleeps the reeking ground;
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
And, thickening round them, rise the hills of dead.

Greece in close order, and collected might,
Yet suffers least, and sways the wavering fight;
Fierce as conflicting fires the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks, by turns.
In one thick darkness all the fight was lost;
The sun, the moon, and all th' ætherial host,
Seem'd as extinct: day ravish'd from their eyes,
And all heaven's splendors blotted from the skies.
Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
The rest in sunshine fought, and open light:
Unclouded there, th' ærial azure spread,
No vapour rested on the mountain's head;
The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray,
And all the broad expansion flam'd with day.
Dispers'd around the plain, by fits, they fight,
And here, and there, their scatter'd arrows light:
But death and darkness o'er the carcase spread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.

Mean while the sons of Nestor in the rear
(Their fellows routed) tofs the distant spear,
And skirmish wide: so Nestor gave command,
When from the ships he sent the Pylian band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.

But round the corpse the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:
O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs and feet are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills
their eyes.

As when a slaughter'd bull's yet-reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to
side,

The brawny curries stretch; and labour o'er
Th' extended surface, drunk with fat and gore:
So, tugging round the corpse both armies stood;
The mangled body bath'd in sweat and blood:
While Greeks and Ilions equal strength employ,
Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.
Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,
Nor he whose anger sets the world in arms,
Could blame this scene: such rage, such horror
reign'd;

Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.

Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
Not knew the fatal fortune of the day;
He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
In dust extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his with'd return prepares in vain;
Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
Was more than heaven had destin'd to his friend;
Perhaps to him: this Thetis had reveal'd;
The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.

Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled
Curs'd be the man (ev'n private Greeks would
Who dares desert this well-disputed day! [say]
First make the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice!

First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost! [said,
Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans
Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!

Then clash their sounding arms; the clangora
And shake the brazen concave of the skies. [rise,
Mean time, at distance from the scene of blood,
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood;
Their god like master slain before their eyes,
They wept, and shar'd in human miseries.

In vain Automedon now shakes the rein, [vain!
Now plies the lash, and soothes and threats in
Nor to the fight nor Hellepont they go,
Refrive they stood, and obstinate in woe:
Still as a tomb-stone, never to be mov'd,
On some good man or woman unprov'd
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as stands
A marble courier by the sculptor's hands,
Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face
The big round drops cours'd down with silent pace,
Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in state,
Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke:

Unhappy couriers of immortal strain!
Exempt from age, and deathless, now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man bestow,
Only, alas! to share in mortal woe?
For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth;
What wretched creature, of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
A miserable race! but cease to mourn;
For not by you shall Priam's son be borne
High on the splendid car: one glorious prize
He rashly boasts; the rest our will denies.
Ourselves will swiftness to your nerves impart,
Ourselves with rising spirits swell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight shall bear
Safe to the navy through the storm of war:
For yet 'tis given to Troy, to ravage o'er
The field, and spread her slaughters to the shore;
The sun shall see her conquer, till his fall
With sacred darkness shades the face of all.

He said; and, breathing in th' immortal horse
Excessive spirit, urg'd them to the course;
From their high manes they shake the dust, and
bear

The kindling chariot through the parted war:
So flies a vulture through the clamorous train
Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain.
From danger now with swiftest speed they flew,
And now to conquest with like speed pursue;
Sole in the seat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins:
Him brave Alcimedon behold distress'd,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief address:

What God provokes thee, rashly thus to date,
Alone, unaided, in the thickest war?

Alas! thy friend is slain, and Hector wilds
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.

In happy time (the charioteer replies)
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes;
No Greek like him the heavenly steeds restrains,
Or holds their fury in suspended reins:

Patroclus while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now Patroclus is an empty name !
To thee I yield the feat, to thee resign
The ruling charge: the task of fight be mine.

He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the feat.
His friend descends. The chief of Troy descry'd,
And call'd Æneas, fighting near his side:
Lo, to my fight, beyond our hope, restor'd
Achilles' car, deserted of its lord !
The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them through the
fight :

Can such opponents stand, when we assail ?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.

The son of Venus to the council yields !
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields:
With brass refulgent the broad surface shin'd,
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lin'd.
Then Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds ;
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds :
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance, not fated to return.

Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind :
Oh keep the foaming couriers close behind !
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe ;
'Tis Hector comes ; and when he seeks the prize,
War knows no mean : he wins it, or he dies !

Then through the field he sends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring crowd,
With great Atrides. Hither turn (he said)
Turn, where distress demands immediate aid ;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And save the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage :
Yet, mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine : th' event belongs Jove.

He spoke, and high the sounding javelin flung,
Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young ;
It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art,
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.
As when a ponderous axe, descending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull ;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a
bound,

Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground :
Thus fell the youth, the air his soul receiv'd,
And the spear trembled as his entrails heav'd,

Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Discharg'd his lance ; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he shunn'd ; the javelin idly fled,
And his'd innoxious o'er the hero's head :
Deep-rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
In long vibration spent its fury there.
With clashing falchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave Ajax beard, and interpos'd ;
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,
But left their slain companion in his blood :
His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice :
Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have
paid,

Poor as it is, some offering to thy shade !

So looks the lion o'er a mangled boat ;
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore
High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,
And o'er his feat the bloody trophies hung.

And now Minerva, from the realms of air,
Descends impetuous, and renews the war ;
For, pleas'd at length the Orecian arms to aid,
The Lord of Thunders sent the blue-ey'd Maid,
As when high Jove, denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow.
(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, destructive war)
The drooping cattle dread th' impending skies,
And from his half-till'd field the labourer flies ;
In such a form the Goddesses round her drew
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.

Assuming Phoenix' shape, on earth she falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls :
And lies Achilles' friend, belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall ?
What shame to Greece, for future times to tell,
To thee the greatest, in whose cause he fell !
O chief, oh father ! (Atreus' son replies)
O full of days ! by long experience wise !
What more desires my soul, than here, unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd ?
Ah would Minerva send me strength to rear
This weary'd arm, and ward the storm of war !
But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.

Pleas'd to be first of all the Powers addrest,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast.
And fills with keen revenge, with fell despight,
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.
So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er !)
Repuls'd in vain, and thursty full of gore
(Bold son of air and heat !) on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and stings.
Fir'd with like ardor fierce Atrides flew,
And sent his soul with every lance he threw.

There stood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
Eëtion's son, and Podes was his name,
With riches honour'd, and with courage blest,
By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his guest ;
Through his broad belt the spear a passage found,
And ponderous as he falls, his arms rebound.
Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
Like Phænops, Asius' son, appear'd the God
(Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main) :

Oh prince (he cried) oh foremost once in
fame !

What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name ?
Dost thou at length to Menelaus yield,
A chief once thought no terror of the field ;
Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies !
By the same arm illustrious Podes blest ;
The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead !
This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.

But now th' Eternal took his sable shield,
That shaded Ide and all the subject field,
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount ; the thunder roar'd aloud ;
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the God ;

At one regard of his all-seeing eye,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly.

Then trembled Greece. The flight Peneleus
led:

For, as the brave Boetian turn'd his head
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
And raz'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
Pierc'd through the wrist; and, raging with the
Grasps his once formidable lance in vain. {pain,}

As Hector follow'd, Idomen address'd
The flaming javelin to his manly breast;
The brittle point before his corselet yields;
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields;
High on his chariot as the Cretan stood,
The son of Priam hurl'd the milive wood;
But, erring from its aim, th' impetuous spear
Struck to the dust the squire and charioteer
Of martial Merion: Coeranus his name,
Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
On foot bold Merion fought; and now, laid low,
Had grac'd the triumph of his Trojan foe;
But the brave squire the ready courser brought,
And with his life his master's safety bought.
Between his check and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:
This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to desert the hopeless war;
Idomeneus consents; the lash applies;
And the swift chariot to the navy flies.

Nor Ajax less the will of Heaven defcry'd,
And conquest blissing to the Trojan side,
Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
To Atreus' seed, the godlike Telamon:

Alas! who does not Jove's almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band?
Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:
Not so our spears: incessant though they rain,
He suffers every lance to fall in vain.
Dejected of the God, yet let us try
What human strength and prudence can supply;
It yet this honour'd corpse, in triumph borne,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who trembled yet, scarce rescued from their
fates,

And still hear Hector thundering at their gates.
Some hero too must be dispatch'd, to bear
The mournful message to Pelides' ear;
For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,
His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
But such a chief I spy not through the host:
The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost.
In general darkness—Lord of earth and air!
Oh King! oh Father! hear my humble prayer:
Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore;
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more:
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the face of day!

With tears the hero spoke, and at his prayer
The God relenting, clear'd the clouded air;
Forth burst the sun with all-enlightening ray;
The blaze of armour flash'd against the day.
Now, now, Atreides! cast around thy sight;
If yet Antilochus survives the fight,

Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news—Atreides hastes away.

So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by
hounds:

Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from an hundred hands;
And the red terrors of the blazing brands:
Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits the untad prey.
So mov'd Atreides from his dangerous place
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admonish'd, much adjur'd, his train:

O guard these relics, to your charge consign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
How skill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildest manners and the gentlest heart:
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend!

So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all sides sent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endued with sharpest eye
Of all that wing the mid aerial sky,
The sacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move;
Then stoops, and, fousing on the quivering hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Not with less quickness, his exerted fight
Pursu'd this, and that way, thro' the ranks of fight:
Till on the left the chief he sought, he found;
Cheering his men, and spreading deaths around.

To him the king: Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear;
Thy eyes have witness'd, what a fatal turn!
How Ilion triumphs, and th' Achæians mourn;
This is not all: Patroclus, on the shore
Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more.
Fly to the fleet, this instant, fly, and tell
The sad Achilles, how his lov'd-one fell:
He too may haste the naked corpse to gain;
The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain.

The youthful warrior heard with silent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;
Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say
What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
Who near him wheeling, drove his steeds along;
Then ran, the mournful message to impart,
With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart.

Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaüs stands,
(Though sore distress) to aid the Pylæan bands;
But bids bold Thraïsmede those troops sustain;
Himself returns to his Patroclus slain,
Gone is Antilochus (the hero said)
But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid:
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd he fights not with the Trojan foe.

'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain;
'Tis our own vigor must the dead regain,
And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.

'Tis well (mid Ajax); be it then thy care,
With Merion's aid, the weighty corpse to rear;
Myself and my bold brother will sustain
The flock of Hector and his charging train:

Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side;
 What Troy can dare, we have already try'd,
 Have try'd it, and have stood. The hero said;
 High from the ground the warrior's heave the
 A general clamour riles at the sight: [dead.
 Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight.
 Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
 With rage insatiate and with thirst of blood,
 Voracious hounds, that many a length before
 Their furious hunters drive the wounded boar;
 But, if the savage turns his glaring eye,
 They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.
 Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
 Wave their thick faulchions, and their javelins
 shower:

But, Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
 All pale they tremble, and forsake the field.
 While thus aloft the hero's corpse they bear,
 Behind them rages all the storm of war;
 Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
 Of men, steeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
 Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire,
 To whelm some city under waves of fire;
 Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
 Now crack the blazing temples of the Gods;
 The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,
 And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles.

The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load:
 As when two mules, along the rugged road,
 From the steep mountain with exerted strength
 Drag some vast beam, or mass's unwieldy length;
 Inly they groan, big drops of sweat distil,
 Th' enormous timber lumbering down the hill:
 So these—Behind, the bulk of Ajax stands;
 And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands.
 Thus, when a river swell'd with sudden rains
 Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
 Some interposing hill the stream divides,
 And breaks its force, and turns the winding
 tides.

Still close they follow, close the rear engage;
 Æneas storms, and Hector foams with rage:
 While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
 Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
 That shriek incessant while the falcon, hung
 High on pois'd pinions, threatens their callow young.
 So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
 Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry:
 Within, without the trench, and all the way,
 Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour
 lay;
 Such horror Jove imprest! yet still proceeds
 The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

B O O K XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Grief of Achilles, and new Armour made him by Vulcan.

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to shew himself at the head of the entrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan, to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this Book. The scene is at Achilles's tent, on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

Thus, like the rage of fire, the combat burns;
 And now it riles, now it sinks by turns.
 Mean while, where Hellespont's broad waters flow,
 Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of woe:
 There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails,
 On hoisted yards extended to the gales;
 Pensive he sat; for all that Fate design'd
 Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.
 Thus to his soul he said: Ah! what constrains
 The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?
 Is this the day, which heaven so long ago
 Ordin'd, to sink me with the weight of woe?
 (So Thetis warn'd) when by a Trojan hand
 The bravest of the Myrmidonian band
 Should lose the light? Fulfill'd is that decree?
 Fall'n is the warrior, and Patroclus he?

In vain I charg'd him soon to quit the plain,
 And warn'd to shun Hecstoean force in vain!

Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
 And tells the melancholy tale with tears:
 Sad tidings, son of Peleus! thou must hear;
 And wretched I, th' unwilling messenger!
 Dead is Patroclus! For his corpse they fight,
 His naked corpse; his arms are Hector's right.

A sudden horror shot through all the chief,
 And wrapt his senses in the cloud of grief;
 Cast on the ground, with furious hands he spread
 The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head;
 His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
 Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears:
 On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,
 And roll'd and grovell'd, as to earth he grew.

The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms)
Rush'd from the tents with cries; and gathering
round,

Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground!
While Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;
Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.

Far in the deep abysses of the main,
With hoary Nereus, and the watery train,
The mother Goddess from her crystal throne
Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan.
The circling Nereids with their mistresses weep,
And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.
Thalia, Glauce (every watery name)
Nesaea mild, and silver Spio came:
Cymothoe and Cymodocoe were nigh,
And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye.
Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
Then Proto, Doris, Panope, appear,
Thoa, Phœusa, Doto, Melita;
Agave gentle, and Amphitroë gay;
Next Callianira, Callianassa, show
Their sister looks; Dexamene the slow,
And swift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
Iæta now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with Apfeudes lifts the head,
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed;
'These Oynthia, Clymene, attend,
Mara, Amphimome, the train extend;
And black Janira, and Janassa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair.
All these, and all that deep in ocean held
Their sacred seats, the glimmering grotto fill'd;
Each beat her ivory breast with silent woe,
'Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow;

Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main!
How just a cause has Thetis to complain?
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
How more than wretched in th' immortal state!
Sprung from my bed a god like hero came,
The bravest far that ever bore the name;
Like some fair olive, by my careful hand
He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land:
To Troy I sent him: but the Fates ordain
He never, never, must return again.
So short a space the light of heaven to view,
So short, alas! and fill'd with anguish too.
Hear how his sorrows echo through the shore!
I cannot ease them, but I must deplore;
I go at least to bear a tender part,
And mourn my lov'd-one with a mother's heart.

She said, and left the caverns of the main,
All bath'd in tears; the melancholy train
Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
While the long pomp the silver wave divides.
Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
Then, two by two, ascend'd up the strand.
Th' immortal Mother, standing close beside
Her mournful offspring, to his sighs reply'd;
Along the coast the mingled clamours ran,
And thus the Silver-footed Dame began:

Why mourns my son? thy late prefer'd request
The God has granted, and the Greeks distress:
Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share;
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.

TRANS.

He deeply groaning--To this cureless grief
Not even the Thunderer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus--Ah!--say, Goddess, can I boast
A pleasure now? revenge itself is lost;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain!
Lost are those arms the Gods themselves bestow'd
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the powers above
Thy charms submitted to a mortal love:
Oh hadst thou still, a sister of the main,
Pursued the pleasures of the watery reign;
And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed?
Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come.
For soon, alas! that wretched offspring slain,
New woes, new sorrows, shall create again.
'Tis not in Fate th' alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart;
On these conditions will I breathe: till then,
I blush to walk among the race of men.

A flood of tears, at this, the Goddess shed,
Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead!
When Hector falls, thou dy'st.--Let Hector die,
And let me fall! (Achilles made reply)
Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and, falling, wish'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, since from this miserable day
I cast all hope of my return away;
Since, unreveng'd, a hundred ghosts demand
The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand:
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground
(Others in council fam'd for nobler skill,
More useful to preserve, than I to kill).
Let me-- But oh! ye gracious Powers above!
Wrath and revenge from men and Gods remove!
Far, far too dear to every mortal breast,
Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste:
Gathering like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and darkening all the mind.
Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
'Tis past--I quell it; I resign to fate.
Yes--I will meet the murderer of my friend,
Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my end.
The stroke of fate the bravest cannot shun;
The great Alcides, Jove's unequal son,
To Juno's hate at length resign'd his breath,
And sunk the victim of all-conquering death.
So shall Achilles fall? stretch'd pale and dead,
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,
And reap what glory life's short harvest yields,
Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear
With frantic hands her long dishevel'd hair?
Shall I not force her breath to heave with sighs,
And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes?
Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms--
In vain you hold me--Hence!--My arms, my
arms!

Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,
That all shall know Achilles swells the tide.

My son (cœrulean Thetis made reply,
To fate submitting with a secret sigh)

H

The host to succour, and thy friends to save,
Is worthy thee ; the duty of the brave.
But canst thou naked issue to the plains ?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains ;
Insulting Hector bears the spoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet a while, thy generous ardour stay :
Assur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charg'd with refulgent arms (a glorious load)
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.

Then turning to the daughters of the main,
The Goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train :

Ye sisters Nereids ! to your deeps descend ;
Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend :
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vast Olympus' starry summits shine :
So tell our hoary fire—This charge she gave :
The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave :
Thetis once more ascends the blest abodes,
And treads the brazen threshold of the Gods.

And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's
force,

Urg'd to broad Hellepont their headlong course :
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus body bore
Safe through the tempest to the tented shore.
The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind ;
And, like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.
Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew ;
Thrice to the skies the Trojan clamours flew :
As oft th' Ajaces his assault sustain ;
But check'd, he turns ; repuls'd, attacks again ;
With fiercer shouts his lingering troops he fires,
Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires :
So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcase slain.
Ev'n yet Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of th' extended day :
Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret, dispatch'd her truity messenger.
The various Goddess of the showry bow,
Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below ;
To great Achilles at his ships she came,
And thus began the Many-colour'd Dame :

Rise, son of Peleus ! rise divinely brave !
Assist the combat, and Patroclus save :
For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead,
To drag him back to Troy the foe contends :
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends :
A prey to dogs he dooms the corpse to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Rise, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame !

Who sends thee, Goddess ! from the ætherial
Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies : [skies ?
I come, Pelides ! from the Queen of Jove,
'Th' immortal Empress of the realms above ;
Unknown to him who sits remote on high,
Unknown to all the synod of the sky,
'Thou com'st in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd)
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd ?
Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,
Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day,
Vulcanian arms : what other can I wield ;
Except the mighty Telamonian shield ?

That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,
While his strong lance around him heaps the dead :
The gallant chief defends Menœtius' son,
And does, what his Achilles should have done.

Thy want of arms (said Iris) well we know,
But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go !
Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear :
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye
Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly.

She spoke, and pass'd in air. The hero rose.
Her ægis Pallas o'er his shoulder throws ;
Around his brows a golden cloud she spread ;
A stream of glory flam'd above his head
As when from some beleaguerr'd town arise
The smokes, high curling and to the staded skies
(Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,
When men distress'd hang out the sign of war)
Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze ;
With long-projected beams the seas are bright,
And heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light :
So from Achilles' head the splendors rise,
Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.
Forth march'd the chief, and, distant from the crowd,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud ;
With her own shout Minerva swells the sound ;
Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With shrilling clangor sounds the alarm of war,
Struck from the wall, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply ;
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd :
Hosts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard ;
And back the chariots roll, and counters bound,
And steeds and men lay mingled on the ground.
Aghast they see the living lightnings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flashing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd :
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.
Twelve, in the tumult wedg'd, untimely rush'd
On their own spears, by their own chariot's crush'd :
While, shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended carcase of the slain.

A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears :
Around, his sad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead,
Whom late triumphant, with his steeds and car,
He sent refulgent to the field of war ;
(Unhappy change !) now senseless, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a gaping
wound.

Mean time, unweary'd with his heavenly way,
In ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day
Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
And from their labours eas'd th' Achaian band.
The frighted Trojans (panting from the war,
Their steeds unharnet'd from the weary car)
A sudden council call'd : each chief appear'd
In haste, and standing ; for to fit they fear'd.
'Twas now no season for prolong'd debate ;
They saw Achilles, and in him their fate.
Silent they stood : Polydamas at last,
Skill'd to discern the future by the past,
'The son of Panthus, thus express'd his fears ;
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years ;

The self-same night to both a being gave,
One wife in counsel, one in action brave):

In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak;
For me, I move, before the morning break,
To raise our camp: too dangerous here our post,
Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coast.
I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while, engag'd
In mutual feuds, her king and hero rag'd;
Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beside a thousand ail.
I dread Pelides now: his rage of mind
Not long continues to the shore confin'd,
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending nations won and lost the day;
For Troy, for Troy, shall henceforth be the strife,
And the hard contest not for fame, but life.
Haste then to Ilion, while the favouring night
Detains those terrors, keeps that arm from sight;
If but the morrow's sun behold us here,
That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, nor fear;
And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy,
If Heaven permit them then to enter Troy.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue.
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought and reason can supply;
Let us on counsel for our guard depend;
The town, her gates and bulwarks shall defend:
When morning dawns, our well-appointed
powers,

Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty towers.
Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,
Till his spent couriers seek the fleet again:
So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town.

Return? (said Hector, fir'd with stern disdain)
What! coop whole armies in our walls again?
Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors say,
Nine years imprison'd in those towers ye lay?
Wide o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old
For brass, exhaustless, and for mines of gold:
But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,
Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd;
The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,
And proud Mæonia wastes the fruits of Troy.
Great Jove at length my arms to conquest calls,
And thus the Grecians in their wooden walls:
Da'it thou dispart whom the Gods inote;
Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his flight.
To better counsel then attention lend;
Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.
If there be one whose riches cost him care,
Forth let him bring them for the troops to share:
'Tis better generously bestow'd on those,
Than let the plunder of our country's foes.
So now as the morn the purple orient warms,
Fierce on yon navy we will pour our arms;
If great Achilles rise in all his might,
His be the danger. I shall stand the fight.
Honour, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give!
And live he glorious, whoso'er shall live!
Mars is our common lord, alike to all:
And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall.

The shouting host in loud applause join'd:
So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind;

To their own sense condemn'd, and left to chafe
The worst advice, the better to refuse.

While the long night extends her sable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in superior grief Pelides stood;
Those slaughtering arms, so us'd to bathe in blood,
Now clasp'd his clay-cold limbs: then gushing
start

The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,
Roars thro' the desert, and demands his young:
When the grim savage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds;
His clamorous grief the bellowing wood resounds.
So grieves Achilles; and impetuous vents
To all his Myrmidons his loud laments.

In what vain promise, Gods! did I engage.
When, to console Menæteus' feeble age,
I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to restore,
Icharg'd with rich spoils, to fair Opuntia's shore?
But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,
The long, long views of poor, designing man!
One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike,
And Troy's black sands must drink our blood.
Me too a wretched mother shall deplore, [alike:
An aged father never see me more!
Yet, my Patroclus! yet a space I stay,
Then swift pursue thee on the darkness way.
Ere thy dear relics in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade;
That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine;
And twelve the noblest of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
Thus let me lie till then! thus, closely prest,
Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast!
While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day:
Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, waiting wide,
Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.

He spoke, and bade the sad attendants round
Cleanse the pale corpse, and wash each honour'd
A massy caldron of stupendous frame [wound.
They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising flame.
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides:
In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream:
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
High on a bed of state extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen shade;
Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.

Mean while to Juno, in the realms above,
(His wife and sister) spoke almighty Jove:
At last thy will prevails: great Peleus' son
Rises in arms: such Grace thy Greeks have won.
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line?

What words are these (th' imperial dame re-
While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes) [plies,
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And such success mere human wit attend:
And shall not I, the second Power above, [Jove,
Heaven's Queen, and consort of the thundering

Say, shall not I, one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?

So they. Mean while the Silver-footed Dame
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
High-eminant amid the works divine,
Where heaven's far-beaming brazen mansions
shine.

There the lame architect the Goddess found,
Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
'That day no common task his labour claim'd:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd,
That, plac'd on living wheels of massy gold
{Wondrous to tell!} instinct with spirit roll'd
From place to place, around the blest abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of Gods:
For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with
flowers,

In moulds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
Fruit as responsive to his thought the frame
Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddess came:
Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair
(With purple hillets round her braided hair)
Observ'd her entering? her soft hand she press'd,
And, smiling, thus the watery Queen address'd:
What, Goddess! this unusual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! what o'er the cause:
Till now a stranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taste the dainty of the bowers

Hich on a throne, with stars of silver grac'd,
And various artifice, the Queen she plac'd:
A footstool at her feet; then, calling, laid,
Vulcan, draw near; 'tis Thetis asks your aid.
Thetis (reply'd the God) our powers may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever honour'd name!

When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky
(My aukward form, it seems, displac'd her eye)
She and Eurynome my greets redrest,
And soft receiv'd me on their silver breast.
Ev'n then, their arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all then toys, I
wrought.

Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and God:
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
Now since her presence glads our mansion, say,
For such desert what service can I pay?
Vouchsafe, O Thetis! at our board to share
The genial rites, and hospitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And I the roaring bellows cease to blow.

Then from his anvil the lame artist rose;
Wide with distorted legs, oblique he goes,
And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their chests his instruments of trade.
Then with a sponge the sooty workman drest
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breast.
With his huge sceptre grac'd, and red attire,
Came halting forth the Sovereign of the fire:
The monarch's steps two female forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;
To whom was voice, and sense, and science given
Of works divine. (such words are in heaven!)
On theirs supported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where penive Thetis sat;

There, plac'd beside her on the shining frame,
He thus address'd the Silver-footed Dame:
Thee, welcome Goddess! what occasion calls
(So long a stranger) to these honour'd walls?
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.

To whom the mournful mother thus replies
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes)
Oh, Vulcan! say, was ever breast divine
So pierc'd with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd, as mine?
Of all the Goddesses, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only such a weight of care!
I, only I, of all the watery race,
By force subjected to a man's embrace,
Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.
Sprung from my bed, a godlike hero came,
'The bravest sure that ever bore the name;
Like some fair plant, beneath my careful hand,
He grew, he flourish'd, and he grac'd the land:
To Troy I sent him! but his native shore
Never, ah never, shall receive him more;
(Ev'n while he lives, he wastes with secret woe)
Nor I, a Goddess, can retard the blow!
Robb'd of the prize the Grecian justice gave,
The king of nations forc'd his royal slave:
For this he griev'd; and, till the Greeks oppress
Requir'd his arm, he sorrow'd unredrest.
Large gifts they promise, and their elders send;
In vain—he aims not, but permits his friend
His arms, his steeds, his forces, to employ;
He marches, combats, almost conquers Troy.
Then, slain by Phœbus (Hector had the name)
At once reigns his armour, life, and fame.
But thou, in pity, by my prayer be won:
Grace with immortal arms this shoit-liv'd son,
And to the field in martial pomp restore,
To shine with glory, till he shines no more!

To her the Artful-god: Thy griefs resign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.
O could I hide him from the Fates as well,
Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,
As I shall forge most env'd arms, the gaze
Of wondering ages, and the world's amaze!

Thus having said, the Father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd,
Relounding breath'd; at once the blast expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fire;
Just as the God directs, now loud, now low,
They raise a tempest, or they gently blow.
In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd,
And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils stand;
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults re-
bound.

Then first he form'd th' immense and solid shield;
Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;
A silver chain supports the massy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,
And godlike labours on the surface rore.
Here shone the image of the matter-mind:
Here earth, there heaven, there ocean, he design'd;

Th' unwearied sun, the moon completely round;
The starry lights that heaven's high convex
crown'd;

The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear revolving points his golden eye,
Still shines exalted on th' ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and Hymeneal rite;
Along the street the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound:
Through the fair streets, the matrons in a row
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There, in the forum swarm a numerous train,
The subject of debate, a townsman slain:
One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one deny'd,
And bade the public and the laws decide:
The witness is produc'd on either hand:
For this, or that, the partial people stand:
Th' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands
On seats of stone, within the sacred place,
The reverend elders nodded o'er the case;
Alternate, each th' attesting sceptre took,
And rising, solemn, each his sentence spoke.
Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,
The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right.

Another part (a prospect differing far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.
Two mighty hosts a leagu'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Mean time the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,
A secret ambush on the foe prepare: [band
Their wives, their children, and the watchful
Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.
They march, by Pallas and by Mars made bold:
Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour: thence the Squadron led,
August, divine, superior by the head!
A place for ambush fit, they found, and stood
Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.
Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem
If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And steers slow moving, and two shepherd swains
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.
In arms the glittering squadron rising round,
Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains
The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear; [war
They rise, take horse, approach, and meet th'
They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;
The waving silver seem'd to bluish with blood.
There tumult, there contention, stood confest;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast;
One held a living foe, that freshly bled [dead.
With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a
Now here, now there, the carcases they tore:
Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.

And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.

A field deep-furrow'd, next, the God design'd,
The third time labour'd by the sweating hind;
The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on every side:
till as at either end they wheel around,
The master meets them with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning plough-shares cleave the
Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd: [soil:
And sable look'd, though form'd of molten gold.

Another field rose high with waving grain;
With bended sickles stand the reaper-train:
Here, stretch'd in ranks, the level'd swaths are
found, [ground,
Sheaves heap'd on sheaves here thicken up the
With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the
lands;

The gatherers follow, and collect in bands;
And last the children, in whose arms are borne
(Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of
The rustic monarch of the field descries, [corn.
With silent glee, the heaps around him rise.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.
The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repast, the women's care.

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
And, curl'd on silver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place;
And pales of glittering tin th' enclosure grace.
To this, one path way gently-winding leads,
Where march a train with baskets on their heads
(Fair maids, and blooming youths) that smiling
bear

The purple product of th' autumnal year.
To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whole tender lay the fate of Linus sings;
In measure dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,
And speed to meadows, on whose founding shores
A rapid torrent through the rushes roars:
Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,
And nine four dogs complete the rustic band.
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd,
And seiz'd a bull, the master of the herd:
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men, withstood:
They tore his flesh, and drank the sable blood.
The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) desert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.

Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep through fair forests, and a length of meads;
And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.

A figur'd dance succeeds: such once was seen
In lofty Gnosius, for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Dædalean art: a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand,
The maids in soft cymars of linen drest;
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest:
Of those the locks with flowery wreaths inroll'd;
Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,

That, glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
Now all at once they rise, at once descend
With well-taught feet: now shape, in oblique
ways,

Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too swift for fight, they spring,
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost,
And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
The gazing multitudes admire around,
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And general songs the sprightly revel end.

Thus the broad shield complete the artist
crown'd

With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll, [whole.
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the

This done, whate'er a warrior's life requires,
He forg'd; the cuirass that outshines the fires.
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impress'd
With various sculpture, and the golden crest.
At Thetis' feet the finish'd labour lay
She, as a falcon, cuts th' aerial way,
Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
And bears the blazing present through the skies.

B O O K XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon.

Thetis brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his repentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies, on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have retired themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repent, and gives himself up to lamentation for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophecy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat. The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

Soon as Aurora heav'd her orient head
Above the waves, that blush'd with early red
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light)
Th' immortal arms the Goddess-mother bears
Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corpse; while all the rest
Their sovereign's sorrows in their own express.
A ray divine her heavenly presence shed,
And thus, his hand soft-touching, Thetis said:
Suppress (my son) this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but Heaven, that gave the blow;
Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd?
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.

Then drops the radiant burden on the ground;
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around:

Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,
And from the broad effulgence turn'd their eyes.
Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the show,
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow;
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flash incessant like a stream of fire:
He turns the radiant gift, and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artist had design'd.

Goddeſs! (he cry'd) these glorious arms that
shine

With matchless art, confess the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
But ah! the relics of my slaughter'd friend!

In those wide wounds through which his spirit
fled,

Shall flies and worms obscene pollute the dead?

That unavailing care be laid aside,
(The azure Goddess to her son reply'd)
Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd, shall remain,
Fresh as in life, the carcase of the slain.
But go, Achilles (as affairs require)
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire;
Then uncontroll'd in boundless war engage,
And Heaven with strength supply the mighty
rag

Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd
Nectarous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd
O'er all the corpse. The flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.

Achilles to the strand obedient went:
The shores resounded with the voice he sent.
The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main,
Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound,
Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd;
Studious to see that terror of the plain,
Long lost to battle, shine in arms again.

Tydidēs and Ulyssēs first appear, [spear;
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the
These on the sacred seats of council plac'd,
The king of men, Atreides, came the last:
He too sore wounded by Agenor's son.
Achilles (rising in the midst) begun:

Oh monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian state,
If, (ere the day when by mad passion sway'd,
Rash we contended for the black-ey'd maid)
Preventing Dian had dispatch'd her dart,
And shot the shining mischief to the heart:
Then many a hero had press'd the shore,
Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our
gore:

Long, long shall Greece the woes we caus'd be-
And sad posterity repeat the tale.

But this, no more the subject of debate,
Is past, forgotten, and resign'd to fate:
Why should, alas! a mortal man, as I,
Burn with a fury that can never die?
Here then my anger ends; let war succeed,
And ev'n as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.
Now call the hosts, and try, if in our fight
Troy yet shall dare to camp a second night?
I deem their mightiest, when this arm he knows,
Shall 'scape with transport, and with joy repose.

He said: his finish'd wrath with loud acclaim
The Greeks accept, and shout Pelides' name.
When thus, not rising from his lofty throne,
In state unmov'd, the king of men begun:

Hear me, ye sons of Greece! with silence
hear!

And grant your monarch an impartial ear;
A while your loud, untimely joy suspend,
And let your rash, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applause
Wrong the best speaker, and the justest cause.
Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate:
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
With fell Erinyes, us'd my wrath that slay
When from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey.
What then could I against the will of Heaven?
Not by myself, but vengeful Atë driven;
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to inflict
The wrath of mortals, enter'd in my breast.
Not on the ground that haughty Fury treads,
But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads
Of mighty men; inflicting as she goes
Long festering wounds, inextinguishable woes!
Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright abodes;
And Jove himself, the Sire of men and Gods,
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art.
For when Alcmena's nine long months were
run,

And Jove expected his immortal son:
To Gods and Goddesses th' unruly joy
He show'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy:
From us (he said) this day an infant springs,
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.
Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix'd dominion on the favour'd youth.
The Thunderer, unsuspecting of the fraud,
Pronounc'd those solemn words that bind a God.
The joyful Goddess from Olympus' height,
Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight;
Scarce seven moons gone, lay Sthenelus' wife;
She push'd her lingering infant into life;
Her charms Alcmena's coming labours lay,
And stop the babe, just issuing to the day.
Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
"A youth (said he) of Jove's immortal kind

"Is this day born: from Sthenelus he springs,
"And claims thy promise to be king of kings:"
Grief seiz'd the Thunderer, by his oath engag'd;
Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd, and he rag'd.
From his ambrosial head, where perch'd the fate,
He snatch'd the Fury-Goddess of debate,
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he swore,
Th' immortal seats should ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driven
From bright Olympus and the starry heaven:
Thence on the nether world the Fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft the God his son's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire Fury, and in secret groan'd.
Ev'n thus, like Jove himself, was I misled,
While raging Hector heap'd our camps with
dead.

What can the errors of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treasures, are thy own:
This infant from the navy shall be sent
Whate'er Ulysses promis'd at thy tent:
But thou! appears'd, propitious to our prayer,
Retume thy arms, and shine again in war.

O king of nations! whose superior sway
(Returns Achilles) all our hosts obey!
To keep or send the presents, be thy care;
To us, 'tis equal: all we ask is war.
While yet we talk, or but an instant shun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let every Greek, who sees my spear confound
The Trojan ranks, and deal destruction round,
With emulation what I act survey,
And learn from thence the business of the day.

The son of Peleus thus: and thus replies
The great in councils, Ithacus the wise:
Though, godlike, thou art by no toils oppress'd,
At least our armies claim repast and rest:
Long and laborious must the combat be,
When by the Gods inspir'd, and led by thee.
Strength is deriv'd from spirits and from blood,
And those augment by generous wine and food:
What boastful son of war, without that stay,
Can last a hero through a single day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his strength
Mere unsupported man must yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The drooping body will desert the mind:
But built anew with strength-conferring fare,
With limbs and soul untam'd, he tires a war.
Dismiss the people then, and give command,
With strong repast to hearten every band;
But let the presents to Achilles made
In full assembly of all Greece be laid.
The king of men shall rise in public sight,
And solemn swear (obsequant of the rite)
That, spotless as she came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy sovereign
might

Beyond the bounds of reason and of right;
'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong'd,
To right with justice whom with power they
wrought'd.

To him the monarch: Just is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in thee,
H iij

Each due atonement gladly I prepare ;
 And Heaven regard me as I justly swear !
 Here then a while let Greece assembled stay,
 Nor great Achilles gudge this short delay :
 Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,
 And, Jove attesting, the firm compact made.
 A train of noble youths the charge shall bear ;
 These to select, Ulysses, be thy care :
 In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
 And the fair train of captives close the rear :
 Talthybius shall the victim boar convey,
 Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day.

For this (the stern Æacides replies)
 Some less important season may suffice,
 When the stern fury of the war is o'er,
 And wrath extinguish'd burns my breast no more.
 By Hector slain, their faces to the sky,
 All grim with gaping wounds our heroes lie :
 Those call to war ! and, might my voice incite,
 Now, now, this instant should commence the
 fight :

Then, when the day's complete, let generous bowls,
 And copious banquets, glad your weary souls.
 Let not my palate know the taste of food,
 Till my insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood :
 Pale lies my friend with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
 And his cold feet are pointed to the door.
 Revenge is all my soul ! no meaner care,
 Interest, or thought, has room to harbour there ;
 Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds,
 And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds.

O first of Greeks (Ulysses thus rejoins)
 The best and bravest of the warrior-kind !
 Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine,
 But old experience and calm wisdom, mine.
 Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield,
 The bravest soon are satiate of the field ;
 Though vast the heaps that strow the crimson plain,
 The bloody harvest brings but little gain :
 The scale of conquest ever wavering lies,
 Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies !
 The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall,
 And endless were the grief, to weep for all.
 External sorrows what avails to shed ?
 Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead :
 Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
 The tribute of a melancholy day.

One chief with patience to the grave resign'd,
 Our care devolves on others left behind.
 Let generous food supplies of strength produce,
 Let rising spirits flow from brightly juice,
 Let their warm heads with scenes of battle glow,
 And pour new furies on the feebler foe.
 Yet a short interval, and none shall dare
 Expect a second summons to the war ;
 Who waits for that, the dire effect shall find,
 If trembling in the ships he lags behind.
 Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
 And all at once on haughty Troy descend.

And now the delegates Ulysses sent,
 To bear the presents from the royal tent.
 The sons of Nestor, Phyleus' valiant heir,
 Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
 With Lycomedes of Cretonian strain,
 And Melanippus, form'd the chosen train.
 Swift as the word was given, the youths obey'd ;
 Twice ten bright vases in the midst they laid ;

A row of six fair tripods then succeeds :
 And twice the number of high-bounding steeds :
 Seven captives next a lovely line compose ;
 The eighth Briseis, like the blooming rose,
 Clos'd the bright band : great Ithacus, before,
 First of the train, the golden talents bore :
 The rest in public view the chiefs dispose,
 A splendid scene ! then Agamemnon rose :
 The boar Talthybius held : the Grecian lord
 Drew the broad cutlafs, sheath'd beside his sword
 The stubborn bristles from the victim's brow
 He crops, and offering meditates his vow.
 His hands uplifted to th' attesting skies,
 On heaven's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes
 The solemn words a deep attention draw,
 And Greece around sat thrill'd with sacred awe.

Witness, thou first ! thou greatest Power above !
 All-good, all-wise, and all-surviving Jove !
 And Mother-earth, and Heaven's revolving light,
 And ye, fell Furies of the realms of night,
 Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
 For perjurd kings, and all who falsely swear !
 The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
 Pure and unconscious of my manly loves.
 If this be false, Heaven all its vengeance shed,
 And level'd thunder strike my guilty head !

With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound ;
 The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground ;
 The sacred herald rolls the victim slain
 (A feast for fish) into the foaming main.

Then thus Achilles: Hear, ye Greeks ! and know
 What'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe :
 Not else Atreides could our rage inflame,
 Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
 'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'erruling all,
 That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the Greeks
 to fall.

Go then, ye chiefs ! indulge the genial rite !
 Achilles waits you, and expects the sight.

The speedy council at his word adjourn'd :
 To their black vessels all the Greeks return'd.
 Achilles sought his tent. His train before
 March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.
 Those in the tents the 'squires indutrious spread :
 The foaming coursfers to the stalls they led :
 To their new seats the female captives move :
 Briseis, radiant as the Queen of Love,
 Slow as the past, beheld with sad survey,
 Where, gash'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay
 Prone on the body fell the heavenly fair,
 Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden hair ;
 All beautiful in grief her humid eyes
 Shining with tears she lifts, and thus she cries :

Ah, youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
 Once tender friend of my distracted mind !
 I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay !
 Now find thee cold, inanimated clay !
 What woes my wretched race of life attend !
 Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end !
 The first-lov'd comfort of my virgin-bed
 Before these eyes in fatal battle bled !
 My three brave brothers in one mournful day,
 All trod the dark irremediable way :
 Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
 And dry'd my sorrows for a husband slain ;
 Achilles' care you promis'd I should prove,
 The first, the dearest partner of his love ;

That rites divine should ratify the band,
And make me empress in his native land,
Accept these grateful tears ! for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's woe !

Her sister captives echoed groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd Patroclus fortunes, but their own :
The leaders press'd their chief on every side ;
Unmov'd, he heard them, and with sighs deny'd :

If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care
Is bent to please him, this request forbear :
'Till yonder sun descend, ah let me pay
To grief and anguish one abstemious day.

He spoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face :
Yet still the brother-kings of Atreus' race,
Nestor, Idomeneus, Ulysses sage,
And Phoenix, strive to calm his grief and rage :
His rage they calm not, nor his grief control ;
He groans, he raves, he sorrows from his soul.

Thou too, Patroclus ! (thus his heart he vents)
Once spread th' inviting banquet in our tents :
Thy sweet society, thy winning care,
Once staid Achilles, rushing to the war.
But now, alas ! to death's cold arms resign'd,
What banquets but revenge can glad my mind ?
What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,
What more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd ?
Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear.
What more, should Neoptolemus the brave
(My only offspring) sink into the grave ?
If yet that offspring lives (I distant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war).
I could not this, this cruel stroke attend,
Fate claim'd Achilles, but might spare his friend.

• I hop'd Patroclus might survive, to rear •
My tender orphan with a parent's care.
From Schyros idle conduct him o'er the main,
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain ;
For Peleus breathes no more the vital air,
Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
But till the news of my sad fate invades
His hastening soul, and sinks him to the shades.

Sighing he said. His grief the heroes join'd ;
Each stole a tear for what he left behind.
Their mingled grief the Sire of Heaven survey'd ;
And thus, with pity, to his blue-ey'd Maid :

Is then Achilles now no more thy care,
And dost thou thus desert the great in war ;
Lo, where yon fails their canvas wings extend,
All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend :
Ere thrust and want his forces have oppress'd,
Haste, and infuse ambrosia in his breast.

He spoke : and sudden, at the word of Jove,
Shot the descending Goddess from above. •
So swift through æther the shrill Harpy springs,
The wide air floating to her ample wings.
To great Achilles she her slight address'd,
And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast,
With nectar sweet (refection of the Gods !)
Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.

Now issued from the ships, the warrior-train,
And, like a deluge, pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow,
And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow ;
From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whole dazzling lustre whitens all the skies :

So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields ;
Broad-glittering breast-plates, spears with point-
ed rays,

Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze ;
Thick beats the centre as the couriers bound,
With splendour flame the skies, and laugh the
fields around.

Full in the midst, high-towering o'er the rest,
His limbs in arms divine Achilles dress'd ;
Arms, which the Father of the Fire bestow'd,
Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the God.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire ;
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire ;
He grinds his teeth ; and, furious with delay,
O'erlooks th' embattled host, and hopes the bloody
day.

The silver cuisses first his thighs infold :
Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold :
The brazen sword a various baldrick ty'd,
That, starr'd with gems, hung glittering at his side ;
And, like the moon, the broad resplendent shield
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the
field.

So to night-wandering sailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the watery waste, a light appears,
Which, on the far-teen mountain blazing high,
Streams from some lonely gaze-tower to the sky :
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again ;
Loud hoes the storm, and drives them o'er the

• main.

Next, his high head the helmet grac'd ; behind
The tweepy crest, hung floating in the wind :
Like the red star, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war ;
So stream'd the golden honours from his head,
'Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose gle-
ries shed.

The chief beholds himself with wondering eyes ;
His arms he poises, and his motions tries ;
Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.

And now he shakes his great paternal spear,
Ponderous and huge ! which not a Greek could
rear.

From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and shap'd it for his fire ;
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Automedon and Alcimus prepare •
Th' immortal couriers and the radiant car
(The silver traces sweeping at their side) ;
Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles ty'd,
The ivory-studded reins, return'd behind,
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whir'd the lash around,
And swift ascended at one active bound.
All bright in heavenly arms, above his squire
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire ;
Not brighter Phœbus, in th' ætherial way,
Flames from his chariot, and restores the day
High o'er the host all terrible he stands,
And thunders to his steeds these dread commands :

Xanthus and Balius ! of Podarges' strain
(Unless ye boast that heavenly race in vain)
Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your master more your care ;

Through falling squadrons bear my slaughtering
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord. [sword,

The generous Xanthus, as the words he said,
Seem'd sensible of woe, and dropp'd his head !
Trembling he stood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane,
When, strange to tell ! (so Juno will'd) he broke
Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.
Achilles ! yes ! this day at least we bear
Thy rage in safety through the fires of war :
But come it will, the fatal time must come,
Nor our's the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
Not through our crime, or slowness in the course,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heavenly force ;

The bright far-shooting God who gilds the day
(Consecrate we saw him) tore his arms away.
No—could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the western gale,
All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.

Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies ty'd,
His fateful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd,
With unabated rage—So let it be !
Portents and prodigies are lost on me.
I know my fate, to die, to see no more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native shore—
Enough—when Heaven ordains, I sink in night ;
Now perish Troy ! he said, and rush'd to fight.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle of the Gods, and the Aids of Achilles.

Jupiter, upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the battle described, when the Deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter : but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

Thus round Pelides breathing war and blood,
Greece, sheath'd in arms, beside her vessels stood ;
While, near impending from a neighbouring
height,

Troy's black battalions wait the shock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call
The Gods to council in the starry hall :
Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,
And summons all the senate of the skies.
These shining on, in long procession come
To Jove's eternal adamant dome.

Not one was absent, not a rural Power,
That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bower ;
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the shady wood,
Each azure Sister of the silver flood ;
All but old Ocean, hoary Sire ! who keeps
His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.
On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd
(The work of Vulcan) sat the Powers around.
Ev'n * he whose trident sways the watery reign,
Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main,
Assum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
And question'd thus the Sire of men and Gods :

What moves the God who heaven and earth
commands,

And grasps the thunder in his awful hands,
Thus to convene the whole ætherial state ?
Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate ?
Already met, the lowering hosts appear,
And death stands ardent on the edge of war.

'Tis true (the Cloud-compelling Power replies)
This day, we call the council of the skies

* Neptune.

In care of human race ; ev'n Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.

Far on Olympus' top in secret state
Ourself will sit, and see the hand of Fate
Work out our will. Celestial Powers ! descend,
And, as your minds direct, your succour lend
To either host. Troy soon must lie o'erthrown,
If uncontrol'd Achilles fights alone :
Their troops but lately durst not meet his eyes ;
What can they now, if in his rage he rise ?
Assist them, Gods ! or Ilium's sacred wall
May fall this day, though Fate forbids the fall.
He said, and fir'd their heavenly breasts with
rage ;

On adverse parts the warring gods engage.
Heaven's awful Queen ; and he whose azure round
Girds the vast globe ; the Maid in arms renown'd ;
Hermes, of profitable arts the sire ;
And Vulcan, the black sovereign of the fire !
These to the fleet repair with instant flight ;
The vessels tremble as the Gods alight.
In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus, came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving Dame,
Xanthus, whose streams in golden currents flow,
And the chaste Huntress of the silver bow.
Ere yet the Gods their various aid employ,
Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy,
While great Achilles (terror of the plain)
Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.
Dreadful he stood in front of all his host ;
Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost ;
Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling see another God of War.

But when the Powers descending swell'd the
fight,

Then tumult rose; fierce rage and pale affright
Varied each face; then Discord sounds alarms,
Earth's echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls,
And now the thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars, hovering o'er his Troy, his terrors shrouds
In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds:
Now through each Trojan heart he fury pours
With voice divine, from Ilion's topmost towers;
Now shouts to Simois from her beauteous hill;
The mountain shook, the rapid streams flood still.
Above, the Sire of Gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground;
The forests wave, the mountains nod around;
Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their sources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the toils'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his hoary head,
Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should
His dark dominions open to the day, [lay
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhor'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.

Such war th' immortals wage: such horrors
rend [tend.

The world's vast concave, when the Gods con-
First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain
Against blue Neptune, monarch of the main:
The God of Arms his giant bulk display'd,
• Oppos'd to Pallas, War's triumphant Maid,
Against Latona march'd the Son of May;
The quiver'd Dian, sister of the Day
(Her golden arrows sounding at her side)
Saturn'a, Majesty of Heaven, defy'd.
With fiery Vulcan last in battle stands
The sacred flood that rolls on golden sands;
Naxos his name with those of heavenly birth,
But call'd Scamander by the sons of earth.

While thus the Gods in various league engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
Hector he sought; in search of Hector turn'd
His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd;
And burst like lightning through the ranks, and
vow'd

To glut the God of Battles with his blood.

Æneas was the first who dar'd to stay;
Apollo wedg'd him in the warrior's way,
But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,
Half-forc'd, and half-persuaded, to the fight.
Like young Lycaon, of the royal line, •
In voice and aspect, seem'd the Power divine;
And bade the chief reflect, how late with scorn
In distant threats he brav'd the Goddess-born.

Then thus the hero of Anchises' strain:
To meet Pelides, you persuade in vain:
Already have I met, nor void of fear
Observ'd the fury of his flying spear;
From Ida's woods he chas'd us to the field,
Our force he scatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;
Lynceus, Pedasus, in ashes lay;
But (Jove assisting) I surviv'd the day;
Else had I sunk, oppos'd in fatal fight
By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.

Where'er he mov'd, the Goddess shone before,
And bath'd his brazen lance in hostile gore.
What mortal man Achilles can sustain?
Th' immortals guard him through the dreadful
plain,

And suffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were God my aid, this arm should check his
power,
Though strong in battle as a brazen tower.

To whom the Son of Jove: That God implore,
And be what great Achilles was before.
From heavenly Venus thou deriv'st thy strain,
And he, but from a Sister of the Main;
An aged Sea-god father of his line,
But Jove himself the sacred source of thine.
Then list thy weapon for a noble blow,
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.

This said, and spirit breath'd into his breast,
Through the thick troops th' embolden'd hero
prest: [vey'd,

His venturous act the white-arm'd Queen sur-
And thus, assembling all the Powers, she said:

Behold an action, Gods! that claims your care;
Lo great Æneas rushing to the war;
Against Pelides he directs his course,
Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
Restrain his bold career; at least, t' attend
Our favour'd hero, let some Power descend,
To guard his life, and add to his renown,
We, the great armament of heaven, came down.
Hereafter let him fall, as Fates design,
That spun so short his life's illustrious line:
But, lest some adverse God now cross his way,
Give him to know what Powers assist this day:
For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,
When heaven's resplendent host appear in arms?

Thus she: and thus the God whose force can
make

The solid globe's eternal basis shake:
Against the might of man, so feeble known,
Why should celestial Powers exert their own?
Suffice, from yonder mount to view the scene,
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.
But if th' Armipotent, or God of light,
Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
Thence on the Gods of Troy we swift descend:
Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end;
And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd,
Yield to our conquering arms the lower world.

Thus having said, the Tyrant of the Sea,
Cerulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.
Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound
Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around;
In elder times to guard Alcides made
(The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid)
What-time a vengeful monster of the main
Swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.

Here Neptune and the Gods of Greece repair,
With clouds encompass'd, and a veil of air:
The adverse powers, around Apollo laid,
Crown the fair hills that silver Simois shade.
In circle close each heavenly party fate:
Intent to form the future scheme of Fate;
But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high
Gives the loud signal, and the heavens reply.

Mean while the rushing armies hide the ground;
The trampled centre yields a hollow sound:

Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
 The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.
 Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear
 There, great Achilles: bold Æneas here.
 With towering strides Æneas, first advanc'd,
 The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd;
 Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,
 And, as he mov'd, his javelin flam'd before.
 Not to Pelides: furious to engage,
 He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
 Who, viewing first his foes with scornful eyes,
 Though all in arms the peopled city rise,
 Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride;
 Till at the length, by some brave youth defy'd,
 To his bold spear the savage turns alone:
 He murmurs fury with an hollow groan;
 He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
 Lash'd by his tail, his heaving sides resound;
 He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
 Resolv'd on vengeance, or resolv'd on death.
 So, fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
 So stands Æneas, and his force defies.
 Ere yet the stern encounter join'd, begun
 The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son:
 Why comes Æneas through the ranks so far?
 Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,
 In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
 And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
 Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
 The martial monarch may refuse the prize:
 Sons he has many: those thy pride may quest;
 And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well.
 Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
 Has Troy propos'd some spacious track of land?
 An ample forest, or a fair domain,
 Of hill for vines, and aable for grain?
 Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
 But can Achilles be so soon forgot?
 Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,
 And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear.
 With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled,
 Nor, till he reach'd Lyrnessus, turn'd his head.
 Her lofty walls not long our progress staid;
 Thofe, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:
 In Grecian chains her captive race were cast;
 'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too fast.
 Defrauded of my conquest once before,
 What then I lost, the Gods this day restore.
 Go; while thou may'st, avoid the threatening
 fate;
 Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.
 To this Anchises' son: Such words employ
 To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy;
 Such we disdain; the best may be defy'd
 With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride;
 Unworthy the high race from which we came,
 Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame:
 Each from illustrious fathers draws his line;
 Each Goddefs born; half human, half divine,
 Thetis', this day, or Venus' offspring, dies:
 And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes:
 For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,
 'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.
 If yet thou farther seek to learn my birth
 (A tale resounded through the spacious earth),
 Hear how the glorious origin we prove
 From ancient Dardanus, the first from Jove:

Dardania's walls he rais'd; for Ilion them
 (The city since of many-languag'd men)
 Was not. The natives were content to till
 The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill.
 From Dardanus, great Erichthonius springs,
 The richest, once, of Asia's wealthy kings;
 Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred,
 Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.
 Boëas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,
 Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,
 With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd,
 And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead:
 Hence sprung twelve others of unrival'd kind,
 Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.
 These, lightly skimming when they swept the
 plain,
 Nor ply'd the grass, nor bent the tender grain;
 And when along the level seas they flew,
 Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew;
 Such Erichthonius was; from him there came
 The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.
 Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
 Ilus, Asiaracas, and Ganymed:
 The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair,
 Whom Heaven, enamour'd, snatch'd to upper air
 To bear the cup of Jove (ætherial guest,
 The grace and glory of the ambrosial feast).
 The two remaining sons the line divide:
 First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side;
 From him Tithonius, now in cares grown old.
 And Priam (blest with Hector, brave and bold):
 Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair;
 And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
 From great Asiaracas sprung Capys, he
 Begat Anchises, and Anchises me.
 Such is our race: 'tis Fortune gives us birth,
 But Jove alone endues the soul with worth:
 He, source of power and might! with boundless
 All human courage gives, or takes away. [I say,
 Long in the field of words we may contend,
 Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
 Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong
 (So voluble a weapon is the tongue)
 Wounded, we wound; and neither side can fail,
 For every man has equal strength to rail:
 Women alone, when in the streets they jar,
 Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
 Like us they stand, encompais'd with the crowd,
 And vent their anger impotent and loud.
 Cease then—Our business in the field of fight
 Is not to question, but to prove, our might.
 To all those insults thou hast offer'd here,
 Receive this answer: 'tis my flying spear.
 He spoke. With all his force the javelin flung,
 Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
 Far on his out-stretch'd arm Pelides held
 (To meet the thundering lance) his dreadful
 shield
 That trembled as it stuck; nor void of fear
 Saw, ere it fell, th' immeasurable spear.
 His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
 Secur'd the temper of th' ætherial arms. [held
 Through two strong plates the point its passage
 But stoop'd, and rested, by the third repell'd.
 Five plates of various metal, various mold,
 Compos'd the shield; of brass each outward fold,
 Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:

There stuck the lance. Then rising ere he threw,
The forceful spear of great Achilles flew,
And pierc'd the Dardan shield's extremest bound,
Where the shrill brags return'd a sharper sound :
Through the thin verge the Pelian weapon glides,
And the slight covering of expanded hides.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees, through its parting plates, the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quivering spear :
A fate so near him chills his soul with fright ;
And swims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
Achilles, rushing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies :
Æneas, rousing as the foe came on
(With force collected) heaves a mighty stone :
A mass enormous ! which in modern days
No two of earth's degenerate sons could raise.
But Ocean's God, whose earthquakes rock the
ground,

Saw the distress, and mov'd the Powers around.

Lo ! on the brink of fate Æneas stands,
An instant victim to Achilles' hands ;
By Phœbus urg'd : but Phœbus has bestow'd
His aid in vain : the man o'erpowers the God.
And can ye see this righteous chief atone,
With guiltless blood, for vices not his own ?
To all the Gods his constant vows were paid :
Sure, though he wars for Troy, he claims our aid !
Fate wills not this ; nor thus can Jove resign
The future Father of the Dardan line :
The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace,
And still his love descends on all the race ;
For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kin,
At length are odious to th' all-seeing Mind ;
On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.
The great Earth-shaker thus : to whom replies
Th' imperial Goddess with the radiant eyes :
Good as he is, to immolate or spare
The Dardan Prince, O Neptune, be thy care ;
Pallas and I, by all that Gods can bind,
Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind ;
Not ev'n an instant to protract thy fate,
Or save one member of the sinking state ;
Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore,
And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.

The king of Ocean to the fight descends,
Through all the whistling darts his course he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes.
From great Æneas shield the spear he drew,
And at his master's feet the weapon threw.
That done, with force divine he snatch'd on high
The Dardan Prince, and bore him through the sky,
Smooth-gliding without step, above the heads
Of warring heroes, and of bounding steeds :
Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,
Where the slow Caucas close the rear of fight.
The Godhead there (his heavenly form conie's'd)
With words like these the panting chief address'd :

What power, O prince, with force inferior far,
Urg'd thee to meet Achilles' arm in war ?
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding Fate of all thy fame to come.
But when the day decreed (for come it must)
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the dust,

Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no Grecian force transcends thy own.

With that, he left him, wondering as he lay,
Then from Achilles chas'd the mist away :
Sudden, returning with the stream of light,
The scene of war came rushing on his sight.
Then thus amaz'd : What wonders strike my
mind !

My spear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me ! and the Dardan lord,
That fell this instant, vanish'd from my sword !
I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But Powers celestial fure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he scarce will try,
Content, for once, with all his Gods, to fly.
Now then let others bleed.—This said, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the crowd,
O Greeks (he cries, and every rank alarms)
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms !
'Tis not in me, though favour'd by the Sky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies
No God can singly such a host engage, [85 :
Not Mars himself, nor great Minerva's rage.
But whate'er Achilles can inspire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire :
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey ;
All, all Achilles, Greeks ! is yours to-day.
Through yon wide host this arm shall scatter fear,
And thin the squadrons with my single spear.

He said : nor less elate with martial joy,
The godlike Hector warm'd the troops of Troy :
Trojans to war ! Think Hector leads you on ;
Nor dread the vaults of Peleus' haughty son.
Deeds must decide our fate. Ev'n those with
words

Insult the brave, who tremble at their swords :
The weakest Atheist-wretch all Heaven defies,
But shrinks and shudders when the thunder flies.
Nor from yon boaster shall your chief retire,
Not though his heart were steel, his hand were
fire ;

That fire, that steel, your Hector should withstand,
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.

Thus (breathing rage thro' all) the hero said ;
A wood of lances rises round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempest all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.
But Phœbus warns him from high heaven to shun
The single fight with Thetis' godlike son ;
More safe to combat in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.
He hears obedient to the God of Light,
And, plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.
Then fierce Achilles, shouting to the skies,
On Troy's whole force with boundless fury flies,
First tails Iphityon, at his army's head ;
Brave was the chief, and brave the host he led ;
From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
His mother was a Naiad of the flood ;
Beneath the shades of Tmolus, crown'd with snow,
From Hyde's walls he rul'd the lands below,
Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides ;
The parted visage falls on equal sides :
With loud-rebounding arms he strikes the plain ;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the slain :
Lie there, Otryntides ! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, the Gyges boast thy birth.

Those beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are
roll'd,

And plenteous Hermus swells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more.—Th' insulting hero said,
And left him sleeping in eternal shade.

The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,
And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.

Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.
Th' impatient steel, with full-descending sway,
Forc'd through his brazen helm its furious way,
Refus'd to drive the batter'd skull before,
And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.

This sees Hippodamas, and, seiz'd with fright,
Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight:
The lance arrest him: an ignoble wound
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his soul: not louder roars,
At Neptune's shrine on Helice's high shores,
The victim bull: the rocks rebellow round,
And Ocean listens to the grateful sound.

Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
The youngest hope of Priam's swooping age
(Whose feet for swiftness in the race surpass'd);
Of all his sons, the dearest and the last.
To the forbidden field he takes his flight
In the first folly of a youthful knight,
To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain,
But vaults not long, with all his swiftness slain.
Struck where the crouching belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd:
Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel:
And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell;
The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground
His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round.

When Hector view'd, all ghastly in his gore,
Thus sadly slain th' unhappy Polydore,
A cloud of sorrow overcast his sight;
His soul no longer brook'd the distant fight:
Pull in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
And shook his javelin like a waving flame.
'The son of Peleus sees, with joy possest,
His heart high-bounding in his rising breast:
And, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;
The man, that slew Achilles, in his friend!
No more shall Hector and Pelides' spear
Turn from each other in the walks of war—
Then with revengeful eyes he scan'd him o'er:
Come, and receive thy fate! He spake no more.

Hector, undaunted, thus: Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy:
Such we could give, defying and defy'd,
Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine superior far;
But Heaven alone confers success in war—
Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my dart,
And give it entrance in a braver heart.

Then 'parts the lance: but Pallas' heavenly
Far from Achilles waits the winged death, {breath
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great master lies.
Achilles closes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
But, present to his aid, Apollo spreads
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart,
'The man, that slew Achilles, in his friend!

The spear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud;
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud:

Wretch! thou hast 'scap'd again, once more
thy flight

Has sav'd thee, and the partial God of Light.
But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,
If any power assist Achilles' hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.

With that, he gluts his rage on numbers slain.
Then Dryops tumbled to th' ensanguin'd plain,
Pierc'd thro' the neck: he left him panting there,
And stopp'd Demochus, great Philetor's heir.
Gigantic chief! deep gash'd th' enormous blade,
And for the soul an ample passage made.
Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant sons of an unhappy fire;
Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one instant to the nether world;
This difference only their sad fates afford,
That one the spear destroy'd, and one the sword.

Nor less unpitied young Alastor bleeds;
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty, pleads:
In vain he begs thee with a suppliant's moan,
To spare a form, an age, so like thy own!
Unhappy boy! no prayer, no moving art,
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!
While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,
The ruthless faulchion op'd his tender side;
The panting liver pours a flood of gore,
That drowns his bosom till he pants no more.

Thro' Mulius' head then drove th' impetuous
The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear. [spear,
Thy life, Echeclus! next the sword bereaves,
Deep through the front the ponderous faulchion
cleaves;

Warm'd in the brain the smoking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave Deucalion dy'd: the dart was strong
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow frung;
He dropt his arm, an unassisting weight,
And stood all impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling faulchion sped,
From his broad shoulders hew'd his crested head:
Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies,
And sunk in dust the corpse extended lies.
Rhigmus, whose race from fruitful Thracia came,
(The son of Pireus, an illustrious name)
Succeeds to fate: the spear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thundering chief descends:
The squire, who saw expiring on the ground
His prostrate master, rein'd the steeds around:
His back scarce turn'd, the Pelian javelin gor'd,
And stretch'd the servant o'er the dying lord.
As when a flame the winding valley fills,
And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills;
Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies,
Thus way and that the spreading torrent roars;
So sweeps the hero through the wasted shores:
Around him wide, immense destruction pours,
And earth is delug'd with the sanguine showers,
As, with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,
And thick bestrown, lies Ceres' sacred floor;
When round and round with never-weary'd pain,
The trampling steers beat out th' unnumber'd

o the fierce courfers, as the chariot rolls,
 'read down whole ranks, and crush out heroes
 souls.
 Dash'd from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they
 fly,
 black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye :

The spiky wheels through heaps of carnage tores;
 And thick the groaning axels dropp'd with gore.
 High o'er the scene of death Achilles flood,
 All grim with dust, all horrible in blood :
 Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame ;
 Such is the lust of never-dying fame !

BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle in the River Scamander.

The Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards the town, others to the river Scamander : he falls upon the latter with great slaughter ; takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus ; and kills Lycaon and Asteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves ; Neptune and Pallas assist the hero ; Simois joins Scamander ; at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other Gods engage each other. Mean while Achilles continues the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy : Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo ; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and, while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.

AND now to Xanthus gliding stream they drove, |
 Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.

The river here divides the flying train,
 Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,
 Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight :
 Now chas'd, and trembling in ignoble flight
 (These with a gather'd mist Saturnia shrouds,
 And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds).
 Part plunge into the stream : old Xanthus roars,
 The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores :
 With cries promiscuous all the banks resound :
 And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,
 The bounding steeds and shrieking warriors }
 drown'd.

As the scorch'd locusts from their fields retire,
 While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire ;
 Driv'n from the land before the smoky cloud,
 The clustering legions rush into the flood :
 So, plung'd in Xanthus, by Achilles' force,
 Roars the resounding surge with men and horse.
 His bloody lance the hero casts aside
 (Which spreading tamarisks on the margin hide) ;
 Then, like a God, the rapid billows braves,
 Aim'd with his sword high-brandish'd o'er the
 waves :

Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
 Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound ;
 Repeated wounds the reddening river dy'd,
 And the warm purple circled on the tide.
 Swift through the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
 And close in rocks or winding caverns lie :
 So, the huge Dolphin tempesting the main,
 In shoals before him fly the scaly train,
 Confus'dly heap'd they seek their inmost caves,
 Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
 Now, tir'd with slaughter, from the Trojan band
 Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land ;

With their rich belts their captive arms constrains
 (Late their proud ornaments, but now their
 chains).

These his attendants to the ships convey'd,
 Sad victims ! destin'd to Patroclus' shade.
 Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,
 The young Lycaon in his passage stood,
 The son of Priam ; whom the hero's hand
 But late made captive in his father's land
 (As from a fycamore, his sounding steel
 Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot wheel) ;
 To Lemnos' isle he sold the royal slave,
 Where Jason's son the price demanded gave ;
 But kind Eëtion touching on the shore,
 The ransom'd prince to fair Amibe bore.
 Ten days were past, since in his father's reign
 He felt the sweets of liberty again ;
 The next, that God whom men in vain withstand,
 Gives the same youth to the same conquering hand ;
 Now never to return ! and doom'd to go
 A sadder journey to the shades below.
 His well-known face when great Achilles ey'd
 (The helm and visor he had cast aside
 With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
 His uselefs lance and unavailing shield)
 As trembling, panting, from the stream he fled,
 And knock'd his faltering knees, the hero said :

Ye mighty Gods ! what wonders strike my view ?
 Is it in vain our conquering arms subdue ?
 Sure I shall see yon heaps of Trojans kill'd,
 Rise from the shades, and brave me on the field :
 As now the captive, whom so late I bound
 And sold to Lemnos, stalks on Trojan ground !
 Not him the sea's unmeasur'd deeps detain,
 That bar such numbers from their native plain ;
 Lo ! he returns. Try, then, my flying spear :
 Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer ;

If earth at length this active prince can seize,
Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules.

Thus while he spoke, the Trojan pale with fears
Approach'd, and fought his knees with suppliant
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath, [tears;
And his soul shivering at th' approach of death,
Achilles rais'd the spear, prepar'd to wound;
He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground;
And while, above, the spear suspended stood,
Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood,
One hand embrac'd them close, one stop'd the dart,
While thus these melting words attempt his heart:
Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! see,
Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee.
Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,
Who shar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
Whom late thy conquering arm to Lemnos bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native shore;
A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay.
Scarce respited from woes I yet appear,
And scarce twelve morning suns have seen me here;

Lo! Jove again submits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel Fate demands!
I sprung from Priam and Laothœ fair
(Old Altes daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
Who held in Pedafus his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where silver Sænio flow'd):
Two sons (alas! unhappy sons) she bore;
For, ah! one spear shall drink each brother's
And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore. [gore; }
How from that arm of terror shall I fly?
Some dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,
With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death.

These words, attended with a shower of tears,
The youth address'd to unrelenting ears:
Talk not of life, or ransom, (he replies)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me dies:
In vain a single Trojan sues for grace;
But least, the sons of Priam's hateful race.
Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
"And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?"
Seest thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a hero, from a Goddess born;
The day shall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,
By night or day, by force or by design,
Impending death and certain fate are mine.
Die then—he said: and, as the word he spoke,
The fainting stripling sunk before the stroke:
His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear:
While all his trembling frame confess'd his fear;
Sudden, Achilles his broad sword display'd,
And buried in his neck the seeking blade.
Prone fell the youth: and, panting on the land,
The gushing purple dy'd the thirsty sand;
The victor to the stream the carcase gave,
And thus insults him, floating on the wave:

There no sad mother shall thy funeral weep,
But swift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
Whose every wave some watery monster brings,
To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings.
So perish Troy, and all the Trojan line!
Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine.
What boots you now Scamander's worshipp'd stream,

His earthly honours, and immortal name!
In vain your immolated bulls are slain,
Your living couriers glut his gulfs in vain:
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is complete;
Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd shade,
And the short absence of Achilles paid.

These boastful words provoke the raging God;
With fury swells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the Power employ,
To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy?
Mean while the hero springs in arms, to dare
The great Asteropus to mortal war;
The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line
Flows from the source of Axis, stream divine
(Fair Peribœa's love the God had crown'd,
With all his reflux waters circled round).
On him Achilles rush'd: he fearless stood,
And shook two spears, advancing from the flood
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
To avenge his waters chok'd with heaps of dead.
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began:

What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the sire
Whose son encounters our resistless ire.

O son of Peleus! what avails to trace
(Reply'd the warrior) our illustrious race?
From rich Pæonia's valleys I command,
Arm'd with portended spears, my native band;
Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came

In aid of Ilium to the fields of fame:
Axis, who swells with all the neighbouring rills,
And wide around the flooded region fills,
Begot my fire, whose spear such glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!

Threatening he said: the hostile chiefs advance;
At once Asteropus discharg'd each lance
(For both his dexterous hands the lance could wield)

One struck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian shield;
One raz'd Achilles' hand; the spouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the fasten'd weapon stood.
Like lightning next the Pelian javelin flies:
Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies;
Deep in the swelling bank was driven the spear,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
Then from his side the sword Pelides drew,
And on his foe with doubled fury flew.
The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood;
Repulsive of his might the weapon stood:
The fourth, he tries to break the spear in vain;
Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain;
His belly open'd with a ghastly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies:
While the proud victor thus triumphing said,

So ends thy glory! Such the fate they prove,
 Who strive presumptuous with the sons of Jove.
 Sprung from a river, didst thou boast thy line?
 But great Saturnius is the source of mine.
 How dost thou vaunt thy watery progeny?
 Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
 The race of these superior far to those,
 As he that thunders to the stream that flows.
 What rivers can, Scamander might have shown;
 But Jove he dreads, nor wars against his son,
 Ev'n Achelous might contend in vain,
 And all the roaring billows of the main.

Th' eternal ocean, from whose fountains flow
 The seas, the rivers, and the springs below,
 The thundering voice of Jove abhors to hear,
 And in his deep abysses shakes with fear.

He said, then from the bank his javelin tore,
 And left the breathless warrior in his gore.

The floating tides the bloody carcase lave,
 And beat against it, wave succeeding wave;
 Till, roll'd between the banks, it lies, the food
 Of curling eels, and fishes of the flood. [slain]

All scatter'd round the stream (their mightiest
 Th' amaz'd Pæonians scout along the plain:

He vents his fury on the flying crew,
 Thraſius, Aitypius, and Mneſius slew;
 Mydon, Therſiloſus, with Ænius fell;
 And numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell;
 But from the bottom of his gulfs profound,
 Scamander spoke; the shores return'd the sound:

O first of mortals! (for the Gods are thine)
 In valour matchless, and in force divine!
 If Jove have given thee every Trojan head,
 'Tis not on me thy rage should heap the dead.
 See! my chok'd streams no more their course can
 keep,

Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
 Turn, then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;
 Content, thy slaughters could amaze a God.

In human form confess'd before his eyes,
 The river thus, and thus the chief replies:
 O sacred stream! thy word we shall obey;
 But not till Troy the destin'd vengeance pay:
 Not till within her towers the perjurd train
 Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again:
 Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall,
 Or stain this lance, or see Achilles fall.

He said, and drove with fury on the foe.
 Then to the Godhead of the silver bow
 The yellow flood began: O son of Jove!
 Was not the mandate of the fire above
 Full and express? that Phœbus should employ
 His sacred arrows in defence of Troy,
 And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall
 In awful darkness hide the face of all?

He spoke in vain—the chief without dismay
 Ploughs through the boiling surge his desperate
 Then, rising in his rage above the shores, [way.
 From all his deep the bellowing river roars,
 Huge heaps of slain disgorges on the coast,
 And round the banks the ghastly dead are tost.
 While all before, the billows rang'd on high
 (A watery bulwark) screen the bands who fly.
 Now bursting on his head with thundering sound,
 The falling deluge whelms the hero round:
 His loaden shield bends to the rushing tide;
 His feet, upborne, scarce the strong flood divide,

TRANS:

Sliddering and staggering. On the border stood
 A-spreading elm, that overhung the flood:
 He seiz'd a bending bough, his steps to stay;
 The plant, uprooted, to his weight gave way,
 Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
 Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall
 Of the thick foliage. The large trunk display'd
 Bridg'd the rough flood aroofs: the hero stay'd
 On this his weight, and, rais'd upon his hand,
 Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the land.
 Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur
 The God pursues, a huger billow throws, [rose;
 And bursts the bank, ambitious to destroy
 The man whose fury is the fate of Troy.
 He, like the warlike eagle, speeds his pace
 (Swiftest and strongest of th' aerial race)
 Far as a spear can fly; Achilles springs
 At every bound; his clanging armour rings:
 Now here, now there, he turns on every side,
 And winds his course before the following tide;
 The waves flow after, wheresoe'er he wheels,
 And gather fast, and murmur at his heels.
 So, when a peasant to his garden brings
 Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs,
 And calls the floods from high, to bless his bowers,
 And feed with pregnant streams the plants and
 flowers;

Soon as he clears whate'er their passage staid,
 And marks the future current with his spade,
 Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills,
 Louder and louder purl the falling rills;
 Before him scattering, they prevent his pains,
 And shine in mazy wanderings o'er the plains.

Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
 Still swift Scamander rolls where'er he flies:
 Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods;
 The first of men, but not a match for Gods,
 Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,
 And bravely try if all the Powers were foes;
 So oft the surge, in watery mountains spread,
 Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head.
 Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
 And still indignant bounds above the waves.
 Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
 Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy soil:
 When thus (his eyes on heaven's expansion
 thrown)

Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan:

Is there no God Achilles to befriend,
 No Power t' avert his miserable end?
 Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date,
 And make my future life the sport of Fate.
 Of all Heaven's oracles believ'd in vain,
 But most of Thetis, must her son complain;
 By Phœbus' darts she prophesied my fall,
 In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.
 Oh! had I died in fields of battle warm,
 Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!
 Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend,
 And my swift foul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend!
 Ah, no! Achilles meets a shameful fate,
 Oh! how unworthy of the brave and great!
 Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day,
 Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,
 An unregarded carcase, to the sea.

Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief,
 And thus in human form address the chief.

1

The Power of Ocean first: Forbear thy fear,
O son of Peleus! Lo, thy Gods appear!
Behold! from Jove descending to thy aid
Propitious Neptune, and the blue-eyed Maid.
Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave:
'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
But thou, the counsel Heaven suggests, attend!
Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,
Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all
Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:
Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,
And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.
Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus spake the Gods:
Then swift ascended to the bright abodes.
Stung with new ardour, thus by Heaven impell'd,
He springs impetuous, and invades the field:
O'er all th' expanded plain the waters spread;
Heap'd on the bounding billows dance the dead,
Floating 'midst scatter'd arms; while casques of
gold

And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.
High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades and mounts; the parted wave rebounds.
Not a whole river stops the hero's course,
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.
With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.

Then thus to Simois: Haste, my brother-flood!
And check this mortal, that controls a God.
Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight,
And Ilium tumble from her towery height.
Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains swell thy watery store,
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead,
Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head.
Mark how resistless through the floods he goes!
And boldly bids the warning Gods be foes!
But not that force, nor form divine to fight,
Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulfs those arms shall
That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye; [lie,
And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd,
Immers'd remain this terror of the world.
Such ponderous ruin shall confound the place,
No Greek shall e'er his perish'd relics grace,
No hand his bones shall gather, or inhume;
These his cold rites, and this his watery tomb.

He said; and on the chief descends amain,
Increases'd with gore, and swelling with the slain.
Then murmuring from his beds, he boils, he
raves,

And a foam whitens on the purple waves:
At every step, before Achilles flood
The crimson surge, and delug'd him with blood.
Fear touch'd the Queen of Heaven: she saw dis-
may'd;

She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid.
Rife to the war! th' insulting flood requires
Thy wasteful arm: assemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Rush the swift eastern and the western wind.
These from old Ocean at my word shall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the watery foe,
Corpses and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! display thy power,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour,

Scorch all the banks! and (till our voice reclaim)
Exert th' unweari'd furies of the flame!

The Power ignipotent her word obeys:
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze;
At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil,
And the shrunk waters in their channel boil.
As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky,
And instant blows the water'd gardens dry:
So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,
While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blast around.
Swift on the sedge reeds the ruin preys;
Along the margin winds the running blaze:
The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,
The flowery lotos and the tamarisk burn,
Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire;
The watery willows hiss before the fire.
Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath,
The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death:
Now flounce aloft, now dive, the scaly fry,
Or, gasping, turn their bellies to the sky.

At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, short-panting, to the God he said:
Oh, Vulcan! oh! what power resists thy
I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight— [might?
I yield—Let Ilium fall, if Fate decree;
Ah, bend no more thy fiery arms on me!

He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;
The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,
To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice,
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires:
So boils th' imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,
And, chok'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow,
To Juno then, imperial Queen of Air,
The burning river sends his earnest prayer:

Ah, why, Saturnia! must thy son engage
Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage?
On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier Gods assert the cause of Troy.
Submissive I desist, if thou command;
But, ah! withdraw this all-destroying hand.
Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to Fate
Unaided Ilium, and her destin'd fate,
Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame,
And in one ruin sink the Trojan name.

His warm entreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear:
She bade th' Ignipotent his rage forbear,
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cause
Infest a God: th' obedient flame withdraws:
Again, the branching streams begin to spread,
And soft re-murmur in their wonted bed.

While these by Juno's will the strife resign,
The warring Gods in fierce contention join:
Re-kindling rage each heavenly breath alarms;
With horrid clangor shock'd th' ætherial arms:
Heaven in loud thunder bids the trumpet found;
And wide beneath them groans the rending
ground.

Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene descries,
And views contending Gods with careless eyes.
The Power of Battles lifts his brazen spear,
And first assaults the radiant Queen of War:

What mov'd thy madness thus to disunite
Ætherial minds, and mix all Heaven in fight?
What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood
Thou drov'st a mortal to insult a God?

Thy impious hand Tydides' javelin bore,
And madly bath'd it in celestial gore.

He spoke, and smote the loud-resounding shield,
Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field;
The adamantine ægis of her fire,
That turns the glancing bolt and forked fire.
Then heav'd the Goddess in her mighty hand
A stone, the limit of the neighbouring land,
There fix'd from eldest times; black, craggy,
This at the heavenly homicide she cast. [vault:
Thundering he falls, a mass of monstrous size;
And seven broad acres covers as he lies.
The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound;
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms rebound:
The scornful dame her conquest views with smiles,
And, glorying, thus the prostrate God reviles:

Hast thou not yet, insatiate fury! known
How far Minerva's force transcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'st withstand,
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand;
Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.
The Goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
'That, beaming round, diffus'd celestial day,
Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand:
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,
And, propt on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.
This the bright Empress of the heavens survey'd,
And, scoffing, thus to War's victorious Maid:

Lo! what an aid on Mars's side is seen!
The Smiles' and Loves' unconquerable Queen!
Mark with what insolence, in open view,
She moves: let Pallas, if she dares, purrue.

Minerva smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
And slightly on her breast the wanton strook:
She, unresisting, fell (her spirits fled);
On earth together lay the lovers spread;
And like these heroes, be the fate of all
(Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall!
'To Grecian Gods such let the Phrygians be,
So dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me;
Then from the lowest stone shall Troy be mov'd---
Thus she; and Juno with a smile approv'd.

Mean time, to mix in more than mortal fight,
The God of Ocean dares the God of Light:
What sloth hath seiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting powers, and heaven returns
the sound?

Shall, ignominious, we with shame retire,
No deed perform'd, to our Olympian Sire?
Come, prove thy arm! for first the war to wage,
Suits not my greatness, or superior age:
Rash as thou art to prop the Trojan throne,
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own) }
And guard the race of proud Laomedon!
Hast thou forgot how, at the monarch's prayer,
We shad' the length'd labours of a year?
Troy's wall I rais'd (for such were Jove's com-
mands)

And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
Thy talk it was to feed the bellowing droves
Along fair Ida's vales and pendent groves.
But when the circling seasons in their train
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our
With menace stern, the fraudulent king defy'd [pain,
Our latent Godhead, and the prize deny'd:

Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile bands,
And doom'd us exiles far in barbarous lands,
Incens'd, we heavenward fled with swift wing,
And destin'd vengeance on the perjurd king.
Dost thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,
And not, like us, infect the faithless race;
Like us, their present, future sons destroy,
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?

Apollo thus: To combat for mankind,
Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind:
For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nourishment to earth;
Like yearly leaves, that, now with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the sun; now wither on the ground.
To their own hands commit the frantic scene,
Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean.

Then turns his face, far-beaming heavenly fizes,
And from the senior Power submits retires:
Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids,
'The quiver'd huntress of the sylvan shades;

And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to Ocean's hoary Sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp and dreadful show
Of pointed arrows, and the silver bow!
Now boast no more, in yon celestial bower,
Thy force can match the great earth-shaking
Power.

Silent, he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid:
Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus: What insolence has driven
Thy pride to face the Majesty of Heaven?
What though, by Jove the female plague design'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy lex's tyrant, with a tyger's heart?
What though, tremendous in the wood and chase,
Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?
How dares thy rashness on the Powers divine
Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage---
She said, and seiz'd her wriths with eager rage;
These in her left hand lock'd, her right unty'd
The bow, the quiver, and its plumed pride.
About her temples flies the busy bow:
Now here, now there, the winds her from the blow!
The scattering arrows, rattling from the case,
Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,
And scarce retains the torrent in her eyes:
So, when the falcon wings her way above,
To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove,
(Not fated yet to die) there safe retreats,
Yet still her heart against the marble beats.

To her, Latona hastes with tender care,
Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war:
How shall I face the dame, who gives delight
To him whose thunders blacken heaven with night?
Go, matchless Goddess! triumph in the skies,
And boast my conquest, while I yield the prize.

He spoke; and past: Latona, stooping low,
Collects the scatter'd shafts, and fallen bow,
That, glittering on the dust, lay here and there;
Dishonour'd relics of Diana's war.
Then swift pursued her to the blest abode,
Where all-confus'd she sought the Sovereign God;
Weeping she grasp'd his knees: th' ambrosial vest
Shook with her sighs, and panted on her breast.

The Sire superior smil'd; and bade her show
What heavenly hand had caus'd his daughter's
Abash'd, the names his own Imperial spouse; [woe?
And the pale crescent fades upon her brows.

Thus they above: while swiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Lion's sacred town:
The Guardian God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, tho' Fate forbade her fall.
Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,
Return the shining bands of Gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, some with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' ætherial Sire,
Thro' blood, thro' death, Achilles still proceeds,
O'er slaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling steeds.
As when avenging flames, with fury driven
On guilty towns, exert the wrath of Heaven;
The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly;
And the red vapours purple all the sky:
So rag'd Achilles; death and dire dismay;
And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.

High on a turret hoary Priam stands,
And marks the waste of his destructive hands;
Views, from his arm, the Trojans' scatter'd flight,
And the near hero rising on his fight!
No step, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
And settled sorrow on his aged face.
Tast as he could, he fighting quits the walls;
And thus, descending, on the guards he calls:

You, to whose care our city-gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng:
For lo! he comes, with unresisted sway;
He comes, and desolation marks his way!
But when within the walls our troops take breath,
Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out death.
Thus charg'd the reverend monarch: wide were flung

The opening folds; the sounding hinges rung,
Phœbus rush'd forth, the flying bands to meet;
Struck slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat.
On heaps the Trojans crowd to gain the gate,
And, glad some, see their last escape from Fate.
Thither, all pack'd with thirst, a heartless train,
Hoary with dust, they beat the hollow plain:
And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on
With heavier strides, that lengthen'd tow'rd the
Enrag'd Achilles follows with his spear; [town.
Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.

Then had the Greeks eternal praise acquir'd,
And Troy inglorious to her walls retir'd;
But † he, the God who darts ætherial flame,
Shot down to save her, and redeem her fame.
To young Agenor force divine he gave
(Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold, and brave);
In aid of him, beside the beech he fate,
And, wrapt in clouds, restrain'd the hand of Fate.
When now the generous youth Achilles spies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions rise.
(So, ere a storm, the waters heave and roll);
He stops, and questions thus his mighty soul:
What! shall I fly this terror of the plain?
Like others fly, and be like others slain?
Vain hope! to shun him by the self-same road,
Yon line of slaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
No: with the common heap I scorn to fall—
What if they pals'd me to the Trojan wall,
While I decline to yonder path, that leads
To Ida's forests and surrounding shades?

So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
From my tir'd body wash the dirt and blood,
As soon as night her dusky veil extends,
Return in safety to my Trojan friends.
What if—But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of Fate?
Ev'n now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,
The fierce Achilles sees me, and I fall:
Such is his swiftness 'tis in vain to fly,
And such his valour, that who stands must die.
Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the state,
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.
Yet sure he too is mortal! he may feel
(Like all the sons of earth) the force of steel;
One only soul informs that dreadful frame;
And Jove's sole favour gives him all his fame.
He said, and stood collected in his might:
And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.
So from some deep-grown wood a panther starts,
Rous'd from his thicket by a storm of darts:
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds
Of shouting hunters, and of clamorous hounds;
'Tho' struck, tho' wounded scarce perceives the

pain;
And the barb'd javelin stings his breast in vain:
On their whole war, untam'd the savage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not less resolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Disdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His shield, (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then, graceful, as he stood in act to throw
The lifted javelin, thus bespoke the foe:

How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to link the Trojan name
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
A thousand woes, a thousand toils, remain.
Parents and children our just arms employ,
And strong, and many, are the sons of Troy.
Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'st stain with gore
These Phrygian fields, and press a foreign shore.

He said: with matchless force the javelin flung
Smote on his knee; the hollow cushions rung
Beneath the pointed steel; but safe from harms
He stands impassive in the ætherial arms.
Then, fiercely rushing on the daring foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:
But, jealous of his fame, Apollo throuds
The godlike Trojan in a veil of clouds.
Safe from pursuit, and shut from mortal view,
Dismiss'd with fame the favour'd youth withdrew.
Mean while the God, to cover their escape,
Assumes Agenor's habit, voice and shape,
Flies from the furious chief in this disguise;
The furious chief still follows where he flies.
Now o'er the fields they stretch with lengthen'd

strides, [glides;
Now urge the course where swift Scamander
The God, now distant scarce a stride before,
Tempts his pursuit, and wheels about the shore;
While all the flying troops their speed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy:
No stop, no stay; no thought to ask, or tell,
'Who scap'd by flight, or who by battle fell.
T was tumult all, and violence of flight;
And sudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
Pale Troy against Achilles shuts her gate;

B O O K XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Death of Hector.

The Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but, at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies: Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of palace; she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls and on the battlements of Troy.

Thus to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilions rush like driven deer;
There safe, they wipe their briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
March, bending on, the Greek's embodied powers,
Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan towers.
Great Hector singly staid; chain'd down by Fate,
There fixt he stood before the Scæan gate;
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.

Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns
(The Power contest in all his glory burns).
And what (he cries) has Peleus' son in view,
With mortal speed a Godhead to pursue?
For not to thee to know the Gods is given,
Unkill'd to trace the latent marks of Heaven.
What boots thee now, that Troy forsook the plain?
Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a God.

The chief incens'd—Too partial God of Day:
To check my conquests in the middle way:
How few in Ilion else had refuge found!
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground!
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Powerful of Godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heavenly strain,
To cheat a mortal, who repines in vain.

Then to the city terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along.
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies:
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,

Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs)
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
'Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
He strikes his reverend head, now white with age;

He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries;
The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war;
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:
Ah, stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that tury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be
To all the Gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,

And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curst arm destroy'd:
Or, worse than slaughter'd, fold in distant isles
To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore,
And lov'd Lycæon; now perhaps no more! }
Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treasures, would I give!
(Their grandfire's wealth, by right or birth their own,

Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne);
But if (which Heaven forbid) already lost,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coast,
What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
What anguish I! unutterable woe!
Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
Save thy dear life; or, if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curst with sense! a wretch whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle or pain!
The bitter dregs of Fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries!

My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'turn'd,
My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd;
My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor;
These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry Fate
The last sad reliick of my ruin'd state
(Dire pomp of sovereign wretchedness! must fall,
And stain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
Yet for my sons I thank you, Gods! 'twas well;
Well have they perish'd; for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth and vigour, dies the best,
Struck through with wounds, all honest, on the breast.

But when the Fates, in fulness of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
In dust the reverend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm;
This, this is misery! the last, the worst,
That man can feel; man, fated to be curst!

He said; and, acting what no words could say,
Rent from his head the silver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she display'd;
And thus, fa-falling the salt tears, she laid:

Have mercy on me, O my son! reverse
The words of age; attend a parent's prayer!
If ever thee in their fond arms I press,
Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast;
Ah, do not thus our helpless years forego,
But, by our walls secur'd, repel the foe,
Against his rage if singly thou proceed,
Shouldst thou (but Heaven avert it!) shouldst
thou bleed,

Nor must thy corpse lie honour'd on the bier,
Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
Must feast the vultures on the naked plains

So they; while down their cheeks the torrents
roll:

But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul;
Resolv'd he stands; and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;
He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
Beneath a tutret, on his shield reclin'd,
He stood; and question'd thus his mighty mind:
Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
Honour and shame th' ungenerous thought recall?
Shall proud Polydamus before the gate
Proclaim, his councils are obey'd too late;
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's sight!
That wise advice rejected with disdain,
I feel my folly in my people slain.
Methinks my suffering country's voice I hear,
But most, her worthless sons insult my ear;
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
No—let I e'er return, return I must
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:

Or, if I perish, let her see me fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
And yet, suppose these measures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance, lay
down,

And treat on terms of peace to save the town:
The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd,
(Cause on the war, and grievance of the land)
With honourable justice to restore;
And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd
Greece } [peace?

May share our wealth, and leave our walls in
But why thi' thought? Unarm'd if I should go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman-like to fall, and fall without
blow?

We greet not here as man conversing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;
No season now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an evening walk:
War is our business; but to whom is given
To die or triumph, that determine Heaven!

Thus pondering, like a God the Greek drew nigh;
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The Pelian javelin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays, that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breast the beamy splendors shone
Like Jove's own lightning, or the rising sun:
As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise,
Struck by some God, he fears, recedes, and flies:
He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind:
Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies
(The swiftest racer of the liquid skies)
Just when he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey,
Obliquely wheeling through th' aerial way,
With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings.
No less fore-right the rapid chase they held,
One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;
Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage
broad

(A wider compass) smoke along the road.
Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground;
This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies;
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows.
Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
By these they pass'd, one chafing, one in flight
(The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might).
Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play;
No vulgar victim must reward the day
(Such as in races crown the speedy strife).
The prize contended was great Hector's life.

As when some hero's funerals are decreed,
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame
(Some golden tripod or some lovely dame);

The panting courfers swiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd spectators' soul :
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly ;
The gazing Gods lean forward from the sky :
To whom, while eager on the chase they look,
The Sire of mortals and immortals spoke :

Unworthy fight ! the man below'd of Heaven,
Behold, inglorious round yon city driven !
My heart partakes the generous Hector's pain ;
Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,
Whose grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy,
From Ida's fummits, and the towers of Troy :
Now see him flying ! to his fears resign'd,
And Fate, and fierce Achilles, close behind,
Consult, ye Powers ! 'tis worthy your debate)
Whether to snatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain
(Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man.

Then Pallas thus : Shall he whose vengeance
forms

The forky bolt, and blackens heaven with storms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath !
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death !
And will no murmurs fill the courts above ?
No Gods indignant blame their partial Jove ?

Go then (return'd the Sire) without delay,
Exert thy will : I give the Fates their way.
Swift, at the mandate pleas'd, Tritonia flies,
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.

As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn ;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes ;
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues.
Thus, step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There swift Achilles compass'd round the field.
Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends,
(Whose showering arrows, as he cou'd'st below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe)
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain :
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in slumber seem with speedy pace
One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,
Their flinking limbs the farcy'd course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake :
No less the labouring heroes pant and strain ;
While that but flies, and this pursues, in vain.
What God, O Muse ! assisted Hector's force,
With Fate itself so long to hold the course ?
Phœbus it was ; who, in his latest hour,
Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with
power :

And great Achilles, lest some Greeks advance
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouched the honours of the day.

Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below :
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.
Low sinks the scale surcharg'd with Hector's fate
Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the
weight.

Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To stern Pelides and triumphing cries :

Oh, lov'd of Jove ! this day our labours cease.
And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls ; that Hector fam'd so far,
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine ! nor force nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his God of Light.
See, where in vain he supplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove !
Rest here : myself will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun.

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd ; and rested, on his lance reclin'd.
While like Deiphobus the martial Dame
Her face, her gesture, and her arms, the same)
In show and aid, by haplets Hector's side [ly'd :
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice be-
Too long, O Hector, have I borne the fight
Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight :

It fits us now a noble stand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.

Then he : O prince ! ally'd in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name ;
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long try'd, long lov'd ; much lov'd, but honour'd
more !

Since you of all your numerous race, alone
Defend my life, regardless of your own

Again the Goddess : Much my father's prayer,
And much my mother's, press me to forbear :
My friends' embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle, and the javelin fly :
Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.

• Fraudful she said ; then swiftly march'd before ;
The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke ;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke :

Enough, O son of Peleus ! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursued.
But now some God within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate : I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day ;
Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate.

(Eternal witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow !)
To them I swear ; if, victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
No vile dishonour shall thy corpse pursue ;
Stript of its arms alone (the conqueror's due)
The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore :

Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more.

Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes)
Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee :
Such pacts as lambs and rapid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the Gods ! one constant state
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate ;
No thought but rage and never-ceasing strife,
Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power.

No farther subterfuge, no farther chance ;
 'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
 Each Grecian ghost by thee depriv'd of breath
 Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.

He spoke, and launch'd his javelin at the foe ;
 But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow :
 He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
 Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.
 Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
 Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
 Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy, [Troy.
 Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of
 The life you boasted to that javelin given,
 Prince ! you have mis'd. My fate depends on
 Heaven.

To thee, presumptuous as thou art, unknown
 Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.
 Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
 And with false terror sink another's mind.
 But know, whatever fate I am to try,
 By no dishonest wound shall Hector die ;
 I shall not fall a fugitive at least ;
 My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
 But first try thou my arm ; and may this dart
 End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy
 heart !

The weapon flew, its course unerring held ;
 Uperring, but the heavenly shield repell'd
 The mortal dart ; resulting with a bound
 From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.
 Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
 Nor other lance nor other hope remain ;
 He calls Deiphobus, demands a spear,
 In vain, for no Deiphobus was there.
 All comfortless he stands : then, with a sigh,
 'Tis so—Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh !
 I deem'd Deiphobus had heard my call,
 But he secure lies guarded in the wall.
 A God deceiv'd me ; Pallas, 'twas thy deed,
 Death, and black Fate, approach ! 'tis I must
 No refuge now, no succour from above, [bleed,
 Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
 Propitious once, and kind ! then welcome Fate !
 'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great :
 Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
 Let future ages hear it, and admire !

Fiercer, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
 And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
 So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
 Stoops from the clouds to trust the quivering hare.
 Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares ;
 Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
 Refulgent orb ! above his fourfold cone
 The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,
 Nodding at every step : (Vulcanian frame !)
 And, as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame.
 As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
 Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,
 When all the starry train emblaze the sphere :
 So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
 In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
 Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound :
 But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
 Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er ;
 One place at length he spies, to let in Fate,
 Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed
 plate

Gave entrance : through that penetrable part
 Furious he drove the well-directed dart :
 Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the power
 Of speech, unhappy ! from thy dying hour.
 Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
 While thus, triumphing, stern Achilles cries :
 At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
 Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain :
 Then, prince ! you should have fear'd, what now
 you feel ;

Achilles absent, was Achilles still.
 Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
 Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
 Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
 For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd :
 While, cast to all the rage of hostile power,
 Thee, birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.

Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death :
 By thy own soul ! by those who gave thee breath
 By all the sacred prevalence of prayer ;
 Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear !
 The common rites of sepulture bestow,
 To soothe a father's and a mother's woe ;
 Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
 And Hector's ashes in his country rest.

No, wretch accurst ! relentless he replies,
 (Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes)
 Not those who gave me breath should bid me
 Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer. [spare
 Could I myself the bloody banquet join !
 No—to the dogs that carcase I resign.
 Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
 And, giving thousands, offer thousands more ;
 Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
 Drain the whole realm to buy one funeral flame ;
 Their Hector on the pile they should not ice,
 Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew :
 Thy rage, implacable ! too well I knew :
 The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
 And curst thee with a heart that cannot yield.
 Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
 And angry Gods shall wreak this wrong on thee ;
 Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
 And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate.

He ceas'd. The Fates suppress his labouring
 breath,

And his eyes stiffen'd at the land of death ;
 To the dark realm the spirit wings its way
 (The manly body left a load of clay)
 And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
 A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost !

Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
 O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard replies :)
 Die thou the first ! When Jove and Heaven ordain,
 I follow thee—He said, and stripp'd the slain.
 Then, forcing backward from the gaping wound
 The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground,
 The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes
 His manly beauty and superior size :
 While some, ignobler, the great dead deface
 With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts disgrace.
 " How chang'd that Hector ! who like Jove of
 late

" Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate."
 High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
 Begirt with heroes, and surrounding bands ;

And thus aloud, while all the host attends:
 Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
 Since now at length the powerful will of Heaven
 The dire destroyer to our arm has given,
 Is not Troy fall'n already? Haste, ye powers!
 See, if already their deserted towers
 Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
 The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain?
 But what is Troy, or glory what, to me?
 Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
 Divine Patroclus! Death has seal'd his eyes;
 Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd, he lies!
 Can his dear image from my soul depart,
 Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
 If, in the melancholy shades below,
 The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
 Yet mine shall sacred last; mine undecay'd
 Burn on through death, and animate my shade.
 Mean while, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
 The corpse of Hector, and your Pæans sing.
 Be this the song, slow moving tow'rd the shore,
 "Hector is dead, and Ilium is no more."

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred
 (Unworthy of himself and of the dead).
 The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
 With thongs inserted through the double wound;
 These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
 His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
 Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,
 And bore aloft his arms, disfilling blood.
 He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
 The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
 Now lost is all that formidable air;
 The face divine, and long-defending hair,
 Purple the ground, and streak the sable And;
 Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land
 Giv'n to the rage of an insulting throng!
 And in his parents' sight now dragg'd along!

The mother first beheld with sad survey:
 She rent her tresses, venerably grey,
 And cast, far off, the regal veils away.
 With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
 While the sad father answers groans with groans;
 Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
 And the whole city wears one face of woe:
 No less than if the rage of hostile fires,
 From her foundations curling to her spires,
 O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,
 And the last blaze send Ilium to the skies.
 The wretched monarch of the falling state,
 Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.
 Scarce the whole people stop his desperate course.
 While strong affliction gives the feeble force;
 Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
 In all the raging impotence of woe.
 At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun:
 Imploring all, and naming one by one:
 Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls:
 I, only I, will issue from your walls
 (Guide or companion, friends! I ask you none)
 And bow before the murderer of my son.
 My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
 Perhaps at least he may respect my age.
 He has a father too, a man like me;
 One, not exempt from age and misery
 (Vigorous no more, as when his young embrace
 Begot this pest of me and all my race);

How many valiant sons, in early bloom,
 Has that curst hand sent headlong to the tomb!
 Thee, Hector! last: thy loss (divinely brave)
 Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
 Oh, had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,
 The son expiring in the fire's embrace,
 While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
 And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender shower!
 Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
 To melt in full satiety of grief!

Thus wail'd the father, groveling on the ground,
 And all the eyes of Ilium stream'd around.

Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears
 (A mourning princess, and a train in tears)
 Ah, why has heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
 Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
 O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
 The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!
 To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd;
 Her chief, her hero, and almost her God!
 O fatal change! become in one sad day
 A senseless corpse! inanimated clay!

But not as yet the fatal news had spread
 To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
 As yet no messenger had told his fate,
 Nor ev'n his stay without the Scæan gate,
 Far in the close recesses of the dome,
 Pensive the ply'd the melancholy loom;
 A growing work employ'd her secret hours;
 Confus'dly gay with intermingled flowers,
 Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
 The bath preparing for her lord's return:
 In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
 Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
 Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
 And all her members shake with sudden fear;
 Forth from her ivory hand the shuttle falls,
 As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls:

Ah, follow me! (the cry'd) what plaintive noise
 Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.
 My faltering knees their trembling frame desert,
 A pulse unusual flutters at my heart;
 Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate,
 (Ye Gods avert it!) threatens the Trojan state.
 Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
 But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast
 Confronts Achilles; chac'd along the plain,
 Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
 Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,
 And fought for glory in the jaws of fate:
 Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
 Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.
 She spoke; and furious, with distracted pace,
 Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,
 Flies through the dome (the maids her steps pursue)

And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.
 Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
 The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.
 A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:
 She faints, she falls; her breath, her colour, flies.
 Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
 The net that held them, and the wreath that
 The veil and diadem, flew far away [crown'd,
 (The gift of Venus on her bridal day)
 Around a train of weeping sisters stands,
 To raise her, sinking, with assistant hands.

Scarcely from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.

O wretched husband of a wretched wife !
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life !
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd
On Priam's roof and Hippodamia's shade.
From different parents, different climes, we
came,

At different periods, yet our fates the same !
Why was my birth to great Aëtion ow'd,
And why was all that tender care bestow'd ?
Would I had never been !—O thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband ! miserably lost ;
Thou, to the dismal realms for ever gone !
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone !
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains !
No more to smile upon his fire, no friend
To help him now ! no father to defend !
For should he 'scape the sword, the common
doom,

What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come !
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends :
He, wretched outcast of mankind ! appears
For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears !
Amongst the happy, unregarded he,
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,

While thus his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread :
The kindest but his present wants ally,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Fragrant compassion ! Heedless, they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
Shall cry, " Be gone ! thy father feasts not here ;"
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Aëtion appears !
Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He, who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported, and on dainties fed,
And when still evening gave him up to rest,
Sunk in soft down upon the nurse's breast,
Must—ah what must he not ? Whom Ilion calls
Aëtion, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy !
Since now no more the father guards his Troy,
But thou my Hector, ly'st expos'd in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care,
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee, from this accursed day !
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead.

So spake the mournful dame : her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

B O O K XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Achilles and the Myrmidons do honour to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast, he retires to the sea-shore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial ; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives, at the pile ; then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games : the chariot-race, the fight of the cæstus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin : the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book. In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles : the one and thirtieth day is employed in selling the timber for the pile ; the two and thirtieth in burning it ; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.

Thus, humbled in the dust, the pensive train
Through the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.
The body soil'd with dust, and black with gore,
Lies on broad Hellepont's resounding shore :
The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the strand,
All, but the martial Myrmidonian band ;
These yet assembled great Achilles holds,
And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds :

Not yet, my brave companions of the war,
Release your smoking couriers from the car ;
But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.

Ere yet from rest or food we seek relief,
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.

The troops obey'd ; and thrice in order led
(Achilles first) their couriers round the dead ;
And thrice their sorrows and laments renew ;
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew.
For such a warrior Thetis aids their woe, {slow
Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes to
But chiefs Pelides : thick-succeeding sighs
Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes :
His slaughtering hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said

, the pile no longer burn'd,
the whistling winds return'd;
ian seas their course they bore;
as beneath their passage roar.

Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
And sunk to quiet in th' embrace of sleep,
Exhausted with his grief: mean while the crowd
Of thronging Grecians round Achilles stood;
The tumult wak'd him: from his eyes he shook
Unwilling slumber, and the chiefs bespoke:

Ye kings and princes of th' Achaian name!
First let us quench the yet remaining flame
With fable wine; then (as the rites direct)
The hero's bones with careful view select:
(Apart, and easy to be known, they lie
Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye:
The rest around the margin will be seen
Promiscuous, steeds and immolated men).
These, wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vase dispose with care;
There let them rest, with decent honour laid,
Till I shall follow to th' infernal shade.
Mean time erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common structure on the humble sands;
Hereafter Greece some nobler work may raise,
And late posterity record our praise.

The Greeks obey; where yet the embers
glow,
Wide o'er the pile the fable wine they throw, }
And deep subsides the ashy heap below.
Next, the white bones his sad companions place,
With tears collected in the golden vase.
The sacred relics to the tent they bore;
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead.

The warming populace the chief detain,
And leads amidst a wide extent of plains;
There plac'd them round: then from the ships
proceeds

A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,
Vases and tripods (for the funeral games)
Resplendent brass, and more resplendent dames.
First flood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the dusty course:
A woman for the first, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the labouring loom;
And a large vase, where two bright handles meet,
Of twenty measures its capacious size.
The second victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke:
The third a charger yet untouch'd by flange;
Four ample measures held the shining frame:
Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd;
An ample double bowl contents the last.
These in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
The hero, rising, thus address'd the train:

Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To brave the rulers of the racing steed;
Prizes which none beside ourselves could gain,
Should our immortal couriers take the plain
(A race unrivall'd, which from Ocean's God
Peleus receiv'd, and on his son bestow'd.)
But this no time our vigour to display;
Nor suit with them the games of this sad day:

Loft is Patroclus now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck.
Sad, as they shar'd in human grief, they stand,
And trail those graceful honours on the sand;
Let others for the noble task prepare,
Who trust the courier, and the flying car.

First at his word, the rival racers rise;
But far the first, Eumelus hopes the prize,
Fam'd through Pieria for the fleetest breed,
And skill'd to manage the high-bounding steed,
With equal ardour bold Tydides swell'd,
The steeds of Troas beneath his yoke compell'd
(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
When scarce a God redeem'd him from his hand).
Then Menelaüs his Podargus brings,
And the fam'd courier of the king of kings;
Whom rich Echeolus (more rich than brave)
To scape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,
(Æthe her name) at home to end his days,
Bade wealth preferring to eternal praise.
Next him Antilochus demands the course,
With beating heart, and cheers his Pylian horse.
Experienc'd Nestor gives his son the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains;
Nor idly waits the hoary fire, nor hears
The prudent son with unattending ears:

My son! though youthful ardour fire thy
breast, }
The Gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have }
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But slow, and past their vigour, are my steeds.
Fear not thy rivals, though for swifts known;
Compare those rivals' judgment, and thy own:
It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wise.
'Tis more by art, than force of numerous strokes,
The dextrous woodman shapes the stubborn oak;
By art the pilot, through the boiling deep
And howling tempest, steers the fearless ship;
And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course,
Not those who trust in chariots and in horse.
In vain; unskilful, to the goal they strive,
And short or wide, th' ungovern'd courier drive:
While with sure skill, though with inferior steeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
Fix'd on the goal, his eye fore-runs the course,
His hand unerring steers the steady horse,
And now contracts or now extends the rein,
Observing still the foremost on the plain.
Mark then the goal, 'tis easy to be found;
You aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;
Of some once stately oak the last remains,
Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains;
Inclos'd with stones, conspicuous from afar;
And round, a circle for the wheeling car
(Some tomb, perhaps, of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race);
Bear close to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left-hand steed:
But urge the right, and give him all the reins;
While thy strict hand his fellow's head restrains,
And turns him short; till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round naves appear to brush the goal.
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse)
Clear of the stony heap direct the course;

Left, through incaution failing, thou may'st be
A joy to others, a reproach to me.
So shalt thou pay the goal, secure of mind,
And leave unkillful swiftness far behind,
Though thy fierce rival drove the matchless steed
Which bore Adrastus, or celestial breed,
Or the fam'd race, through all the regions known,
That whil'd the car of proud Laomedon

Thus (nought unaid) the much advising sage
Concludes, then take, stuff with unwieldy age.

Next bold Meriones was seen to rise,
The last, but not least ardent for the prize [pose
They mount their steeds, the lots their place dis-
(Roll'd in his helms, these Achilles throw)

Young Nestor leads the race—Eumelus then,
And next, the brother of the king of men
Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was cast,
And far the bravest, Diomed, was last

They stand in order, in important train,
Pelides points the banner on the plain,
And lends before old Phoenix to the place,
To mark the racers, and to judge the race

At once the couriers raise the barrier to wind,
The lifted scourges all at once resound, [fore,
Their hearts, their eyes their voices they send
And up the champaign sound from the shore

Thick where they drive the dusty clouds arise,
And the lost couriers in the whirlwind flies,
Loose on their steeds, in dance upon the wind,
Flout on their steeds, in dance upon the wind

The smoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now seem to touch the sky and now the ground
While hot for fame, and conquest all their care,
(Each o'er his flying courier hung in air)

I rest with ardour, pos'd upon the rein, [plain
They point, they stretch, they shout along the
Now (the last compact) stretch'd round the goal

At the near prize each gathers a hissing
Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
Fears up the shore, and thunders to wail the main,
First flew Eumelus on Phærian steeds,

With those of Troas bold Diomed succeeds
Loose on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And seem just mounting on his ear behind;

Full on his neck he is the sultry breeze,
And, hovering o'er, then stretching shadow flies
Then had he lost, or left a doubtful prize

But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies, [vain
Strokes from his hand the scourge and renders
His matchless horses' labour on the plain

Rage fills his eye, with anguish to survey,
'Tis match'd from his hope, the glories of the day.
The fraud celestial Paris flies with pun,
Springs to his charger, and gives the scourge again,

And all his steeds with your At a stroke,
He breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke,
Nor more their way the start'd hoofs held,

The curvers' d' came rattling on the field,
Shot headlong from his seat, beside the wheel,
Prone on the dust th' unhappy matter fell,
His batter'd face and elbow strike the ground,

Nose, mouth, and front, one undistinguish'd
wound
Grief stops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes,
Before him for the glad Tydides flies,

Mineivian spirit drives his matchless pace,

The next, though distant,
While thus young Nestor anim:
Now, now, my generous pair,
Not that we hope to match

Since great Minerva wags their rapid way,
And gives their lord the honours of the day.
But reach Atides' I shall his mare out go
Your swiftness, vanquish'd by a female foe?

Through your neglect, if lagging on the plain
The last ignoble gift be all we gain,
No more shall Nestor's hand your food supply;
The old man's fury rises, and ye die.

Haste then your narrow road before our sight
Presents this occasion, could we use it right.

Thus he—The couriers at their master's threat
With quicker steps the sounding champaign beat.
And now Antiochus with nice survey
Observs the compass of the hollow way.

I was where, by force of wintery torrents torn,
Fast by the road a precipice was worn
Here, where but one could pass to slun the throng,
The spot in hero's chariot smok'd along

Cleft up the venturous youth resolves to keep,
still edging near, and bears him toward the steep
Atides trembling, casts his eye below,
And wonders at the rashness of his foe

Held, stay your steeds—What madness thus to ride
This narrow way! I the larger field (he cry'd)
Or both must I—Atides cry'd in vain,
He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein.

For as an able arm the disk can send,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,
So for Antiochus thy chariot flew
before the king—he, cut our backward drive

His horse compell'd, for he long in his tears
The rattling ruin of the clashing cars,
The scundering couriers roll'd on the plain,
And conquest lost through frantic haste to gain:

but thus upbraids he rival, as he flies,
Go, furious youth! ungenerous and unwise!
Go, but expect not the prize resign, --
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine

Then to his steeds with all his force he cries,
Be swift, be vigorous, and regain the prize!
Your rivals, destitute of youthful force,
With fainting knees shall labour in the course,

And yield the glory yours—The steed obey,
Already at their heel they wing their way,
And seem already to retrieve the day

Mean time the Grecians in a ring behold
The couriers bounding o'er the dusty field.
The first who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
High on a rising ground, above the ring,

The monarch late from whence with sure survey
He well observ'd the chief who led the way,
And heard from far his animating cries,
And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes;

On whose broad front, a blaze of shining white,
Like the full moon, stood obvious to the sight.
He saw, and, rising to the Greeks begun:
Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone?

Or can ye, all, another head survey,
And other steeds, than lately led the way?

I hope, though the swiftest, by some God withheld,
Lie sure disabled in the middle field
For, since the goal they doubled, round the plain

Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,
And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,
Shot from the chariot; while his coursers stray
With frantic fury from the destin'd way.

Rise then some other, and inform my fight
(For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right)
Yet sure he seems (to judge by shape and air)
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war.

Old man! (Oileus rashly thus replies)
Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize;
Of whose who view the course, not sharpest ey'd,
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.

Eumelus' steeds high-bounding in the chase,
Still, as at first, unravall'd lead the race;
I well discern him as he shakes the rein,
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain.

Thus he. Idomeneus, incens'd, rejoin'd:
Barbarous of words! and arrogant of mind!
Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beside
The last in merit, as the first in pride:
To vile reproach what answer can we make?

A goblet or a tripod let us stake,
And be the king the judge. The most unwise
Will learn their rashness, when they pay the prize.

He said: and Ajax, by mad passion borne,
Stern had reply'd; fierce scorn enhancing scorn
To fell extremes: but Thetis' godlike son
Awful amid th' m rose, and thus begun:

Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would you blame, should others thus offend:
[end.]

And lo! th' approaching steeds your contest
No sooner had he spoke, but, thundering near,
Drives through a stream of dust the chariotier.
High o'er his head the circling lash he wields;
His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields:
His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,
Blight with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
Relugent through the cloud; no eye could hind
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the horse coursers urg'd their rapid pace
So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race.
Now victor at the goal Tydides stands,
Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands;
From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream;
The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam:
With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
The tripod-vale, and dame with radiant eyes:
These to the ships his train triumphant leads,
The chieft himself unyokes the panting steeds.

Young Nestor follows (who by art, not force,
O'er-past Atides) second in the course.
Behind, Atides urg'd the race, more near
Than to the courier in his swift career
The following car, just touching with his heel
And brushing with his tail the whirling wheel:
Such and so narrow now the space between
The rivals, late so distant on the green;
So soon swift Æthe her lost ground regain'd,
One length, one moment had the race obtain'd.

Merion pursued, at greater distance still,
With tardier coursers, and inferior skill.
Last came Admetus! thy unhappy son:
Slow dragg'd the steeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles saw, and pitying thus begun:

Behold! the man whose matchless art surpass

Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the first away)
To him the second honours of the day.

The Greeks consent with loud applauding cries;
And then Eumelus had received the prize,
But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame,
Th' award opposes, and asserts his claim.
Think not (he cries) I tamely will resign,
O Peleus' son! the mare so justly mine.
What if the Gods, the skilful to confound,
Have thrown the horse and horseman
ground?

Perhaps he fought not Heaven by
And vows omitted forfeited the prize:
If yet (distinction to thy friend
And please a soul desirous to
Some gift must grace Eumelus
Of beauteous handmaids, steeds,
An ample present let him thence
And Greece shall praise thy ge:
But this my prize I never shall
This, who but touches, warriors! is

Thus spake the youth; nor did his
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flattery of a friend,
Achilles smil'd: the gift propos'd (he cry'd)
Antilochus! we shall ourself provide.
With plates of brass the corselet cover'd o'er
(The same renown'd Asteropæus wore)
Whose glittering margins rais'd with silver
(No vulgar gift) Eumelus, shall be thine.

He said: Automedon at his command
The corselet brought, and gave it to hi
Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows
With generous joy: then Menelaus rose;
The herald plac'd the sceptre in his hands,
And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands.
Not without cause incens'd at Nestor's son,
And only grieving, thus the king begun:

The praise of wisdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act so rash, Antilochus, has stain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my just reward,
To you, O Greeks! be my wrong declar'd:
So not a leader shall our conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.
But shall not we ourselves the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact so plain?
What Greek shall blame me, if I bid thee rise,
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize?
Rise if thou dar'st, before thy chariot stand,
The diving scourge high-lit in thy hand;
And touch thy steeds, and swear, thy whole in-
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent. [tent
Swear by that God whose liquid arms surround
The globe, and whose dread earthquakes heave
the ground.

The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuse, if youth have err'd:
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or sense.
Thou know'st the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath resign;
The mare, or aught thou ask'st, be freely thine:
Ere I become (from thy dear friendship torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forsworn.
So spoke Antilochus: and at the word

Wapt round in mists he lie and lost to thought,
His friends receive the bowl too dearly bought

The third bold game Achilles ne't demands,
And calls the wrestlers to the level sands.
A maffly tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice fix oxen its reputed price,
And next, the loſſr's ſpirits to reſtore,
A temile captive, valued but at four.
Scarce did the chief the vigorous ſtrife propoſe,
Why'n tower-like Ajax and Ulyſſes roſe.
Amid the ring each nervous rival ſtands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands,
Gloze lock'd above, their heads and arms are
mixt,

Below, then planted feet at distance fit
Like two strong sisters with the burden forms,
Proof to the wintry wind and howling storms,
Their tops connect'd, but at wide space
Fixt on the centric stands their solid base.
Now to the grasp each in my holy hands,
The humid sweat from every pore decends,
Their bones resound with blows, their shoulders,
 thighs,

Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumors rise,
Nor could Ulysses, for his art recover'd
O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground,
Nor could the strength that Ajax overthrew
The watchful caution of the useful few
While the long statics on his side he lies on,
Thus to Ulysses spoke great Ithacan
Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thee me
I love our own force, and for the self defence

He laid, and, straining, heaved him off the ground.

With matchless strength, that time Ulysses found
The strength to ride, and where the nerves con-
His ankle struck the giant fall supine, [our
Ulysses, following on his bottom lie,
Shows of upbraidment running through the skies
As to his, Ulysses next day,
He barely staid him, but he could not ride
His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt d'vyl,
And clamping else they tumbled bleiv'd
Dead with honour'ble dust they to,
Still breathing state, an un'abducd soul
As in they age, as in to comb it ride
Vheic at Achille thus divide the prize

You noble virgin on my father's richum
Nor without you generous fit in thine own
Ye both have won let others who excel,
Now prove that prowess you have proved to well

The hero's words the wil'ing chieft'ns cleve,
From their tin'd bodies wipe the dunt away,
And, cloth'd anew, the following gamesurvey

And now succeed the gifts our mind to place
The youths contending in the rapid race
A silver urn that full six months held,
By none in weight or workmanship excelled
Sidonian artists taught the time to tune,
I throb'd it, with a voice divine,

Whence Lybian fulours did the prize transport,
And gave to Thore the Lætanian port
From him descended good Lætanus her
The glorious gut, and, for Lætan's part,
To brave Ptoleus gave the rich reward
Now, the time ~~has~~ ^{is} funeral is to give,
I # ends the piece of history and a

A well-aid ox was for the second plaid;
And half a talent was contented with
Achilles rising then bespoke the team—
Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain,
Stand forth, and be the prize from the
plum

The hero fled, and glutted from his place,
Ole in Ajax runs to the race,
Ulysses next, and his whole speed impart
His youthful claims, Nestor's age, the last.
Rung'd in a hundred ready men's stead,
P'ld's points to a banner with his head
Al'st at it once, On us led the race
The rest follow, m'nt'ring new horse,
Behn'd it on, I'm not close, he sp'ls,
As closely till we reach the third
The spindle to row, and disp'ose the chariot
O the fault, I'm not a little
Girded in motion, I'm not a little
And t'wixt the chariot and the horse
His flowing mane, I'm not a little
The acme of Greek and Roman
To him we all the victory
Add'd then the first and last
Now the third and last in the
The acme of Greek and Roman

All t, O Godde! thus r u t b p v
And prece' it us heu bt d t e s
by oyle he l t ynce h d i c s
Anndel com t t cavles
And r dly ow the t r z
lch y Arc fl nt with f r s
(oer t fl nt) where the s
(m t mne j c c P ou

He would not let the
 beam and with a
 Obsecrate to light
 The well fed bull
 And left the un-
 Then, grasping by the
 The world hero
 Accused the

Amiral, a Goldfisch, never
She would her favourite call the rapid way,
And Pilla not Ulysses, with the d

The fourth will be, I suppose
 A unit of laughter told thee
 Antichus, more humorous than the
 Jokes the little prince, and takes it with

Why with our water-elders should
The Gods still love them, and *till
thrive.

Y s e to Ajax I must yeld the prize
 I to Ulydes, fit more good and wise
 (A piece of fate, unconscious of decay,
 That prove the heroism in better day,
 b hold his virgin in this age since
 a hilles only lost a few tier price
 For who can mutch Achilles? He who
 Must yet be more than hero, in re him r

Th effect exceeds the speech Pel lies
 His antiprime deliver all surprise
 Not Greece in war shall hear thy friend ex-
 Receive a talent of the purest gold
 The youth darts content the host admires
 The noble soldier thy fls fire.

Next these; a buckler, spear, and helm, he brings

Cast on the plain, the brazen burthen rings:
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in short triumph bore.
Stand forth the bravest of our host! (he cries)
Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize,
Now grace the list before our army's fight,
And, sheath'd in steel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who first the jointed armour shall explore,
And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore;
The sword Asteropæus possess of old
(A Thracian blade, distinct with studs of gold)
Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side:
These arms in common let the chiefs divide:
For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
A sumptuous banquet at our tent attends.

Fierce at the word, up-rose great Tydeus' son,
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.
Clad in resplendent steel, on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand:
Lowering they meet, tremendous to the sight;
Each Argive bosom beats with fierce delight.
Oppos'd in arms not long they idly stood,
But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge re-
A furious pass the spear of Ajax made [new'd.
Through the broad shield, but at the corselet
stay'd:

Not thus the foe: his javelin aim'd above
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove,
But Greece now trembling for her hero's life,
Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife.
Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains,
With him the sword and studded belt remains.

Then hurl'd the hero thundering on the ground
A mass of iron (an enormous round)
Whose weight and size the circling Greeks admire,
Rude from the furnace, and but shap'd by fire.
This mighty quoit action wont to rear,
And from his whirling arm dismiss in air:
The giant by Achilles slain, he slow'd
Among his spoils this memorable load.
For this, he bids those nervous artists vie,
That teach the disk to sound along the sky.
Let him whose might can hurl this bow, arise;
Who farthest hurls it, takes it as his prize:
If he be one, enrich'd with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
Small stock of iron needs that man provide;
His binds and swains whole years shall be supply'd
From hence: nor ask the neighbouring city's aid,
For ploughshares, wheels, and all the rural trade.

Stern Polyætès slept before the throng,
And great Leontæus, more than mortal strong;
Whose force with rival forces to oppose,
Up rose great Ajax; up Epæus rose.
Each stood in order: first Epæus threw;
High o'er the wondering crowds the whirling
Leontes next a little space surpass, [circle flew.
And third, the strength of godlike Ajax cast.
O'er both their marks it flew; till fiercely flung
From Polyætès's arm, the discus sung:
Far as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,
That distant falls among the grazing cows,

So pass them all the rapid circle flies:
His friends (while loud applauses shake the
skies) [prize.

With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty
Those who in skilful archery contend,
He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
And twice ten axes cast amidst the round
(Ten double-edg'd, and ten that singly wound).
The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the sandy shore;
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
Whole weapon strikes yon fluttering bird, shall
bear

These two-edg'd axes, terrible in war:
The fingle, he, whose shaft divides the cord.
He said: experienc'd Merion took the word;
And skilful Teucer: in the helm they threw
Their lots incrim'd, and forth the latter flew.
Swift from the string the sounding arrow flies;
But flies unblest! No grateful sacrifice.
No fisting lambs, unheeded! didst thou vow
To Phœbus, patron of the shaft and bow.
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aside,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd:
A-down the main-mast fell the parting string,
And the free bird to heaven displays her wing:
Seas, shores, and skies, with loud applause resound,
And Merion eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the shaft above,
And, following with his eye the soaring dove,
Implores the God to speed it through the skies,
With vows of fisting lambs, and grateful sacrifice.
The dove, in airy circles as she wheels,
Amid the clouds, the piercing arrow feels;
Quite through and through the point its passage
found,

And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, ere yet she breath'd her last,
With flagging wings alighted on the mast;
A moment hung, and spread her pinions there,
Then sudden dropt, and left her life in air.
From the pleas'd crowd new peals of thunder rise,
And to the ships brave Merion bears the prize.

To close the funeral games Achilles laud
A massy spear amid the circle plac'd,
An ample charger of unfulfill'd frame, [flame.
With flowers high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by
For these he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whose dextrous skill directs the flying dart.
Here too Great Merion hopes the noble prize;
Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.
With joy Pelides saw the honour paid,
Rose to the monarch, and respectful said:

Thou first in virtue, as in power supreme,
O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim;
In every martial game thy worth attest,
And know thee both their greatest, and their best.
Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
This beamy javelin in thy brother's war.

Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praise to hear,
The king to Merion gives the brazen spear:
But, set apart for sacred use, commands
The glittering charger to Talthibius' hands.

B O O K XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Redemption of the body of Hector.

The Gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles, to dispose him for the restoring it; and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person, and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with presents, under the charge of Idæus, the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son; Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body. The Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen; with the solemnities of the funeral. The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles: and as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly in Troy.

Now from the finish'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded
strand;

All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so Achilles: he to grief resign'd,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep;
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed:
The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
What toils they shar'd, what martial works they
wrought, [fought;
What seas they measur'd, and what fields they
All past before him in remembrance dear,
Thought follow'd thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day:
Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
Wile on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There, as the solitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves:
Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd:
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.
There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
While soul in dust th' unhonour'd carcase lies, }
But not deserted by the pining Skies.
For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care,
Preserv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
And ignominious as it swept the field,
Spread o'er the sacred corpse his golden shield.
All Heaven was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe:
But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
And th' unrelenting Empress of the skies:
E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,
Won by destructive lust (reward obscene)
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian Queen.

But when the tenth celestial morning broke;
To Heaven assembled, thus Apollo spoke:

Unpitied Powers! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain!
And, can ye still his cold remains pursue?
Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view?
Deny to comfort, mother, son, and fire?
The last sad honours of a funeral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
A lion, not a man, who slaughter's wide
In strength of rage and impotence of pride;
Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to destroy.
Shame is not of his soul; nor understood,
The greatest evil and the greatest good.
Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,
Heaven dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
A while they sorrow, then dismiss their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this, insatiate, the commission given
By Fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of Heaven:
Lo! how his rage dishonest drags along
Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong!
Brave though he be, yet, by no reason aw'd,
He violates the laws of man and God.

If equal honours by the partial Skies
Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies)
If Thetis son must no distinction know,
Then hear, ye Gods! the Patron of the Bow.
But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
Achilles of your own ætherial race
Springs from a Goddess by a man's embrace
(A Goddess by ourself to Peleus given,
A man divine, and chosen friend of Heaven).
To grace those nuptials from the bright abode
Yourielves were present; where this minstrel-

God

(Well pleas'd to share the feast) amid the quire
Stood proud to hy nn, and tune his youthful lyre.

K ij

Then thus the Thunderer checks th' imperial Dame :

Let not thy wrath the court of Heaven inflame ;
 Their merits, not their honours, are the same.
 But mine, and every God's peculiar grace,
 Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race :
 Still on our shrines his grateful offerings lay
 (The only honours men to Gods can pay) ;
 Nor ever from our smoking altar ceas'd
 The pure libation, and the holy feast.
 Howe'er by stealth to snatch the corpse away,
 We will not : Thetis guards it night and day.
 But haste, and summon to our courts above
 The azure Queen : let her persuasion move
 Her furious son from Priam to receive
 The proffer'd ransom, and the corpse to leave.
 He added not : and Iris from the skies,
 Swift as a whirlwind on the message flies.
 Meteorous the face of Ocean sweeps,
 Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps,
 Between where Samos wide his forest spreads,
 And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads.
 Down plung'd the Maid (the parted waves re-
 found) ;

She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.
 As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
 From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight ;
 So pass'd the Goddess through the closing wave,
 Where Thetis sorrow'd in her sacred cave :
 There, plac'd amidst her melancholy train
 (The blue hair'd sisters of the sacred main)
 Pensive she sat, revolving fates to come,
 And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.

Then thus the Goddess of the painted bow,
 Arise ! O Thetis, from thy seats below :
 'Tis Jove that calls. And why (the dame replies)
 'Tis Jove his Thetis to the hated skies,
 Sad object as I am for heavenly sight ?
 Ah, may my sorrows ever shun the light !
 Howe'er, be Heaven's almighty Sire obey'd—
 She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,
 Which flowing long, her graceful person clad ;
 And forth she pass'd, majestically sad.

Then through the world of waters they repair
 (The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
 The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,
 And touch with momentary flight the skies,
 There in the lightning's blaze the Sire they found,
 And all the Gods in shining synod round.
 Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face
 (Minerva, rising, gave the Mourner place) ;
 Ev'n Jove sought her sorrows to console,
 And offer'd from her hand the nectar-bowl :
 She tasted, and resign'd it : then began
 The sacred Sire of Gods and mortal man :

Thou com'st, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercast ;
 Material sorrows ; long, ah long to last !
 Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares :
 Put yield to Fate, and hear what Jove declares.
 Nine days are past, since all the court above
 In Hector's cause have mov'd the ear of Jove ;
 I was voted, Hermes from his godlike foe
 By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so :
 We will, thy son himself the corpse restore,
 And to his conquest add this glory more.
 Then bid thee to him, and our mandate bear ;
 Tell him he tempts the wrath of Heaven too far :

Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
 Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead ;
 But yield to ransom and the father's prayer.
 The mournful father, Iris shall prepare,
 With gifts to sue ; and offer to his hands
 Whate'er his honour asks, or heart demands.

His word the silver-footed Queen attends,
 And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.
 Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,
 And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.
 His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
 Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes ;
 The Goddess seats her by her pensive son,
 She prest his hand, and tender thus begun :

How long, unhappy ! shall thy sorrows flow ;
 And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe ;
 Mindless of food, or love, whose pleasing reign
 Soothes weary life, and sustains human pain ?
 O snatch the moments yet within thy power ;
 Not long to live, indulge the amorous hour !
 Lo ! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)
 Forbids to tempt the wrath of Heaven too far.
 No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
 Detain the relics of great Hector dead ;
 Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain :
 But yield to ransom, and restore the slain.

To whom Achilles : Be the ransom given,
 And we submit, since such the will of Heaven.

While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian bowers

Jove orders Iris to the Trojan towers :
 Haste, winged Goddess to the sacred town,
 And urge her monarch to redeem his son ;
 Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
 And bear what stern Achilles may receive :
 Alone, for so we will : no Trojan near ;
 Except, to place the dead with decent care,
 Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
 May the slow mules and funeral car command.
 Nor let him death, nor let him danger, dread,
 Safe through the foe by our protection led :
 Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
 Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
 Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
 His age, nor touch one venerable hair,
 Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
 Some sense of duty, some desire to save.

Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
 And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives ;
 Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
 Sate bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.
 And all amidst them lay the hoary sire,
 (Sad scene of woe !) his face, his wrapt attire,
 Conceal'd from sight ; with frantic hands he spread
 A shower of ashes o'er his neck and head.

From room to room his pensive daughters roam ;
 Whole shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome ;
 Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy,
 Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy !
 Before the king Jove's messenger appears,
 And thus, in whispers, greets his trembling ears :

Fear not, oh father ! no ill news I bear ;
 From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care ;
 For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
 And bear what stern Achilles may receive :
 Alone, for so he wills : no Trojan near,
 Except, to place the dead with decent care,

Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the slow mules and funeral car command;
Nor shalt thou, death, nor shalt thou danger, dread;
Safe through the foe by his protection led:
Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there, must be, in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.

She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harness to the car;
There, for the gifts, a polish'd caquet lay;
His pious sons the king's command obey.
Then pass'd the monarch to his bridal-room,
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treasures of his empire lay;
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say:

Unhappy consort of a king distress'd!
Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:
I saw descend the messenger of Jove,
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move;
Forlake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corpse of Hector, at yon navy, slain.
Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go,
Through hostile camps, and bears me to the foe.

The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies:
Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
And where the prudence now, that aw'd man-
kind;

Through Phrygia once, and foreign regions
Now all contus'd, distracted, overthrown?
Singly to pass through hosts of foes! to face
(Oh heart of steel!) the murderer of thy race!
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
Those hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore!
Alas! my Lord! he knows not how to spare,
And what his merry, thy slain sons declare;
So brave! to many fallen! To calm his rage,
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
No—pent in this sad palace, let us give
To grief, the wretched days we have to live.
Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,
Born to his own and to his parents woe!
Doom'd, from the hour his sucklets life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to Pelus' son!
Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
My rage, and these barbarities repay!
For ah! could Hector merit thus, whose breath
Expir'd not meanly in unactive death?
He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right.

Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night.
(Reply'd, unmov'd, the venerable man).
His Heaven commands me, and you urge in vain.
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
Nor augur, priest, or seer, had been obey'd.
A present Goddess brought the high command,
I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call:
If in yon camp your powers have doom'd my fall,
Content—By the same hand let me expire!
Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched fire!
One cold embrace at last may be allow'd,
And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!

From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew
Twelve costly carpets of resplendent hue,
As many veils, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils and garments stiff with gold.
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers, shune,
With ten pure talents from the richest mine;
And last a large well-labour'd bowel had place,
The pledge of treatise once, with friendly Thrace).
Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
For one last look to buy him back to Troy:

Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:
In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
What make ye here? officious crowds! (he cries)
Hence! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.
Have ye no grief at home to fix you there;
Am I the only object of despair?

Am I become my people's common flow,
Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe?
No, you must feel him too; yourselves must fall.
The same stern God to ruin gives you all.
Nor is great Hector lost by me alone;
Your sole defence, your guardian Power, is gone;
I see you bleed the fields of Phrygia drown'd,
I see the ruins of your smoking town!
O lend me, Gods! ere that sad day shall come,
A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!

He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.

Next on his tons his erling fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls;
His threats Deiphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the seer,
And generous Antiphon: for yet these nine
Surviv'd, sad relics of his numerous line:

Inglorious sons, of an unhappy fire!
Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain!
Nestor the brave, renowned in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
And last great Hector, more than man divine,
For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!
All those relentless Mars untimely slew,
And left me these, a soft and servile crew,
Whole days the feast and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of Troy!
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And speed my journey to redeem my son?

The sons then father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the seat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd;
Box was the joke, emboss'd with costly pains,
And hung with singlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground;
These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,
Then fix a ring the running reins to guide,
And close beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd.
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)
The sad attendants load the groaning wain:
Last, to the yoke the well-match'd mules they

bring
(The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king).
But the fair horses, long his darling care,
Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car:

Griev'd as he was, he not this task deny'd :

The hoary herald help'd him, at his side.

While careful these the gentle coursers join'd,

Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind ;

A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,

(Libation destin'd to the Power divine)

Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,

And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands :

Take this, and pour to Jove ; that, safe from harms,

His grace restore thee to our roof and arms.

Since, victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,

Heaven, or thy soul, inspire this bold design :

Pray to that God, who high on Ida's brow

Surveys thy desolated realms below,

His winged messenger to send from high ;

And lead thy way with heavenly augury :

Let the strong sovereign of the plummy race

Tower on the right of yon ætherial space.

That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,

Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove ;

But if the God his augury denies,

Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice.

'Tis just (said Priam, to the Sire above)

To raise our hands ; for who so good as Jove ?

He spoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring

The purest water of the living spring

(Her ready hands the ewer and basin held) ;

Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd ;

On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,

Uplifts his eyes, and calls the Power divine :

Oh first, and greatest ! Heaven's imperial Lord !

On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd !

To stern Achilles now direct my ways,

And teach him mercy when a father prays.

If such thy will, dispatch from yonder sky

Thy sacred bird, celestial augury !

Let the strong sovereign of the plummy race

Tower on the right of yon ætherial space :

So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,

Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove.

Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on

Dispatch'd his bird, celestial augury ! [high

The swift-wing'd chancer of the feather'd game,

And known to Gods by Parnos' lofty name.

Wide as appears some palace-gate display'd,

So broad, his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,

As stooping dexter with resounding wings

Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.

A dawn of joy in every face appears ;

The mourning matron dries her timorous tears ;

Swift on his car th' impatient monarch sprung ;

The brazen portal in his passage rung.

The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,

Charg'd with the gifts : Idæus holds the rein :

The king himself his gentle steeds controls,

And through surrounding friends the chariot rolls.

On his slow wheels the following people wait,

Mourn at each step, and give him up to Fate ;

With hands uplifted, eye him as he pass,

And gaz'd upon him as they gaz'd their last.

Now forward fares the father on his way,

Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.

Great Jove beheld him as he crost the plain,

And felt the woes of miserable man.

Then thus to Hermes : Thou whose constant cares

Still succour mortals, and attend their prayers ;

Behold an object to thy charge consign'd :

If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,

Go, guard the fire ; th' observing foe prevent,

And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent.

The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,

And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,

That high, through fields of air, his flight sustain,

O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main :

Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,

Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye ;

Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,

And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.

A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,

He seem'd ; fair offspring of some princely line !

Now twilight-veil'd the glaring face of day,

And clad the dusky fields in sober gray ;

What time the herald and the hoary king

(Their chariots stopping at the silver spring,

That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows)

Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.

Through the dim shade the herald first espies

A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries :

I mark some foe's advance : O king ! beware ;

'Tis hard adventure claims thy utmost care :

For, much I fear, destruction hovers nigh :

Our state asks counsel. Is it best to fly ?

Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall,

(Two wretched suppliants) and for mercy call ?

Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair ;

Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair ;

Sunk was his heart ; his colour went and came ;

A sudden trembling shook his aged frame :

When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,

And gently thus accosts with kind demand :

Say whither, father ! when each mortal fight
Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st through the
night ?

Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,

Through Grecian foes, so numerous and so strong ?

What could'st thou hope, should these thy treasures
view ;

These, who with endless hate thy race pursue ?

For what defence, alas ! could'st thou provide ;

Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide ?

Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread :

From me no harm shall touch thy reverend head ;

From Greece I'll guard thee too ; for in those
lines

The living image of my father shines.

Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind,

Are true, my son ! (the godlike sire rejoind)

Great are my hazards ; but the Gods survey

My steps, and send thee, guardian of my way.

Hail, and be blest ! for scarce of mortal kind

Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.

Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide

(The sacred messenger of Heaven reply'd) ;

But say, convey'st thou through the lonely plains

What yet most precious of thy store remains,

To lodge in safety with some friendly hand ?

Prepar'd, perchance, to leave thy native land !

Or fly'st thou now ?—What hopes can Troy re-
tain ;

Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain ?

The king, alarm'd : Say what, and whence
thou art,

Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart ;

And know so well how godlike Hector dy'd ?
Thus Priam spoke ; and Hermes thus reply'd :

You tempt me, father, and with pity touch :
On this iad subject you enquire too much.
Oft have these eyes that godlike Hector view'd
In glorious fight, with Grecian blood embrued :
I saw him when, like Jove, his flames he tost
On thousand ships, and wither'd half an host :
I saw, but help'd not : stern Achilles' ire
Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I serve, of Myrmdonian race ;
One ship convey'd us from our native place ;
Polyctor is my fire, an honour'd name,
Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame :
Of seven his sons, by whom the lot was cast
To serve our prince, it fell on me, the last.
To watch this quarter my adventure falls :
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls :
Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
And scarce their rulers check their martial rage.

If then thou art of stern Pelides' train
(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again)
Ah, tell me truly, where, oh ! where are laid
My son's dear relics ? what befalls him dead ?
Have dogs dismember'd (on the naked plains)
Or yet unmingled rest his cold remains ?

O favour'd of the Skies ! thus answer'd then
The Power that mediates between Gods and men)
Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent ;
This the twelfth evening since he rested there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead :
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
All fresh he lies, with every living grace,
Majestical in death ! No stains are found
O'er all the corpse, and clos'd is every wound ;
Though many a wound they gave. Some hea-
venly care,

Some hand divine, preserves him over fair :
Or all the host of heaven, to whom he led
A life so grateful, still regard him dead.

Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide !
And joyful thus the royal sire reply'd :
Blest is the man who pays the Gods above
The constant tribute of respect and love ;
Those who inhabit the Olympian bower
My son forgot not, in exalted power ;
And Heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,
Ev'n to the ashes of the just, is kind.
But thou, oh generous youth ! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude, for Hector's sake ;
And, while the favouring Gods our steps survey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.

To whom the latent God : O King forbear
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err :
But can I, absent from my prince's fight,
Take gifts in secret, that must thum the light ?
What from our master's interest thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.
Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence ;
And, as the crime, I dread the consequence.
Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey ;
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way :
On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,
O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main.

He said, then took the chariot at the bound,
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash
around !

Before th' inspiring God, that urg'd them on,
The couriers fly, with spirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repasting, while the bowls go round :
On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes :
Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.
Unseen, through all the hostile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marshy shore ;
And, fenc'd with palisades, a hall of state,
(The work of soldiers) where the hero sat.
Large was the door, whose well-compacted
strength

A solid pine-tree barr'd, of wondrous length ;
Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty
But great Achilles singly clos'd the gate. [weight,
This Hermes (such the power of Gods !) set wide ;
Then swift alighted the celestial guide,
And thus reveal'd—Hear, prince ! and understand
Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand :

Hermes I am, descended from above,
The King of arts, the Messenger of Jove.
Farewell : to shun Achilles' fight I fly ;
Uncommon are such favours of the Sky,
Nor stand confest to frail mortality. }
Now fearless enter, and prefer thy prayers ;
Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,
His son, his mother ! urge him to beslow
Whatever pity that stern heart can know.

Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
And in a moment shot into the skies :
The king, confirm'd from heaven, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With solemn pace through various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent :
There sat the hero ; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave :
These serv'd his person at the royal feast :
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the king his entry made ;
And, prostrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable sight) appears ;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears ;
Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embrued
Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood !

As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime,
Pursued for murder, flies his native clime)
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz'd !
All gaze, all wonder : thus Achilles gaz'd :
Thus stood th' attendants stupid with surprise ;
All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes ;
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke :

Ah think, thou favour'd of the Powers divine !
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine !
In me, that father's reverend image trace,
Those silver hairs, that venerable face ;
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see !
In all my equal, but in misery !
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state ;

Think, from some powerful foe thou see'st him fly,
 And beg protection with a feeble cry.
 Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
 He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;
 And, hearing, still may hope a better day
 May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
 No comfort to my griefs, no hopes, remain:
 The best, the bravest, of my sons are slain!
 Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,
 The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame!
 Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
 How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!
 Still one was left, their lofs to recompense:
 His father's hope, his country's last defence.
 Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel,
 Unhappy, in his country's cause he fell!

For him, through hostile camps I bend my way,
 For him, thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
 Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
 O hear the wretched, and the Gods revere!

Think of thy father, and this face behold!
 See him in me, as helpless and as old!
 Though not so wretched: there he yields to me,
 The first of men in sovereign misery!
 Thus forc'd to kneel, thus groveling to embrace
 The scourge and ruin of my realm and race:
 Suppliant my children's murderer to implore,
 And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
 Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his fire.
 Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay) •
 The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
 Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe;
 And now the mingled tides together flow:
 This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
 A father one, and one a son, deplore:
 But great Achilles different passions rend,
 And now his fire he mourns, and now his friend.
 Th' infectious softness through the heroes ran:
 One universal solemn shower began;
 They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
 From the high throne divine Achilles rose;
 The reverend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
 On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd,
 Not unrelenting: then serene began
 With words to soothe the miserable man:

Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known
 Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone
 To pals through foes, and thus undaunted face
 The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!
 Heaven sure has arm'd the with a heart of steel,
 A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
 Rise then: let reason mitigate our care:
 To mourn, avails not; man is born to bear.
 Such is, alas! the Gods' severe decree:
 They, only they, are blest, and only free.
 Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
 The source of evil one, and one of good;
 From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
 Blessings to those, to those distributes ills;
 To most, he mingles both: the wretch decreed
 To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curs'd indeed;
 Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
 He wanders, outcast both of earth and heaven.
 The happiest, taste not happiness sincere;
 But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.

Who more than Pelus shone in wealth and power!
 What stars concurring blest his natal hour!
 A realm, a Goddess to his wishes given;
 Grac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of Heaven.
 One evil, yet, o'ertakes his latest day:
 No race succeeding to imperial sway;
 An only son; and he (alas!) ordain'd
 To fall untimely in a foreign land.

See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
 Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
 Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;
 In riches once, in children once excell'd;
 Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
 And all fair Lesbos' blissful seas contain,
 And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.
 But since the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,
 And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
 What sees the sun, but hapless heroes' falls?
 War and the blood of men surround thy walls!
 What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
 These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
 Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
 But thou, alas! may'st live, to suffer more!

To whom the king: Oh, favour'd of the Skies!
 Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies
 On the bare beach depriv'd of obsequies.
 Oh, give me Hector! to my eyes restore
 His corpse, and take the gits: I ask no more.
 Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;
 Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from
 So shall thy pity and forbearance give [Troy;
 A weak old man to see the light and live!

Move me no more! (Achilles thus replies,
 While kindling anger spark'd in his eyes);
 Nor seek thy tears my steady soul to bend;
 To yield the Hector, I myself intend:
 For know, from Jove my Goddess-mother came
 (Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame);
 Nor com'st thou but by Heaven: nor com'st alone,
 Some God impels with courage not thy own:
 No human hand the weighty gates unbar'd,
 Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd
 To pass our out-works, or elude the guard.
 Cease, lest, neglectful of high Jove's command,
 I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land;
 Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
 And shake the purpose of my soul no more.

The fire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.
 Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad;
 Automedon and Alcimus attend
 (Whom most he honour'd since he lost his friend);
 These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
 And led the hoary herald to the tent;
 Next heap'd on high the numerous presents bear
 (Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car.
 Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,
 They leave, to cover and inwrap the dead.
 Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil
 To wash the body and anoint with oil,
 Apart from Priam; lest th' unhappy fire,
 Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire
 The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age, [rage,
 Nor Jove's command, should check the rising
 This done, the garments o'er the corpse they
 Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed: [spread;
 Then, while the body on the car they laid,
 He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade:

If, in that gloom which never light must know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below :
O friend ! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Restoring Hector) Heaven's unquestion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine.

He said, and, entering, took his seat of state,
Where full before him reverend Priam sat :
To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun—
Lo ! to thy prayer restor'd, thy breathless son ;
Extended on the funeral couch he lies ;
And, soon as morning paints the eastern skies, }
The light is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
Demand refection, and to rest invite :
Nor thou, O father ! thus consum'd with woe,
The common cares that nourish life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine :
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades ;
'These by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
Those Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain :
So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's
line ;

But two the Goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd :
Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead ;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone) :
'The Gods themselves at length, relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herself a rock (for such was Heaven's high will)
Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill ;
Where round the bed whence Achelous springs,
The watery Fairies dance in mazy rings,
There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow,
She stands, her own sad monument of woe ;
The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow. }

Such griefs, O king ! have other parents known :
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of Heaven thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor shall he lie unwept and uninterr'd ;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilium stream around.

He said, and, rising, chose the victim ewe
With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.
The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
With skill prepare them, and in parts divide :
Each on the coals the separate morsels lays,
And, hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.
With bread the glittering canisters they load,
Which round the board Automedon bestow'd :
The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast.
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
The wondering hero eyes his royal guest :
No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
His godlike aspect and majestic size ;
Here youthful grace and noble fire engage ;
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,
(A solemn scene !) at length the father spoke :

Permit me now, belov'd of Jove ! to sleep
My careful temples in the dew of sleep :

For, since the day that number'd with the dead
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed ;
Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes ;
My only food my sorrows and my sighs !
Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet, and content to live.

With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread ;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the coverings lay.
Then he : Now, father, sleep, but sleep not here ;
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear ;
Lest any Argive (at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel, or our orders take)
Approaching sudden to our open'd tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should such report thy honour'd person here,
The king of men the ransom might defer ;
But say with speed, if aught of thy desire
Remains unask'd ; what time the rites require
To inter thy Hector ? For, so long we stay
Our slaughtering arm, and bid the hosts obey.

If then thy will permit (the monarch said)
To finish all due honours to the dead,
This, of thy grace accord : to thee are known
The fears of Ilium clos'd within her town ;
And at what distance from our walls aspire
The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.
Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
The tenth shall see the funeral and the feast ;
The next, to raise his monument be given ;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by Hea-
ven !

This thy request (reply'd the chief) enjoy ;
Till then, our arms suspend the fall of Troy.

Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent ;
Where fair Briseis, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her hero with desiring arms.
But in the porch the king and herald rest,
Sad dreams of care yet wandering in their breast.
Now Gods and men the gifts of sleep partake ;
Industrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The Power descending hover'd o'er his head :
And sleep'st thou, father ! (thus the vision said)
Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restor'd ?
Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord ?
Thy presence here should stern Atrides see,
Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee,
May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
To spare thy age, and offer all in vain.

Wak'd with the word, the trembling fire arose,
And rais'd his friend : the God before him goes ;
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in silence through the hostile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove)
The winged Deity forsook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now shed Aurora round her sallow ray, [day :
Sprung through the gate of light, and gave the
Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilium go
The sage and king, majestically slow.
Cassandra first beholds, from Ilium's spire,
The sad procession of her hoary fire ;

Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near
(Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier)
A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilium with her cries:

Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,

Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy!
If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight,
Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe.

In thronging crowds they issue to the plains;
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains:
In every face the self-same grief is shown;
And Troy sends forth one universal groan.
At Scæan's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair:
Thus wildly wailing at the gates they lay;
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day:
But godlike Priam from the chariot rose;
Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes,
First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead.

The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide;
Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait;
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound:
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature speaks at every pause of art.

First to the corpse the weeping comfort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,
And, oh, my Hector! oh, my lord! she cries,
Snatch'd in my bloom from these desiring eyes!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only son, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of less love, remains!
Never to manly age that son shall rise,
Or with encreasing graces glad my eyes;
For Ilium now (her great defender slain)
Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who saves her infants from the rage of war?
New hostile fleets must wait those infants o'er
(Those wives must wait them) to a foreign shore!
Thou too, my son! to barbarous climes shalt go,
The sad companions of thy mother's woe:
Driven hence a slave before the victor's sword;
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord:
Or else some Greek, whose father prest the plain,
Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain;
In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy.
For thy stern father never spar'd a foe:
Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!
Thence many evils his sad parents bore,
His parents many, but his consort more.
Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy last command?
Some word thou would'st have spoke, which, sadly
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear; [dear,

Which never, never, could be lost in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!

Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan:

Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.

The mournful mother next sustains her part:
Oh thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!
Of all my race thou most by Heaven approv'd,
And by th' Immortals ev'n in death belov'd!
While all my other sons in barbarous bands
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost,
Free and a hero, to the Stygian coast.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corpse was dragg'd around the tomb:
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain);
Ungenerous insult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'dst thou fresh with every living grace;
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Rofy and fair, as Phœbus' silver bow
Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below!

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next, in pomp of grief, appears:
Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes
Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries:
Ah, dearest friend! in whom the God's had join'd

The mildest manners with the bravest mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years!) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore;
(O had I perish'd ere that form divine
Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curs'd the authorefs of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow:
It some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train;
Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,
The wretched source of all this misery!
The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Through Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam!

In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home!

So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye:
Distressful beauty melts each stander-by;
On all around th' infectious sorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose:---
Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And sell the forests for a funeral pyre;
Twelve days, nor less nor secret ambush dread;
Achilles grants these honours to the dead.

He spoke; and, at his word, the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,
Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,

Roll back the gather'd forests to the town,
These toils continue nine succeeding days,
And high in air a fylvan structure raise;
But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
And plac'd aloft: while all, with streaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn.

Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.
The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vase ;
The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.
Laid o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead

(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were
Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun.) [done
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A solemn, silent, melancholy train :
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

CONCLUSION OF THE NOTES.

WE have now passed through the Iliad, and seen the anger of Achilles, and the terrible effects of it, at an end : as that only was the subject of the poem, and the nature of epic poetry would not permit our author to proceed to the event of the war, it may, perhaps, be acceptable to the common reader, to give a short account of what happened to Troy and the chief actors in this poem, after the conclusion of it.

I need not mention that Troy was taken soon after the death of Hector, by the stratagem of the wooden horse ; the particulars of which are described by Virgil in the second book of the *Æneis*.

Achilles fell before Troy, by the hand of Paris, by the shot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had prophesied at his death, Book xxii. •

The unfortunate Priam was killed by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles.

Ajax, after the death of Achilles, had a contest with Ulysses for the armour of Vulcan ; but, being defeated in his aim, he slew himself through indignation.

Helen, after the death of Paris, married Demophobus, his brother ; and, at the taking of Troy, betrayed him, in order to reconcile herself to Menelaus, her first husband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon, at his return, was barbarously murdered by Ægytus, at the instigation of Clytemnestra, his wife, who, in his absence, had dishonoured his bed with Ægytus.

Diomed, after the fall of Troy, was expelled his own country, and scarce escaped with life from his adulterous wife Ægiale ; but at last was received by Daunus in Apulia, and shared his kingdom. It is uncertain how he died. •

Nestor lived in peace, with his children, in Pylos, his native country.

Ulysses also, after innumerable troubles by sea and land, at last returned in safety to Ithaca, which is the subject of Homer's *Odyssey*.

I must end these remarks by discharging my duty to two of my friends, which is the more an indispensable piece of justice, as the one of them is since dead : the merit of their kindness to me

will appear infinitely the greater, as the task they undertook was, in its own nature, of much more labour, than either pleasure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from Eustathius, together with several excellent observations, were sent me by Mr. Broome : and the whole essay upon Homer was written, upon such memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. Farnell, arch-deacon of Clogher in Ireland : how very much that gentleman's friendship prevailed over his genius, in detaining a writer of his spirit in the drudgery of removing the rubbish of past pedants, will soon appear to the world, when they shall see those beautiful pieces of poetry, the publication of which he left to my charge, almost with his dying breath.

For what remains, I beg to be excused from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work ; and from embarrassing myself, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But, instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, of the merits or difficulties of it, (which must be left to the world, to truth, and to posterity) let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship, with one of the most valuable men, as well as finest writers, of my age and country : one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer : and one, who (I am sure) sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him, therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to dedicate it ; and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

MARCH 25. }
1720.

A. POPE.

Τῶν Θιῶν δὲ εὐπαίῃα---τὸ μὲν ἐπὶ πλείονι με
προσέειπεν ἐν Ποιητικῇ καὶ ἄλλοις ἐπιτηδεύμασι.
ἐν οἷς ἴσως ἂν κατεχέσθην, εἰ ἡσυχίαν ἱκανοῦς
ἐὼς περιμένω.

M. DUREL. ANTON. de scipio. l. i. § 14.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EPIC POEM;

AND OF

THE ILIAD AND ODYSSEY:

EXTRACTED FROM BOSSU.

S E C T. I.

OF THE NATURE OF EPIC POETRY.

THE fables of poets were originally employed in representing the Divine Nature, according to the notion then conceived of it. This sublime subject occasioned the first poets to be called Divines, and Poetry the Language of the Gods. They divided the Divine Attributes into so many persons; because the infirmity of a human mind cannot sufficiently conceive, or explain, so much power and action in a simplicity so great and indivisible as that of God. And, perhaps, they were also jealous of the advantages they reaped from such excellent and exalted learning, and of which they thought the vulgar part of mankind was not worthy.

They could not describe the operations of this Almighty Cause, without speaking at the same time of its effects: so that to Divinity, they added *Physiology*; and treated of both, without quitting the umbrages of their allegorical expressions.

But man being the chief and the most noble of all that God produced, and nothing being so proper, or more useful to poets than this subject; they added it to the former, and treated of the doctrine of morality after the same manner as they did that of divinity and philosophy; and from morality thus treated, is formed that kind of poem and fable which we call epic.

The poets did the same in morality, that the divines had done in divinity. But that infinite variety of the actions and operations of the divine nature, (to which our understanding bears so small a proportion) did, as it were, force them upon dividing the single idea of the Only One God into several persons, under the different names of Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, and the rest.

And, on the other hand, the nature of moral philosophy being such, as never to treat of things in particular, but in general; the epic poets were obliged to unite in one single idea, in one and the same person, and in an action which appeared singular, all that looked like it, in different persons and in various actions; which might be thus contained as so many species under their genus.

The presence of the Deity, and the care such an august cause is to be supposed to take about any action, obliges the poet to represent this action as great, important, and managed by kings and princes. It obliges him likewise, to think and speak in an elevated way above the vulgar, and in a style that may in some sort keep up the character of the divine persons he introduces. To this end serve the poetical and figurative expression, and the majesty of the heroic verse.

But all this, being divine and surprising, may quite ruin all probability; therefore the poet should take a particular care as to that point, since his chief aim is to instruct, and without probability any action is less likely to persuade.

Lastly, since precepts ought to be concise, to be the more easily conceived, and less oppress the memory; and since nothing can be more effectual to this end than proposing one single idea, and collecting all things so well together, as to be present to our minds all at once; therefore the poets have reduced all to one single action, under one and the same design, and in a body whose members and parts should be homogeneous.

What we have observed of the nature of the Epic Poem, gives us a just idea of it, and we may define it thus:

“The Epic Poem is a discourse invented by art, to form the manners, by such instructions as are disguised under the allegories of some one important action, which is related in verse, after a probable, diverting, and surprising manner.”

S E C T. II.

THE FABLE OF THE ILIAD.

IN every design which a man deliberately undertakes, the end he proposes is the first thing in his mind, and that by which he governs the whole work, and all its parts: thus, since the end of the Epic Poem is to regulate the manners, it is with this first view the poet ought to begin.

But there is a great difference between the philosophical and the poetical doctrine of Manners. The schoolmen content themselves with treating of virtues and vices in general; the instructions they give are proper for all states of people, and

for all ages. But the poet has a nearer regard to his own country, and the necessities of his own nation. With this design he makes choice of some piece of morality, the most proper and just he can imagine; and in order to press this home, he makes less use of the force of reasoning, than of the power of insinuation; accommodating himself to the particular customs and inclinations of those who are to be the subject, or the readers of his work.

Let us now see how Homer has acquitted himself in these respects.

He saw the Grecians, for whom he designed his Poem, were divided into as many states as they had capital cities. Each was a body politic apart, and had its form of government independent from all the rest. And yet these distinct states were very often obliged to unite together in one body against their common enemies. There were two very different sorts of government, such as could not be comprehended in one maxim of morality, and in one single poem.

The poet, therefore, has made two distinct fables of them. The one is for Greece in general, united into one body, but composed of parts independent on each other; and the other for each particular state, considered as they were in time of peace, without the former circumstances and the necessity of being united.

As for the first sort of government, in the union, or rather in the confederacy of many independent states; experience has always made it appear, "That nothing so much causes success as a due subordination, and a right understanding among the chief commanders. And on the other hand, the inevitable ruin of such confederacies proceeds from the heats, jealousies, and ambition of the different leaders, and the discontents of submitting to a single general." All sorts of states, and in particular the Grecians, had dearly experienced this truth. So that the most useful and necessary instruction that could be given them, was, to lay before their eyes the loss which both the people and the princes must of necessity suffer, by the ambition, discord, and obduracy of the latter.

Homer then has taken for the foundation of his fable this great truth: that a misunderstanding between princes is the ruin of their own states. "I sing (says he) the anger of Achilles, so pernicious to the Grecians, and the cause of so many heroes deaths, occasioned by the discord and separation of Agamemnon and that prince."

But that this truth may be completely and fully known, there is need of a second to support it. It is necessary in such a design, not only to represent the confederate states at first disagreeing among themselves, and from thence unfortunate; but to show the same states afterwards reconciled and united, and of consequence victorious.

Let us now see how he has joined all these in one general action.

"Several princes independent on one another, were united against a common enemy. The person whom they had elected their general, offers an affront to the most valiant of all the confederates. This offended prince is so far

"provoked, as to relinquish the union, and obstinately refuse to fight for the common cause. This misunderstanding gives the enemy such an advantage, that the allies are very near quitting their design with dishonour. He himself who made the separation, is not exempt from sharing the misfortune which he brought upon his party. For having permitted his intimate friend to succour them in a great necessity, this friend is killed by the enemy's general. Thus the contending princes, being both made wiser at their own cost, are reconciled, and unite again: then this valiant prince not only obtains the victory in the public cause, but revenges his private wrongs, by killing with his own hands the author of the death of his friend."

This is the first platform of the Poem, and the fiction which reduces into one important and universal action all the particulars upon which it turns.

In the next place, it must be rendered probable by the circumstances of times, places, and persons: some persons must be found out, already known by history or otherwise, whom we may with probability make the actors and personages of this fable. Homer has made choice of the siege of Troy, and feign'd that this action happened there. To a phantom of his brain, whom he would paint valiant and choleric, he has given the name of Achilles; that of Agamemnon to his general; that of Hector to the enemy's commander, and so to the rest.

Besides, he was obliged to accommodate himself to the manners, customs, and genius of the Greeks his auditors, the better to make them attend to the instruction of his poem: and to gain their approbation by praising them; so that they might the better forgive him the representation of their own faults in some of his chief personages. He admirably discharges all these duties, by making these brave princes and those victorious people all Grecians, and the fathers of those he had a mind to commend.

But not being content, in a work of such a length, to propose only the principal point of the moral, and to fill up the rest with useless ornaments and foreign incidents, he extends this moral by all its necessary consequences. As for instance, in the subject before us, it is not enough to know that a good understanding ought always to be maintained among confederates: it is likewise of equal importance, that, if there happens any division, care must be taken to keep it secret from the enemy, that their ignorance of this advantage may prevent their making use of it. And in the second place, when their concord is but counterfeit and only in appearance, one should never press the enemy too closely; for this would discover the weakness which we ought to conceal from them.

The episode of Patroclus, most admirably furnishes us with these two instructions. For when he appeared in the arms of Achilles, the Trojans, who took him for that prince now reconciled and united to the confederates, immediately gave ground, and quitted the advantages they had before over the Greeks. But Patroclus,

have been contented with this success, presses upon Hector too boldly, and, by obliging him to fight, soon discovers that it was not the true Achilles who was clad in his armour, but a hero of much inferior prowess. So that Hector kills him, and regains those advantages which the Trojans had lost, on the opinion that Achilles was reconciled.

S E C T. III.

THE FABLE OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE *Odyssey* was not designed, like the *Iliad*, for the instruction of all the states of Greece joined in one body, but for each state in particular. As a state is composed of two parts; the head which commands, and the members which obey; there are instruction, requisite to both, to teach the one to govern, and the others to submit to government.

There are two virtues necessary to one in authority; prudence to order, and care to see his orders put in execution. The prudence of a politician is not acquired but by a long experience in all sorts of business, and by an acquaintance with all the different forms of governments and states. The care of the administration suits not him that has the government to rely upon others, but requires his own presence: and kings, who are absent from their states, are in danger of losing them, and give occasion to great disorders and confusion.

These two points may be easily united in one and the same man. "A king, forsakes his kingdom to visit the courts of several princes, where he learns the manners and customs of different nations. From hence there naturally arises a vast number of incidents, of dangers, and of adventures, very useful for a political institution. On the other side, this absence gives way to the disorders which happen in his own kingdom, and which end not till his return, whose presence only can re-establish all things." Thus the absence of a king has the same effects in this fable, as the division of the princes had in the former.

The subjects have scarce any need but of one general maxim, which is, to suffer themselves to be governed, and to obey faithfully; whatever reason they may imagine against the orders they receive. It is easy to join this instruction with the other, by bestowing on this wise and industrious prince such subjects, as in his absence would rather follow their own judgment than his commands; and by demonstrating the misfortunes which this disobedience draws upon them, the evil consequences which almost infallibly attend these particular notions, which are entirely different from the general idea of him who ought to govern.

But as it was necessary that the princes in the *Iliad* should be choleric and quarrelsome, so it is necessary in the fable of the *Odyssey* that the chief person should be sage and prudent. This raises a difficulty in the fiction; because this person ought to be absent for the two reasons above mentioned, which are essential to the fable, and which constitute the principal aim of it: but he

cannot absent himself, without offending against another maxim of equal importance, viz. That a king should upon no accounts leave his country.

It is true, there are sometimes such necessities as sufficiently excuse the prudence of a politician in this point. But such a necessity is a thing important enough of itself to supply matter for another poem, and this multiplication of the action would be vicious. To prevent which, in the first place, this necessity, and the departure of the hero, must be disjoined from the poem; and in the second place, the hero having been obliged to absent himself, for a reason antecedent to the action, and placed distinct from the fable, he ought not so far to embrace this opportunity of instructing himself, as to absent himself voluntarily from his own government. For at this rate, his absence would be merely voluntary, and one might with reason lay to his charge all the disorders which might arise.

Thus in the constitution of the fable he ought not to take for his action, and for the foundation of his poem, the departure of a prince from his own country nor his voluntary stay in any other place; but his return, and this return retarded against his will. This is the first idea Homer gives us of it. His hero appears at first in a desolate island, sitting upon the side of the sea, which, with tears in his eyes, he looks upon as the obstacle which had so long opposed his return, and detained him from visiting his own dear country.

And lastly, since this forced delay might more naturally and usually happen to such as make voyages by sea; Homer has judiciously made choice of a prince, whose kingdom was in an island.

Let us see then how he has feigned all this action, making his hero a person in years, because years are requisite to instruct a man in prudence and policy.

"A prince had been obliged to forsake his native country, and to head an army of his subjects in a foreign expedition. Having gloriously performed this enterprise, he was marching home again, and conducting his subjects to his own state. But spite of all the attempts, with which the eagerness to return had inspired him, he was stopp'd by the way by tempests for several years, and cast upon several countries, differing from each other in manners and government. In these dangers, his companions, not always following his orders, perished through their own fault. The grantees of his country strangely abuse his absence, and raise no small disorders at home. They consume his estate, conspire to destroy his son, would constrain his queen to accept of one of them for her husband; and indulge themselves in all violence, so much the more, because they were persuaded he would never return. But at last he returns, and discovering himself only to his son and some others, who had continued firm to him, he is an eye-witness of the insolence of his enemies, punishes them according to their deserts, and restores to his island that tranquillity and repose to which they had been strangers during his absence."

As the truth, which serves for foundation to this fiction, is, that the absence of a person from his own home; or his neglect of his own affairs, is the cause of great disorders: so the principle point of the action, and the most essential one, is the absence of the hero. This fills almost all the poem: for not only this real absence lasted several years, but even when the hero returned, he does not discover himself; and this prudent disguise, from whence he reaped so much advantage, has the same effect upon the authors of the disorders, and all others who knew him not, as his real absence had before, so that he is absent as to them, till the very moment of their punishment.

After the poet had thus composed his fable, and joined the fiction to the truth, he then makes choice of Ulysses, the king of the isle of Ithaca, to maintain the character of his chief personage, and bestowed the rest on Telemachus, Penelope, Antinous, and others, whom he calls by what names he pleases.

I shall not here insist upon the many excellent advices, which are so many parts and natural consequences of the fundamental truth; and which the poet very dexterously lays down in those fictions which are the epodes and members of the entire action. Such for instance are these advices: not to intrude one's self into the mysteries of government, which the prince keeps secret; this is represented to us by the winds shut up in a bull-hide, which the miserable companions of Ulysses would needs be so foolish as to pry into: not to suffer one's self to be led away by the charms of an idle and inactive life, to which the Syrens song invited: not to suffer one's self to be sensualized by pleasures, like those who were changed into brutes, by Circe: and a great many other points of morality necessary for all sorts of people.

This poem is more useful to the people than the Iliad, where the subjects suffer rather by the ill conduct of their princes, than through their own miscarriages. But in the Odyssey, it is not the fault of Ulysses that is the ruin of his subjects. This wise prince leaves untried no method to make them partakers of the benefit of his return. Thus the poet in the Iliad says, "He sings the anger of Achilles, which had caused the death of so many Grecians;" and, on the contrary, in the Odyssey he tells his readers, "That the subjects perished through their own fault."

S E C T. IV.

OF THE UNITY OF THE FABLE.

ARISTOTLE bestows great encomiums upon Homer for the simplicity of his design, because he has included in one single part all that happened at the siege of Troy. And to this he opposes the ignorance of some poets, who imagined that the unity of the fable or action was sufficiently preserved by the unity of the hero; and who composed their Thebais, Heraclids, and the like, wherein they only heaped up in one poem every thing that happened to one personage.

He finds fault with those poets who were fo-

reducing the unity of the fable into the unity of the hero, because one man may have performed several adventures, which is impossible to reduce under any one general and simple head. This reducing of all things to unity and simplicity, is what Horace likewise makes his first rule.

"Denique sit quodvis simplex duntaxat, & unum,"

According to these rules, it will be allowable to make use of several fables; or (to speak more correctly) of several incidents, which may be divided into several fables, provided they are so ordered, that the unity of the fable be not spoiled. This liberty is still greater in the Epic Poem, because it is of a larger extent, and ought to be entire and complete.

I will explain myself more distinctly by the practice of Homer.

No doubt but one might make four distinct fables out of these four following instructions.

I. Division between those of the same party exposes them entirely to their enemies.

II. Conceal your weakness; and you will be dreaded as much, as if you had none of those imperfections, of which they are ignorant.

III. When your strength is only feigned, and founded only in the opinion of others, never venture so far as to your strength was real.

IV. The more you agree together, the less hurt can your enemies do you.

It is plain, I say, that each of these particular maxims might serve for the ground-work of a fiction, and one might make four distinct fables out of them. May not one then put all these into one single Epopea? Not unless one single fable can be made out of all. The poet indeed may have to much skill as to unite all into one body, as members and parts, each of which taken asunder would be imperfect: and if he joins them so, as that this conjunction shall be no hindrance at all to the unity and regular simplicity of the fable. This is what Homer has done with such success in the composition of the Iliad.

1. The division between Achilles and his allies tended to the ruin of their designs. 2. Patroclus comes to their relief in the armour of this hero, and Hector retreats. 3. But this young man pushing the advantage which his disguise gave him, too far, ventures to engage with Hector himself; but not being master of Achilles' strength (whom he only represented in outward appearance) he is killed, and by this means leaves the Grecian affairs in the same disorder, from which, in that disguise, he came to free them. 4. Achilles provoked at the death of his friend, is reconciled, and revenges his loss by the death of Hector. These various incidents being thus united, do not make different actions and fables, but are only the uncomplete and unfinished parts of one and the same action and fable, which alone, when taken thus complexly, can be said to be complete and entire: and all these maxims of the moral, are easily reduced into these two parts, which, in my opinion, cannot be separated without enervating the force of both. The two parts are these, That a right understanding is the preservation, and discord the destruction of states.

Though then the poet has made use of two parts in his poems, each of which might have served for a fable, as we have observed: yet this multiplication cannot be called a vicious and irregular Polymythia, contrary to the necessary unity and simplicity of the fable; but it gives the fable another qualification, altogether necessary and regular, namely, its perfection, and finishing stroke.

S E C T. V.

OF THE ACTION OF THE EPIC POEM.

THE action of a poem is the subject which the poet undertakes, proposes, and builds upon. So that the moral and the instructions which are the end of the Epic poem are not the matter of it. Those the poets leave in their allegorical and figurative obscurity. They only give notice at the exordium, that they sing some action: The Revenge of Achilles, the Return of Ulysses, &c.

Since, then, the action is the matter of a fable, it is evident, that whatever incidents are essential to the fable, or constitute a part of it, are necessary also to the action, and are parts of the epic matter, none of which ought to be omitted. Such, for instance, are the contention of Agamemnon and Achilles, the slaughter Hector makes in the Grecian army, the re-union of the Greek princes; and lastly, the re-settlement and victory which was the consequence of that re-union.

There are four qualifications in the epic action: the first is its unity, the second its integrity, the third its importance, the fourth its duration.

The unity of the epic action, as well as the unity of the fable, does not consist either in the unity of the hero, or in the unity of time: three things, I suppose, are necessary to it. The first is, to make use of no episode, but what arises from the very platform and foundation of the action, and is as it were a natural member of the body. The second is, exactly to unite these episodes and these members with one another. And the third is, never to finish any episode so as it may seem to be an entire action; but to let each episode still appear in its own particular nature, as the member of a body, and as a part of itself not complete.

OF THE BEGINNING, MIDDLE, AND END OF THE ACTION.

Aristotle not only says, that the epic action should be one, but adds, that it should be entire, perfect, and complete; and for this purpose, ought to have a beginning, a middle, and an end. These three parts of a whole are too generally and universally denoted by the words, beginning, middle, and end; we may interpret them more precisely, and say, That the causes and designs of an action, are the beginning: that the effects of these causes, and the difficulties that are met with in the execution of these designs, are the middle; and that the unraveling and resolution of these difficulties are the end.

THE ACTION OF THE ILIAD.

Homér's design in the Iliad, is to relate the anger and revenge of Achilles. The beginning

of this action is the change of Achilles from a calm to a passionate temper. The middle is the effects of his passion, and all the illustrious deaths it is the cause of. The end of this same action is the return of Achilles to his calmness of temper again. All was quiet in the Grecian camp, when Agamemnon their general, provokes Apollo against them, whom he was willing to appease afterwards at the cost and prejudice of Achilles, who had no part in his fault. This, then, is an exact beginning: it supposes nothing before, and requires after it the effects of this anger. Achilles revenges himself, and that is an exact middle; it supposes before it the anger of Achilles, this revenge is the effect of it. Then this middle requires after it the effects of this revenge, which is the satisfaction of Achilles: for the revenge had not been complete, unless Achilles had been satisfied. By this means the poet makes his hero, after he was glutted by the mischief he had done to Agamemnon, by the death of Hector, and the honour he did his friend, by insulting over his murderer; he makes him, I say, to be moved by the tears and misfortunes of king Priam. We see him as calm at the end of the poem, during the funeral of Hector, as he was at the beginning of the poem, whilst the plague raged among the Grecians. This end is just; since the calmness of temper Achilles re-enjoyed, is only an effect of the revenge which ought to have preceded: and after this nobody expects any more of his anger. Thus has Homér been very exact in the beginning, middle, and end of the action he made choice of for the subject of his Iliad.

THE ACTION OF THE ODYSSEY.

His design in the Odyssey was to describe the return of Ulysses from the siege of Troy, and his arrival at Ithaca. He opens this poem with the complaints of Minerva against Neptune, who opposed the return of this hero, and against Calypso, who detained him in an island from Ithaca. Is this a beginning? No; doubtless, the reader would know why Neptune is displeased with Ulysses, and how this prince came to be with Calypso? He would know how he came from Troy thither? The poet answers his demands out of the mouth of Ulysses himself, who relates these things, and begins the action by the recital of his travels from the city of Troy. It signifies little whether the beginning of the action be the beginning of the poem. The beginning of this action is that which happens to Ulysses, when, upon his leaving Troy, he bends his course for Ithaca. The middle comprehends all the misfortunes he endured, and all the disorders of his own government. The end is the re-instating of this hero in the peaceable possession of his kingdom, where he was acknowledged by his son, his wife, his father, and several others. The poet was sensible he should have ended ill, had he gone no farther than the death of these princes, who were the rivals and enemies of Ulysses, because the reader might have looked for some revenge, which the subjects of these princes might have taken on him who had killed their sovereigns: but this danger over, and the people vanquished and quieted, there was no-

thing more to be expected. The poem and the action have all their parts, and no more.

But the order of the *Odyssey* differs from that of the *Iliad*, in that the poem does not begin with the beginning of the action.

OF THE CAUSES AND BEGINNING OF THE ACTION.

The causes of the action are also what the poet is obliged to give an account of. There are three sorts of causes, the humours, the interests, and the designs of men; and these different causes of an action are likewise often the causes of one another, every man taking up those interests in which his humour engages him, and forming those designs to which his humour and interest incline him. Of all these the poet ought to inform his readers, and render them conspicuous in his principal personages.

Homer has ingeniously begun his *Odyssey* with the transactions at Ithaca, during the absence of Ulysses. If he had begun with the travels of his hero, he would scarce have spoken of any one else, and a man might have read a great deal of the poem, without conceiving the least idea of Telemachus, Penelope, or her suitors, who had so great a share in the action; but in the beginning he has pitched upon, besides these personages whom he discovers, he represents Ulysses in his full length, and from the very first opening one sees the interest which the Gods take in the action.

The skill and care of the same poet may be seen likewise in inducing his personages in the First Book of his *Iliad*, where he discovers the humours, the interests, and the designs of Agamemnon, Achilles, Hector, Ulysses, and several others, and even of the Deities. And in his second he makes a review of the Grecian and Trojan armies; which is full evidence, that all we have here said is very necessary.

OF THE MIDDLE OR INTRIGUE OF THE ACTION.

As these causes are the beginning of the action, the opposite designs against that of the hero are the middle of it, and form that difficulty or intrigue, which makes up the greatest part of the poem; the solution or unravelling commences when the reader begins to see that difficulty removed, and the doubts cleared up. Homer has divided each of his poems into two parts; and has put a particular intrigue, and the solution of it, into each part.

The first part of the *Iliad* is the anger of Achilles, who is for revenging himself upon Agamemnon by the means of Hector and the Trojans. The intrigue comprehends the three days fight which happened in the absence of Achilles: and it consists on one side in the resistance of Agamemnon and the Grecians: and on the other in the revengeful and inexorable humour of Achilles, which would not suffer him to be reconciled. The loss of the Grecians, and the despair of Agamemnon, prepare for a solution by the satisfaction which the incensed hero received from it. The death of Patroclus joined to the offers of Agamemnon, which of itself had proved ineffectual, re-

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move this difficulty, and make the unravelling of the first part.

This death is likewise the beginning of the second part; since it puts Achilles upon the design of revenging himself on Hector. But the design of Hector is opposite to that of Achilles: this Trojan is valiant, and resolved to stand on his own defence. This valour and resolution of Hector are on his part the cause of the intrigue. All the endeavours Achilles used to meet with Hector, and be the death of him; and the contrary endeavours of the Trojan to keep out of his reach and defend himself, are the intrigue; which comprehends the battle of the last day. The unravelling begins at the death of Hector; and besides that, it contains the insulting of Achilles over his body, the honours he paid to Patroclus, and the entreaties of king Priam. The regrets of this king and the other Trojans, in the sorrowful obsequies they paid to Hector's body, and the unravelling; they justify the satisfaction of Achilles, and demonstrate his tranquillity.

The first part of the *Odyssey* is the return of Ulysses into Ithaca. Neptune opposes it by raising tempests, and this makes the intrigue. The unravelling is the arrival of Ulysses upon his own island, where Neptune could offer him no farther injury. The second part is the re-instating this hero in his own government. The princes, that are his rivals, oppose him, and this is a fresh intrigue: the solution of it begins at their deaths, and is completed as soon as the Ithacans were appeased.

These two parts in the *Odyssey* have not one common intrigue. The anger of Achilles forms both the intrigues in the *Iliad*; and it is so far the matter of this *Epopea*, that the very beginning and end of this poem depend on the beginning and end of this anger. But let the desire Achilles had to revenge himself, and the desire Ulysses had to return to his own country, be never so near allied, yet we cannot place them under one and the same notion: for that desire of Ulysses is not a passion that begins and ends in the poem with the action: it is a natural habit: nor does the poet propose it for his subject, as he does the anger of Achilles.

We have already observed what is meant by the intrigue, and the unravelling thereof; let us now say something of the manner of forming both. These two should arise naturally out of the very essence and subject of the poem, and are to be deduced from thence. Their conduct is so exact and natural, that it seems as if their action had presented them with whatever they inserted, without putting themselves to the trouble of a farther inquiry.

What is more usual and natural to warriors, than anger, heat, passion, and impatience of bearing the least affront or disrespect? This is what forms the intrigue of the *Iliad*: and every thing we read there is nothing else but the effect of this humour and these passions.

What more natural and usual obstacle to those who take voyages, than the sea, the winds, and the storms? Homer makes this the intrigue of the first part of the *Odyssey*; and for the second,

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tions, as are conformable to the nature of the things they represent under those divinities. The case is the same in the morals of the deities: *Mir-represents*

Venus is both good or bad, because the passion of love is capable of these contrary qualities.

Since among the Gods of a poem some are good, some bad, and some indifferently either; and since of our passions we make so many allegorical deities, we may attribute to the Gods all that is done in the poem, whether good or evil. But these deities do not act constantly in one and the same manner.

Sometimes they act invisibly, and by mere inspiration, which has nothing in it extraordinary or miraculous; being no more than what we say every day, "That some God has assisted us, or "some demon has instigated us."

At other times they appear visibly, and manifest themselves to men; in a manner altogether miraculous and preternatural.

The third way has something of both the others; it is in truth a miracle, but is not commonly so accounted: this includes dreams, oracles, &c.

All these ways must be probable; for however necessary the marvellous is to the Epic Action, as nothing is so conducive to admiration; yet we can, on the other hand, admire nothing, that we think impossible. Though the probability of these machines be of a very large extent, (since it is founded upon Divine Power) it is not without limitations. There are numerous instances of allowable and probable machines in the Epic Poem, where the Gods are no less actors than the men. But the less credible sort; such as metamorphoses, &c. are far more rare.

This suggests a reflection on the method of rendering those machines probable, which in their own nature are hardly so. Those, which require only divine probability, should be so disengaged from the action, that one might subtract them from it, without destroying the action. But those, which are essential and necessary, should be grounded upon human probability, and not on the sole power of God. Thus the episodes of Circe, the Syrens, Polyphemus, &c. are necessary to the ac-

tion of the *Odysey*, and yet not humanly probable: yet Homer has artificially reduced them to human probability, by the simplicity and ignorance of the Phæacians, before whom he causes those recitals to be made.

The next question is, Where, and on what occasions, machines may be used? It is certain Homer and Virgil make use of them every where; and scarce suffer any action to be performed without them. Petronius makes this a precept: "Per-ambages, deorumque ministeria, &c." The Gods are mentioned in the very proposition of their works, the invocation is address to them, and the whole narration is full of them. The Gods are the causes of the action, they form the intrigue, and bring about the solution. The precept of Aristotle and Horace, that the unravelling of the plot should not proceed from a miracle, or the appearance of a God, has place only in Dramatic Poetry, not in the Epic. For it is plain, that both in the solution of the *Iliad* and *Odysey*, the Gods are concerned: in the former, the deities meet to appease the anger of Achilles: Iris and Mercury are sent to that purpose, and Minerva eminently assists Achilles in the decisive combat with Hector. In the *Odysey*, the same Goddess fights close by Ulysses against the suitors, and concludes that peace betwixt him and the Ithacencians, which completes the poem.

We may therefore determine, that a machine is not an invention to extricate the poet out of any difficulty which embarrasses him: but that the presence of a Divinity, and some action surprising and extraordinary, and inserted into almost all the parts of the work, in order to render it more majestic and more admirable. But this mixture ought to be so made, that the machines might be retrenched, without taking any thing from the action: at the same time that it gives the readers a lesson of piety and virtue; and teaches them, that the most brave and the most wise can do nothing, and attain nothing great and glorious, without the assistance of heaven. Thus the machinery crowns the whole work, and renders it at once marvellous, probable, and moral.

POPE'S HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

B O O K I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Minerva's Descent to Ithaca.

The poem opens within forty-eight days of the arrival of Ulysses in his dominions. He had now remained seven years in the island of Calypso, when the Gods assembled in council proposed the method of his departure from thence, and his return to his native country. For this purpose it is concluded to send Mercury to Calypso, and Pallas immediately descends to Ithaca. She holds a conference with Telemachus, in the shape of Mentès, king of the Taphians; in which she advises him to take a journey in quest of his father Ulysses, to Pylos and Sparta, where Nestor and Menelaus yet reigned: then, after having visibly displayed her divinity, disappears. The suitors of Penelope make great entertainments, and riot in her palace till night. Phemius sings to them the return of the Grecians, till Penelope puts a stop to the song. Some words arise between the suitors and Telemachus, who summons the council to meet the day following.

THE man, for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, oh Muse! resound,
Who, when his arms had wrought the destin'd fall
Of sacred Troy, and raz'd her heaven-built wall.
Wandering from clime to clime, observant stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states survey'd,
On stormy seas unnumber'd toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
On heirs devoted to the God of day;
The God vindictive doom'd them never more
(Ah, men unblest!) to touch that natal shore.
Oh, snatch some portion of these acts from Fate,
Celestial Muse! and to our world relate.

Now at their native realms the Greeks arriv'd;
All who the war of ten long years surviv'd,
And 'scap'd the perils of the gulfy main.
Ulysses, sole of all the victor train,
An exile from his dear paternal coast,
Deplor'd his absent queen, and empire lost.
Calypso in her caves constrain'd his stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay:
In vain—for now the circling years disclose
The day predestin'd to reward his woes.
At length his Ithaca is given by fate,
Where yet new labours his arrival wait;
At length their rage the hostile power restrain,
All but the ruthless monarch of the main.
But now the God, remote, a heavenly guest,
In Æthiopia grac'd the general feast
(A race divided, whom with sloping rays
The rising and descending sun surveys);
There on the world's extreme verge, rever'd
With hecatombs and prayer in pomp prefer'd,
Distant he lay: while in the bright abodes
Of high Olympus, Jove conven'd the Gods:
Th' assembly thus the Sire supreme address'd,
Ægyptus late revolving in his breast,
Whom Orestes to the dreary coast
Of blisful Ægis had collected soft!

Perverse mankind! whose wills, created free,
Charge all their woes on absolute decree;
All to the dooming Gods their guilt translate,
And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.
When to his lust Ægyptus gave the rein,
Did fate, or we, th' adulterous act constrain?
Did Fate, or we, when great Atreides dy'd,
Urge the bold traitor to the regicide?
Hermes I sent, while yet his soul remain'd
Sincere from royal blood, and faith profan'd;
To warn the wretch, that young Orestes, grown
To many years, should re-assert the throne.
Yet, impotent of mind, and uncontrol'd,
He plung'd into the gulf which heaven foretold.

Here paus'd the God; and pensive thus replies
Minerva, graceful with her azure eyes:
O thou! from whom the whole creation springs,
The source of power on earth deriv'd to kings!
His death was equal to the direful deed;
So may the man of blood be doom'd to bleed!
But grief and rage alternate wound my breast,
For brave Ulysses, still by Fate oppress'd,
Amidst an isle, around whose rocky shore
The forests murmur, and the furies roar,
The blameless hero from his wish'd-for home
A goddess guards in her enchanted dome;
(Atlas her sire, to whose far-piercing eye
The wonders of the deep expanded lie;
Th' eternal columns which on earth he rears
End in the starry vault, and prop the spheres.)
By his fair daughter is the chief confin'd,
Who soothes to dear delight his anxious mind:
Successful all her soft caresses prove,
To banish from his breast his country's love;
To see the smoke from his lov'd palace rise,
While the dear isle in distant prospect lies,
With what contentment would he close his eyes?

And will Omnipotence neglect to save
The suffering virtue of the wife and brave?

Must he, whose altars on the Phrygian shore
With frequent rites, and pure, avow'd thy power,
Be doom'd the worst of human ills to prove,
Unblest'd abandon'd to the wrath of Jove?

Daughter! what words have paid thy lips un-
weigh'd?

(Reply'd the Thunderer to the martial maid)
Deem not unjustly by my doom oppress'd
Of human race the wisest and the best.
Neptune, by prayer repentant rarely won,
Afflicts the chief, t' avenge his grant-son,
Whose visual orb Ulysses robb'd of light!
Great Polypheme, of more than mortal might!
Him young Thooia bore (the bright increate
Of Photys, dreading in the sounds and seas:
Whom Neptune ey'd with bloom of beauty blest,
And in his cave the yielding nymph compress'd.
For this, the God constrains the Greek to roam,
A hopeless exile from his native home,
From death alone exempt—but cease to mourn!
Let all combine t' achieve his wish'd return:
Neptune aton'd, his wrath shall now restrain,
Or thwart the tyrod of the Gods in vain.

Father and king ador'd! Minerva cry'd,
Since all who in th' Olympian bower reside
Now make the wandering Greek their public care,
Let Hermes to th' Atlantic isle repair;
Bid him, arriv'd in bright Galypho's court,
The function of th' assembled powers report:
That wise Ulysses to his native land
Must speed, obedient to their high command.
Mean time Telemachus, the blooming heir
Of sea-girt Ithaca, demands my care:
'Tis mine to turn his green unpractis'd years,
In sage debates; surrounded with his peers,
To save the state; and timely to restrain
The bold intrusion of the suitor-train:
Who crowd his palace, and with lawless power
His herds and flocks in feastful rites devour.
To distant Sparta, and the spacious waste
Of sandy Pylos, the royal youth shall haste.
There, warm with filial love, the cause inquire
That from his realm retards his god-like sire:
Delivering early to the voice of fame
The promise of a great, immortal name.

She said: the sandals of celestial mould,
Besig'd with ambrosial plumes, and rich with
gold,

Surround her feet; with these sublime she sails
Th' ætherial space, and mounts the winged gales:
O'er earth and ocean wide prepar'd to soar,
Her dreaded arm a beamy javelin bore,
Ponditious and vast; which, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
From high Olympus prone her sight she bends,
And in the realm of Ithaca descends.
Her lineaments divine, the grave disguise
Of Mentes' form conceal'd from human eyes
(Mentes, the monarch of the Taphian land);
A glittering spear wav'd awful in her hand.
There in the portal plac'd, the heaven-born maid
Enormous riot and mis-rule survey'd.
On hides of beeves, before the palace gate,
(Sad spoils of luxury) the suitors sate.
With rival art, and ardour in their mein,
At chess they vie, to captivate the queen;

Divining of their loves. Attending nigh
A menial train the flowing bowl supply:
Others, apart, the spacious hall prepare,
And form the costly feast with busy care.
There young Telemachus, his bloomy face
Glowing celestial sweet, with godlike grace
Amid the circle shines: but hope and tear
(Painful vicissitude!) his bosom tear.
Now, imag'd in his mind, he sees restor'd
In peace and joy, the people's rightful lord;
The proud oppressors fly the vengeful sword.
While his fond soul these fancied triumphs swell'd;
The stranger guest, the royal youth beheld:
Griev'd that a visitant so long should wait
Unmark'd, unhonour'd, at a monarch's gate;
Instant he flew with hospitable haile,
And the new friend with courteous air embrac'd.
Stranger! where'er thou art, securely rest,
Assur'd in my faith, a friendly guest:
Approach the dome, the social banquet share,
And then the purpose of thy soul declare.

Thus affable and mild, the prince precedes,
And to the dome th' unknown Celestial leads.
The spear-receiving hom let her hand, he plac'd
Against a column, fair with sculpture grac'd;
Where seemly rang'd in peaceful order stood
Ulysses' arms, now long diffus'd to blood.
He led the Goddess to the sovereign seat,
Her seat supported with a stool of state
(A purple carpet spread the pavement wide);
Then drew his seat, familiar to her side;
Far from the suitor-train, a brutal crowd,
With insolence, and wine, elate and loud:
Where the free guest, unnotic'd, might relate,
If haply conscious, of his father's fate.
The golden ewer a maid obsequious brings,
Replenish'd from the cool, translucent springs;
With copious water the bright vase supplies
A silver laver, of capacious horn:
They wash. The table in fair order spread,
They heap the glittering carvellers with bread:
Visands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!
Delicious wine, th' attending herald brought;
The gold gave lustre to the purple draught.
Lur'd with the vapour of the fragrant scalt,
In rush'd the suitors with voracious haste:
Marshall'd in order due, to each a silver
Presents, to bathe his hands, a radiant ewer.
Luxuriant then they feast. Obtrusant round
Gay stripling youths the brimming goblets
crown'd.

The rage of hunger quell'd, they all advance,
And form to measure'd air the mazy dance:
To Phœnius was consign'd the chord'd lyre,
Whose hand reluctant touch'd the warbling
wire:

Phœnius, whose voice divine could sweetest sing
High strains, responsive to the vocal string.

Mean while, in whispers to his heavenly guest
His indignation thus the prince express'd:
Indulge my rising grief, whilst these (my friend)
With long and dance the pompous revel end.
Light is the dance, and doubly sweet the lays,
When for the dear delight another pays,
His treasure'd stores these cormorants consume,
Whose bones defrauded of a soul to

And common turf, lie naked on the plain,
Or doom'd to welter in the whelming main.
Should he return, that troop so blithe and bold,
With purple robes inwrought, and stiff with gold,
Precipitant in fear would wing their flight,
And curse their cumbrous pride's unwieldy weight.
But, ah, I dream!—th' appointed hour is fled!
And hope, too long with vain delusion fed,
Deaf to the rumour of fallacious fame,
Gives to the roll of death his glorious name!
With venial freedom let me now demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land:
Sincere, from whence began thy course, recite,
And to what ship *Lowe* the friendly freight?
Now first to me this visit dost thou deign,
Or number'd in my father's social train?
All who deserv'd his choice he made his own,
And, curious much to know, he far was known.

My birth I boast (the blue-eyed virgin cries)
From great Anchialus, renown'd and wife:
Mentes my name; I rule the Taphian race,
Whole bounds the deep circumfluent waves em-
brace:

A duteous people, and industrious isle,*
To naval arts inur'd, and stormy toil.
Freighted with iron from my native land,
I steer my voyage to the Brutian strand;
To gain by commerce for the labour'd man
A just proportion of refulgent brass.
Far from your capital my ship refides
At Reithrus, and secure at anchor rides;
Where waving groves on airy Neion grow,
Supremely tall, and shade the deeps below.
Thence to revisit your imperial dome,
An old hereditary guest I come:
Your father's friend. *Laertes* can relate
Our faith unspotted, and its early date;
Who, prest with heart-corroding grief and years,
To the gay court a rural shade prefers,
Where, sole of all his train, a matron age
Supports with homely food his drooping age,
With feeble steps from marshalling his vines
Returning sad, when toilsome day declines.

With friendly speed, induc'd by erring fame,
To hail *Ulysses'* safe return, I came;
But still the frown of some celestial Power
With envious joy retards the blissful hour.
But not your soul be sunk in sad despair;
He lives, he breathes this heavenly vital air,
Among a savage race, whose shelly bounds
With ceaseless roar the foaming deep surrounds.
The thoughts which roll within my ravish'd
breast,

To me, no secret, th' inspiring Gods suggest;
Nor skill'd, nor audious, with prophetic eye
To judge the winged omens of the sky,
Yet hear this certain speech, nor deem it vain;
Though adamantine bonds the chief restrain,
The dire restraint his wisdom will defeat,
And soon restore him to his regal seat.
But, generous youth! sincere and free declare,
Are you, of manly growth, his royal heir?
For sure *Ulysses* in your look appears,
The same his features, if the same his years.
Such was that face, on which I dwell with joy
Ere Greece assembled stemm'd the tides to
Troy; *

But, parting then for that detested shore,
Our eyes, unhappy! never greeted more.

To prove a genuine birth (the prince replies)
On female truth assenting faith relies;
Thus manifest of right, I build my claim
Sure-founded on a fair maternal fame,
Ulysses' son: but happier he, whom fate
Hath plac'd beneath the storms which toss the
great

Happier the son, whose hoary fire is blest
With humble affluence, and domestic rest!
Happier than I, to future empire born,
But doom'd a father's wretched fate to mourn!

To whom, with aspect mild, the guest divine:
Oh true descendant of a scepter'd line!
The Gods a glorious fate from anguish free
To chaste *Penelope's* increase decree.
But say, yon joyful troop so gaily drest,
Is this a bridal or a friendly feast!
Or from their deed I rightlier may divine,
Unseemly flown with insolence and wine;
Unwelcome revellers, whose lawless joy
Pains the sage ear, and hurts the sober eye?

Magnificence of old (the prince replied)
Beneath our roof with virtue could reside;
Unblam'd abundance crown'd the royal board,
What time this dome rever'd her prudent lord;
Who now (so heaven decrees) is doom'd to mourn,
Bitter constraint! erroneous and forlorn.
Better the chief, on Ilion's hostile plain,
Had fall'n surrounded with his warlike train;
Or safe return'd, the race of glory past,
New to his friends' embrace, had breath'd his
last!

Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes would
Historic marbles, to record his praise;
His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,
Had with transmissive honour grac'd his son.
Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost:
Vanish'd at once! unheard-of and unknown!
And I his heir in misery alone.
Nor for a dear, lost father only flow
The filial tears, but woe succeeds to woe:
To tempt the spouseless queen with amorous
wiles,

Resort the nobles from the neighbouring isles;
From *Samos*, circled with the *Ionian* main,
Dulichium, and *Zacynthus'* sylvan reign:
Ev'n with presumptuous hope her bed t' ascend,
The lords of *Ithaca* their right pretend.
She seems attentive to their pleaded vows,
Her heart detesting what her ear allows.
They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,
My stores in riotous expence devour,
In feast and dance the mirthful months employ,
And meditate my doom, to crown their joy.

With tender pity touch'd, the Goddess cried:
Soon may kind heaven a sure relief provide!
Soon may your fire discharge the vengeance due,
And all your wrongs the proud oppressors rue!
Oh! in that portal should the chief appear,
Each hand tremendous with a brazen spear,
In radiant panoply his limbs incas'd
(For so of old my father's court he grac'd,
When social mirth unbest his serious soul,
O'er the full banquet, and the sprightly bowl): =

He then from Epyrus, the fair domain
Of Ius, sprung from Jason's royal strain,
Measur'd a length of seas, a toilsome length,
in vain.

For voyaging to learn the direful art
To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart;
Observant of the Gods, and sternly just,
Ius refus'd t' impart the baneful trust:
With friendlier zeal my father's soul was fir'd,
The drugs he knew, and gave the boon desir'd.
Appear'd he now with such heroic port,
As then conspicuous at the Taphian court;
Soon should yon boasters cease their haughty strife,
Or each atone his guilty love with life.
But of his wish'd return the care resign,
Be future vengeance to the powers divine.
My sentence hear: with stern distaste avow'd,
To their own districts drive the suitor-crowd:
When next the morning wains the purple east,
Convoke the peerage, and the Gods attest;
The sorrows of your inmost soul relate,
And form sure plans to save the sinking state.
Should second love a pleasing flame inspire,
And the chaste queen connubial rites require;
Dismiss'd with honour, let her hence repair
To great Icarus, whose paternal care
Will guide her passion, and reward the choice
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Then let this dictate of my love prevail:
Instant, to foreign realms prepare to sail,
To learn your father's fortunes: Fame may prove,
Or omen'd voice, (the messenger of Jove)
Propitious to the search. Direct your toil
Through the wide ocean first to sandy Pyle;
Of Nestor, hoary sage, his doom demand:
Thence speed your voyage to the Spartan strand;
For young Atreides to th' Achaean coast
Arriv'd the last of all the victor host.
If yet Ulysses views the light; forbear,
Till the fleet hours restore the circling year.
But if his soul hath wing'd the destin'd flight,
Inhabitant of deep disastrous night:
Homeward with pious speed repairs the main,
To the pale shade funeral rites ordain,
Plant the fair column o'er the vacant grave,
A hero's honours let the hero have.
With decent grief the royal dead deplor'd,
For the chaste queen select an equal lord.
Then let revenge your daring mind employ,
By fraud or force the suitor-train destroy,
And, starting into manhood, scorn the boy.
Hast thou not heard how young Orestes, fir'd
With great revenge, immortal praise acquir'd?
His virgin-sword Ægysthus' veins imbrued;
The murderer fell, and blood aton'd for blood.
O greatly blest'd with every blooming grace!
With equal steps the paths of glory trace;
Join to that royal youth's your rival name,
And shine eternal in the sphere of Fame.
But my associates now my stay deplore,
Impatient on the hoarse-resounding shore.
Thou, heedful of advice, secure proceed:
My praise the precept is, be thine the deed.

The counsel of my friend (the youth rejoind)
Imprints conviction on my grateful mind.
So father's speak (persuasive speech and mild)
Their sage experience to the favourite child.

But, since to part, for sweet reflection due
The genial viands let my train renew;
And the rich pledge of plighted faith receive,
Worthy the heir of Ithaca to give.

Defer the promis'd boon, (the Goddess cries,
Celestial azure brightening in her eyes)
And let me now regain the Keithrian port:
From Temesé return'd, your royal court
I shall revisit; and that pledge receive;
And gifts, memorial of our friendship, leave.

Abrupt, with eagle-speed she cut the sky;
Instant invisible to mortal eye.

Then first he recogniz'd th' ætherial guest;
Wonder and joy alternate fire his breast:
Heroic thoughts, infus'd, his heart dilate;
Revolving much his father's doubtful fate,
At length, compos'd, he join'd the suitor-throng;
Hush'd in attention to the warbled song.
His tender theme the charming lyrist chose,
Minerva's anger, and the direful woes,
Which voyaging from Troy the victors bore,
While storms vindictive intercept the shore.
The shrilling airs the vaulted roof rebounds,
Reflecting to the queen the silver sounds.
With guest renew'd the weeping fair descends;
Their sovereign's step a virgin train attends:
A veil, of richest texture wrought, she wears,
And silent to the joyous hall repairs.

There from the portal, with her mild command,
Thus gently checks the minstrel's tuneful hand:

Phœmus! let acts of Gods, and heroes old,
What ancient bards in hall and bower have told,
Attemper'd to the lyre, your voice employ;
Such the pleas'd ear will drink with silent joy.
But, oh! forbear that dear disastrous name,
To sorrow sacred, and secure of fame:
My bleeding bosom sickens at the sound,
And every piercing note inflicts a wound.

Why, dearest object of my duteous love,
(Reply'd the prince) will you the bard reprove?
Oft, Jove's ætherial rays (resistless fire)
The chanter's soul and raptur'd song inspire:
Instinct divine! nor blame severe his choice,
Warbling the Grecian woes with harp and voice:
For novel lays attract our ravish'd ears;
But old, the mind with inattention hears;
Patient permit the sadly pleasing strain:
Familiar now with grief, your tears refrain,
And in the public woe forget your own;
You weep not for a perish'd lord, alone.
What Greeks now wandering in the Stygian
gloom,

With your Ulysses shar'd an equal doom!
Your widow'd hours, apart, with female toil
And various labours of the loom, beguile;
There rule, from palace-cares remote and free;
That care to man belongs, and most to me.

Mature beyond his years the queen admires
His sage reply, and with her train retires.
Then swelling sorrows burst their former bounds,
With echoing grief afresh the dome resounds;
Till Pallas, piteous of her plaintive cries,
In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.

Mean time, rekindled at the royal charms,
Tumultuous love each beating bosom warms;
Intemperate rage a wordy war began;
But bold Telemachus assum'd the man.

(he cry'd) your female discord end,
Ye heedless boasters ! and the song attend ;
Obey that sweet compulsion, nor profane
With dissonance the smooth melodious strain.
Pacific now prolong the jovial feast ;
But when the dawn reveals the rosy east,
I, to the peers assembled, shall propose
The firm resolve, I here in few disclose :
No longer live the cankers of my court ;
All to your several states with speed resort ;
Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feast, and late carouse.
But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
For you my bowl shall flow, my flocks shall bleed ;
Judge and revenge my right, impartial Jove !—
By him, and all th' immortal thrones above,
(A sacred oath) each proud oppressor, slain,
Shall with inglorious gore this marble stain.

Aw'd by the prince, thus haughty, bold, and
young, [tongue.
Rage gnaw'd the lip, and wonder chain'd the
Silence at length the gay Antinous broke,
Constrain'd a smile, and thus ambiguous (spoke:
What God to your untutor'd youth affords
This headlong torrent of amazing words?
May Jove delay thy reign, and cumber late
So bright a genius with the toils of state!
Thote toils (Telemachus serene replies)
Have charms, with all their weight, t' allure the
wife.

Fast by the throne obsequious Fame resides,
And wealth incessant rolls her golden tides.
Nor let Antinous rage, if strong desire
Of wealth and fame a youthful bosom fire :
Elect by Jove his delegate of sway,
With joyous pride the summons I'd obey.
Whene'er Ulysses roams the realm of night,
Should factions power dispute my lineal right,
Some other Greeks a fairer claim may plead ;
To your pretence their title would precede.
At least, the sceptre lost, I still should reign
Sole o'er my vassals, and domestic train.

To this Eumychus: To heaven alone
Refer the choice to fill the vacant throne.
Your patrimonial stores in peace possess;
Undoubted, all your filial claim confers:

Your private right should impious power invade,
The peers of Ithaca would arm in aid.
But say, that stranger guest who late withdrew,
What and from whence? his name and lineage
His grave demeanour and majestic grace [thw.
Speak him descended of no vulgar race :
Did he some loan of ancient right require,
Or came fore-runner of your scepter'd sire ?

Oh, son of Polybus! the prince replies,
No more my fire will glad these longing eyes:
The queen's fond hope inventive rumour cheers,
Or vain diviners' dreams divert her fears.
That stranger-guest the Taphian realm obeys,
A realm defended with incircling seas,
Mentes, an ever-honour'd name of old
High in Ulysses' social lift inroll'd.

Thus he, though conscious of th' ethereal guest,
Answer'd evasive of the fly request.
Mean time the lyre rejoins the sprightly lay ;
Love-dittied airs, and dance, conclude the day.
But when the star of eve with golden light
Adorn'd the matron-brow of sable night ;
The mirthful train dispersing quit the court,
And to their several domes to rest resort.
A towering structure to the palace join'd ;
To this his steps the thoughtful prince inclin'd ;
In his pavilion there, to sleep repairs ;
The lighted torch, the sage Euryclea bears ;
(Daughter of Ops, the just Pisenor's son,
For twenty beebes by great Laertes won ;
In rosy prime with charms attractive grac'd,
Honour'd by him, a gentle lord and chaste,
With dear esteem : too wise, with jealous strife
To taint the joys of sweet connubial life.
Sole with Telemachus her service ends,
A child the nurs'd him, and a man attends.)

Whilt to his couch the prince himself addrest,
The duteous dame receiv'd the purple vest :
The purple vest with decent care dispos'd ;
The silver ring she pull'd, the door reclos'd ;
The bolt, obedient to the silken cord,
To the strong staple's inmost depth restor'd,
Secur'd the valves. There wrapt in silent shade,
Pensive, the rules the Goddess gave, he weigh'd ;
Stretch'd on the downy fleece, no rest he knows,
And in his raptur'd soul the vision glows.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Council of Ithaca.

Telemachus, in the assembly of the lords of Ithaca, complains of the injustice done him by the suitors, and insists upon their departure from his palace; appealing to the princes, and exciting the people to declare against them. The suitors endeavour to justify their stay, at least till he shall send the queen to the court of Icarius her father; which he refuses. There appears a prodigy of two eagles in the sky, which an Augur expounds to the ruin of the suitors. Telemachus then demands a vessel to carry him to Pylos and Sparta, there to inquire of his father's fortunes. Pallas, in the shape of Mentor (an ancient friend of Ulysses), helps him to a ship, assists him in preparing necessaries for the voyage, and embarks with him that night; which concludes the second day from the opening of the poem.

The scene continues in the palace of Ulysses in Ithaca.

Now reddening from the dawn, the morning-ray
Glow'd in the front of heaven, and gave the day.
The youthful hero, with returning light,
Rose anxious from th' inquietudes of night.
A royal robe he wore with graceful pride,
A two-edg'd faulchion threaten'd by his side,
Embroider'd sandals glitter'd as he trod,
And forth he mov'd majestic as a God.
Then by his heralds, restless of delay,
To council calls his peers: the peers obey.
Soon as in solemn form th' assembly late,
From his high dome himself descends, in state.
Bright in his hand a ponderous javelin shin'd;
Two dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind;
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
And gazing crowds admire him as he moves.

His father's throne he fill'd: while distant stood
The hoary peers, and aged wisdom bow'd.

'Twas silence all. At last Ægyptius spoke;
Ægyptius, by his age and sorrows broke:
A length of days his soul with prudence crown'd,
A length of days had bent him to the ground.
His eldest † hope in arms to Ithon came,
By great Ulysses taught the path to fame;
But (hapless youth) the hideous Cyclops tore
His quivering limbs, and quaff'd his spouting gore.
Three sons remain'd: to climb with haughty fires
The royal bed, Eurynomus aspires;
The rest with duteous love his griefs assuage,
And ease the fire of half the cares of age.

Yet still his Antiphus he loves, he mourns,
And, as he flood, he spoke and wept by turns:

Since great Ulysses fought the Phrygian plains,
Within these walls inglorious silence reigns.

Say then, ye peers, by whose commands we meet!
Why here once more in solemn council sit?

Ye young, ye old, the weighty cause disclose:
Arrives some message of invading foes?

Or say, does high necessity of state
Inspire some patriot, and demand debate?

The present synod speaks its author wise;
Assist him, Jove, thou regent of the skies!

He spoke. Telemachus with transport glows,
Embrac'd the omen, and majestic rose

(His royal hand, th' imperial sceptre sway'd);

Then thus, addressing to Ægyptius, said:

Reverend old man! lo here confess he stands
By whom ye meet; my grief your care demands.

No story I unfold of public woes,

Nor bear advices of impending foes:

Peace the blest land, and joys incessant crown;

Of all this happy realm, I grieve alone.

For my lost fire continual sorrows spring,

The great, the good; your father, and your king.

Yet more; our house from its foundation bows,

Our foes are powerful, and your sons the foes;

Hither, unwelcome to the queen, they come;

Why seek they not the rich Icarian dome!

If the must wed, from other hands require

The dowry: is Telemachus her fire?

Yet through my court the noise of revel rings,

And waste the wise frugality of kings.

Scarce all my herds their luxury suffice;

Scarce all my wine their midnight hours supplies.

Safe in my youth, in riot still they grow,

Nor in the helpless orphan dread a foe.

† Antiphus.

But come it will, the time when manhood grants
More powerful advocates than vain complaints.

Approach that hour! insufferable wrong

Cries to the Gods, and vengeance sleeps too long.

Rise then, ye Peers! with virtuous anger rise!

Your fame revere, but mast th' avenging skies.

By all the deathless powers that reign above,

By righteous Themis and by thundering Jove,

(Themis, who gives to councils, or denies;

Success; and humbles, or confirms the will).

Rise in my aid! suffice the tears that flow

For my lost fire, nor add new woe to woe.

If e'er he bore the sword to strengthen ill,

Or, having power to wrong, betray'd the will,

On me, on me your kindled wrath assuage,

And bid the voice of lawless riot rage.

If ruin to our royal race ye doom,

Be you the spoilers, and our wealth consume.

Then might we hope redress from juster laws,

And raise all Ithaca to aid our cause:

But while your sons commit th' unpunish'd wrong,

You make the arm of violence too strong.

While thus he spoke, with rage and grief he

frown'd,

And dash'd the imperial sceptre to the ground.

The big round tear hung trembling in his eye:

The synod griev'd, and gave a pitying sigh,

Then silent sate—at length Antinous burns:

With haughty rage, and sternly thus returns:

O insolence of youth! whose tongue affords

Such railing eloquence, and war of words.

Studious thy country's worthies to defame,

Thy erring voice displays thy mother's shame.

Elusive of the bridal day, the gives

Fond hope to all, and all with hopes deceives.

Did not the sun, through heaven's wide azure

roll'd,

For three long years the royal fraud behold?

While she, laborious in delusion spread

The spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread:

Where as to life the wonderful figures rise,

Thus spoke th' inventive queen, with artful sighs:

" Though cold in death Ulysses breathes no

more,

" Cease yet a while, to urge the bridal hour;

" Cease, till to great Læertes I bequeath

" A talk of grief, his ornaments of death;

" Left when the Fates his royal ashes claim,

" The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;

" When he, whom living mighty realms obey'd,

" Shall want in death a shroud to grace his shade."

Thus she: at once the generous train complies,

Nor fraud mistrusts in Virtue's fair disguise.

The work she ply'd; but, studious of delay,

By night revers'd the labours of the day.

While thrice the sun his annual journey made,

The conscious lamp the midnight fraud survey'd;

Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;

The fourth, her maid unfolds th' amazing tale.

We saw, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,

The backward labours of her faithless hand.

Then urg'd, the perfects her illustrious toils;

A wonderful monument of female wiles!

But you, oh peers! and thou, oh prince! give ear

(I speak aloud, that every Greek may hear):

Dismiss the queen: and if her fire approves,

Let him espouse her to the peer she loves:

Bid infant to prepare the bridal train,
 a race of princes wait in vain.
 Though with a grace divine her soul is blest,
 And all Minerva breathes within her breast,
 In wondrous arts than woman more renown'd,
 And more than woman with deep wisdom
 crown'd;

Though Tyro nor Mycene match her name,
 Nor great Alcmena (the proud boast of Fame)
 Yet, thus by heaven adorn'd, by heaven's decree,
 She shines with fatal excellence to thee:
 With thee, the bowl we drain, indulge the feast,
 Till righteous heaven reclaim her stubborn breast.
 What tho' from pole to pole rebounds her name,
 The Ion's destruction waits the mother's fame:
 For, till she leaves thy court, it is decreed,
 Thy bowl to empty, and thy flock to bleed.

While yet he speaks, Telemachus replies:
 Ev'n nature starts, and what ye ask denies.
 Thus, shall I thus repay a mother's cares,
 Who gave me life, and nurs'd my infant years?
 While sad on foreign shores Ulysses treads,
 Or glides a ghost with unapparent shades;
 How to Icarus in the bridal hour
 Shall I, by waste undone, refund the dower?
 How from my father should I vengeance dread?
 How would my mother curse my hated head?
 And while in wrath to vengeful fiends she cries,
 How from their hell would vengeful fiends arise?
 Abhor'd by all, accur'd my name would grow,
 'The earth's disgrace, and human-kind my foe.
 If this displease, why urge ye here your stay?
 Haste from the court, ye spoilers, haste away:
 Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
 I here ply the early feast, and late carouse.
 But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
 For you my bowls shall flow, my docks shall bleed;
 Judge and assert my right, impartial Jove!
 By him, and all th' immortal host above,
 (A sacred oath) it heaven the power supply,
 Vengeance I vow, and for your wrongs ye die.

With that, two eagles from a mountain's height
 By Jove's command direct their rapid flight;
 Swift they descend, with wing to wing conjoin'd,
 Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the
 wind,

Above th' assembled peers they wheel on high,
 And clang their wings, and hovering beat the sky;
 With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,
 And, shrieking loud, denounce approaching Fate,
 They cuff, they tear; their cheeks and neck they
 rend,

And from their plumes huge drops of blood de-
 then, sailing o'er the domes and towers, they fly
 Full toward the east, and mount into the sky.

The wondering rivals gaze with cares oppress'd,
 And chilling horrors freeze in every breast.
 Till, big with knowledge of approaching woes,
 The prince of augurs, Halitherses, rose:
 Precient he view'd th' aerial tracks, and drew
 A sure preface from every wing that flew.

Ye sons (he cry'd) of Ithaca, give ear,
 Hear all! but chiefly you, oh rivals! hear.
 Destruction sure o'er all your heads impends;
 Ulysses comes, and death his steps attends.
 Nor to the great alone is death decreed;
 We and our guilty Ithaca must bleed.

Why cease we then the wrath of heaven to stay?
 Be humbled all, and lead, ye Great! the way.
 For, lo! my words no fancy'd woes relate;
 I speak from science, and the voice is fate.

When great Ulysses fought the Phrygian shores
 To shake with war proud lion's lofty towers,
 Deeds then undone my faithful tongue foretold:
 Heaven seal'd my words, and you those deeds be-
 I see (I cry'd) his woes, a counsellor train; [hold.
 I see his friends o'erwhelm'd beneath the main;
 How twice ten years from shore to shore he roams:
 Now twice ten years are past, and now he comes!

To whom Eurymachus—Fly, dotard, fly!
 With thy wife dreams, and fables of the sky.
 Go prophecy at home; thy sons advise: [skies,
 Here thou art sage in vain—I better read the
 Unnumber'd birds glide through th' aerial way,
 Vagrants of air, and unforeboding stray.
 Cold in the tomb, or in the depths below,
 Ulysses lies: oh, wert thou laid as low!
 Then would that busy head no broils suggest,
 Nor fire to rage Telemachus's breast.
 From him some bribe thy venal tongue requires,
 And interest, not the God, thy voice inspires.
 His guideless youth, if thy experienc'd age
 Misdid fallacious into idle rage,
 Vengeance deserv'd thy malice shall repress,
 And but augment the wrongs thou wouldst re-
 Telemachus may bid the queen repair [dress,
 To great Icarus, whose paternal care
 Will guide her passion, and reward her choice,
 With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
 Till she retires, determin'd we remain,
 And both the prince and augur threat in vain:
 His pride of words, and thy wild dream of fate,
 Move not the brave, or only move their hate.
 Threat on, O Prince! elude the bridal day,
 Threat on, till all thy stores in waste decay.
 True, Greece affords a train of lovely dames,
 In wealth and beauty worthy of our flames:
 But never from thus nobler suit we cease;
 For wealth and beauty less than virtue please.

To whom the youth: Since then in vain I tell
 My numerous woes, in silence let them dwell.
 But Heaven, and all the Greeks, have heard my
 wrongs:

To Heaven, and all the Greeks,
 Yet this I ask, (nor be it ask'd in vain)
 A bark to waft me o'er the rolling main;
 The realms of Pyle and Sparta to explore,
 And seek my royal sire from shore to shore:
 If, or to Fame his doubtful Fate be known,
 Or to be learn'd from oracles alone?
 If yet he lives; with patience I forbear,
 Till the fleet hours restore the circling year:
 But if already wandering in the train
 Of empty shades; I measure back the main
 Plant the fair column o'er the mighty dead,
 And yield his consort to the nuptial bed.

He ceas'd; and while the peers abash'd attend,
 Mentor arose, Ulysses' faithful friend:
 [When fierce in arms he sought the scenes of war,
 "My friend, (he cry'd) my palace be thy care;
 "Years roll'd on years my godlike sire decay,
 "Guard thou his age, and his behests obey."
 Stern as he rose, he cast his eyes around, [frown'd:
 That flash'd with rage; and as he spoke, he

THE sacred sun, above the waters rais'd,
Through heaven's eternal brazen portals blaz'd;
And wide o'er earth diffus'd his cheering ray,
To Gods and men to give the golden day.
Now on the coast of Pyle the vessel falls,
Before old Neleus' venerable walls.
There, suppliant to the monarch of the flood,
At nine green theatres the Pylians stood,
Each held five hundred (a deputed train),
At each, nine oxen on the sand lay slain.
They take the entrails, and the altars load
With smoking thighs, an offering to the God.
Full for the port the Ithacensians stand,
And furl their sails, and issue on the land.
Telemachus already prest the shore;
Not first, the Power of Wisdom march'd before;
And, ere the sacrificing throng he join'd,
Admonish'd thus his well-attending mind:

Proceed, my son! this youthful flame expel;
An honest business never blush to tell.
To learn what fates thy wretched fire detain,
We pass'd the wide, immeasurable main.
Meet then the senior far renown'd for sense,
With reverend awe, but decent confidence:
Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies;
And sure he will: for Wisdom never lies.

Oh, tell me, Mentor! tell me, faithful guide,
(The youth with prudent modesty reply'd)
How shall I meet, or how accost the sage,
Unskill'd in speech, nor yet mature of age?
Awful th' approach, and hard the task appears,
To question wisely men of riper years.

To whom the martial Goddess thus rejoind:
Search, for some thoughts, thy own suggesting
mind;

And others, dictated by heavenly power,
Shall rise spontaneous in the needful hour.
For nought unprosperous shall thy ways attend,
Born with good omens, and with heaven thy friend.

She spoke, and led the way with swiftest speed.
As swift, the youth pursued the way she led;
And join'd the band before the sacred fire,
Where fate, encompass'd with his sons, the fire.
The youth of Pylos, some on pointed wood
Transfix'd the fragments, some prepar'd the food.
In friendly throngs they gather to embrace
Their unknown guests, and at the banquet place.
Pisistratus was first, to grasp their hands,
And spread soft hides upon the yellow sands;
Along the shore th' illustrious pair he led,
Where Nestor fate with youthful Thrasymed.
To each a portion of the feast he bore,
And held the golden goblet foaming o'er;
Then first approaching to the elder guest,
The latent Goddess in these words address:
Whoe'er thou art, whom Fortune brings to keep
The rites of Neptune, monarch of the deep,
The first it fits, oh stranger! to prepare
Thee due libation and the solemn prayer:
Then give thy friend to shed the sacred wine:
Though much thy younger, and his years like
mine,

He too, I deem, implores the Powers divine:
For all mankind alike require their grace,
All born to want; a miserable race!

He spake, and to her hand prefer'd the bowl:
A secret pleasure touch'd Athena's soul,

To see the preference due to sacred age
Regarded ever by the just and sage.
Of Ocean's king she then implores the grace:
Oh, thou! whole arms this ample globe embrace,
Fulfil our wish, and let thy glory shine
On Nestor first, and Nestor's royal line;
Next grant the Pylian states their just desires,
Pleas'd with their hecatomb's ascending fires;
Last deign Telemachus and me to bless,
And crown our voyage with desir'd success.

Thus she; and, having paid the rite divine,
Gave to Ulysses' son the rosy wine.
Suppliant he pray'd. And, now the victims drest,
They draw, divide, and celebrate the feast.
The banquet done, the narrative old man,
Thus mild, the pleasing conference began:

Now, gentle guests! the genial banquet o'er,
It fits to ask you, what your native shore,
And whence your race? on what adventure, say,
Thus far ye wander through the watery way?
Relate (if business, or the thirst of gain,
Engage your journey o'er the pathless main:
Where savage pirates seek through seas unknown
The lives of others, venturous of their own.

Urg'd by the precepts by the Goddess given,
And fill'd with confidence infus'd from heaven,
The youth, whom Pallas destin'd to be wise
And fam'd among the sons of men, replies:
Inquir'st thou, father! from what coast we came?
(Oh, grace and glory of the Grecian name!)
From where high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Brown with o'erarching shades and pendent
Us to these shores our filial duty draws, [woods,
A private sorrow, not a public cause.
My sire I seek, where-e'er the voice of Fame
Has told the glories of his noble name,
The great Ulysses; fam'd from shore to shore
For valour much, for hardy suffering more.
Long time with thee before proud lion's wall,
In arms he fought; with thee beheld her fall.
Of all the chiefs, this hero's fate alone
Has Jove reserv'd, unheard of, and unknown;
Whether in fields by hostile fury slain,
Or sunk by tempests in the gulfy main?
Of this to learn, oppress'd with tender fears,
Lo! at thy knee his suppliant son appears.
If or thy certain eye, or curious ear,
Have learnt his fate, the whole dark story clear:
And, oh! whate'er heaven destin'd to betide,
Let neither flattery smooth, nor pity hide.
Prepar'd I stand: he was but born to try
The lot of man; to suffer and to die.
Oh then, if ever through the ten years war
The wise, the good Ulysses claim'd thy care;
If e'er he join'd thy council, or thy sword,
True in his deed, and constant to his word:
Far as thy mind through backward time can see,
Search all thy stores of faithful memory:
'Tis sacred Truth I ask, and ask of thee.

To him experienc'd Nestor thus rejoind:
O friend! what sorrows dost thou bring to mind?
Shall I the long laborious scene review,
And open all the wounds of Greece anew?
What toils by sea! where dark in quest of prey
Dauntless we rovd, Achilles led the way:
What toils by land! where mix'd in fatal fight
Such numbers fell, such heroes sunk to night:

There Ajax great, Achilles there the brave,
 These wife Patroclus, fill an early grave:
 There too my son—ah, once my best delight,
 Once swift of foot, and terrible in fight;
 In whom stern courage with soft virtue join'd,
 A faultless body, and a blameless mind:
 Antilochus—what more can I relate?
 How trace the tedious series of our fate?
 Not added years on years my task could close,
 The long historian of my country's woes:
 Back to thy native islands might'st thou sail,
 And leave half-heard the melancholy tale.
 Nine painful years on that detested shore,
 What stratagems we form'd, what toils we bore!
 Still labouring on, till scarce at last we found
 Great Jove propitious, and our conquest crown'd.
 Far o'er the rest thy mighty father shin'd,
 In wit, in prudence, and in force of mind.
 Art thou the son of that illustrious sire?
 With joy I grasp thee, and with love admire.
 So like your voices, and your words to wife,
 Who finds thee younger must consult his eyes.
 Thy sire and I were one; nor vary'd ought
 In public sentence, or in private thought;
 Alike to council or th' assembly came,
 With equal souls, and sentiments the same.
 But when (by Wisdom won) proud Ilium burn'd,
 And in their ships the conquering Greeks re-
 turn'd;
 'Twas God's high will the victors to divide,
 And turn th' event, confounding human pride:
 Some he destroy'd, some scatter'd as the dust,
 (Not all were prudent, and not all were just).
 Then Discord, sent by Pallas from above,
 Stern daughter of the great avenger Jove,
 The brother-kings inspir'd with fell debate;
 Who call'd to council all th' Achaian state,
 But call'd untimely (not the sacred rite
 Observ'd, nor heedful of the setting light,
 Nor herald sworn the session to proclaim).
 Sour with debauch a reeling tribe they came.
 To thee the cause of meeting they explain,
 And Menelaüs moves to cross the main;
 Not so the king of men: he will'd to slay:
 These sacred rites and hecatombs to pay,
 And calm Minerva's wrath. Oh, blind to
 Fate!
 The Gods not lightly change their love, or hate.
 With insult taunts each other they oppose,
 Till in loud tumult all the Greeks arose.
 Now different counsels every breast divide,
 Each burns with rancour to the adverse side:
 Th' unquiet night strange projects entertain'd
 (So Jove, that urg'd us to our fate, ordain'd).
 We with the rising morn our course renew'd,
 And brought our captives and our stores aboard;
 But half the people with respect obey'd
 The king of men, and at his bidding stay'd.
 Now on the wings of winds our course we keep
 (For God had smooth'd the waters of the deep);
 For Tenedos we spread our eager oars,
 There land, and pay due victims to the Powers:
 To bless our safe return we join in prayer;
 But angry Jove dispers'd our vows in air,
 And rais'd new discord. Then (so Heaven de-
 creed)
 Ulysses first and Nestor disagreed:

Wife as he was, by various counsels sway'd,
 He there, though late, to please the monarch,
 But I, determin'd, stem the foamy floods, [stay'd.
 Warn'd of the coming fury of the Gods.
 With us, Tydides fear'd, and urg'd his haste;
 And Menelaüs came, but came the last.
 He join'd our vessels in the Lesbian bay,
 While yet we doubted of our watery way;
 If to the right to urge the pilot's toil,
 (The safer road) beside the Pfyrian isle;
 Or the straight course to rocky Chios plough,
 And anchor under Mima's shaggy brow?
 We sought direction of the Power divine:
 The God propitious gave the guiding sign;
 Through the mild seas he bid our navy steer,
 And in Euboea shun the woes we fear.
 The whistling winds already wak'd the sky;
 Before the whistling winds the vessels fly,
 With rapid swiftness cut the liquid way,
 And reach Geresus at the point of day.
 There hecatombs of bulls, to Neptune slain,
 High-flaming please the monarch of the main.
 The fourth day shone, when all their labours
 o'er,
 Tydides' vessels touch'd the wish'd-for shore.
 But I to Pylos found before the gales,
 The Gods still breathing on my swelling sails;
 Separate from all, I safely landed here;
 Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.
 Yet what I learn'd, attend; as here I fate,
 And ask'd each voyager each hero's fate;
 Curious to know, and willing to relate. }
 Safe reach'd the Myrmidons their native land,
 Beneath Achilles' warlike son's command.
 Those, whom the heir of great Apollo's art,
 Brave Philoctetes, taught to wing the dart;
 And those whom Idomen from Ilium's plain
 Had led, securely cross'd the dreadful main.
 How Agamemnon touch'd his Argive coast,
 And how his life by fraud and force he lost,
 And how the murderer paid his forfeit breath;
 What lands so distant from that scene of death
 But trembling heard the fame; and, heard, ad-
 mire
 How well the son appear'd the slaughter'd sire!
 Ev'n to th' unhappy, that unjustly bled,
 Heaven gives posterity, t' avenge the deed.
 So fell Aegythus; and may'st thou, my friend,
 (On whom the virtues of thy sire descend)
 Make future times thy equal act adore,
 And be what brave Orestes was before!
 The prudent youth reply'd: O thou the grace
 And lasting glory of the Grecian race!
 Just was the vengeance, and to latest days
 Shall long posterity resound the praise!
 Some God this arm with equal prowess blest!
 And the proud suitors shall its force confess:
 Injurious men! who while my soul is sore
 Of fresh affronts, are meditating more.
 But Heaven denies this honour to my hand,
 Nor shall my father repossess the land:
 The father's fortune never to return,
 And the sad son's to suffer and to mourn!
 Thus he; and Nestor took the word: My son,
 Is it then true, as distant rumours run,
 That crowds of rivals for thy mother's charms
 Thy palace fill with insults and alarms?

Say, is the fault through tame submission thine?
 Or, leagu'd against thee, do thy people join,
 Mov'd by some oracle, or voice divine?
 And yet who knows, but ripening lies in fate
 An hour of vengeance for th' afflicted state;
 When great Ulysses shall suppress these harms,
 Ulysses singly, or all Greece in arms.
 But if Athena, war's triumphant maid,
 The happy son will, as the father, aid,
 (Whose fame and safety was her constant care
 In every danger and in every war:
 Never on man did heavenly favour shine
 With rays so strong, distinguish'd, and divine,
 As those with which Minerva mark'd thy fire)
 So might she love thee, so thy soul inspire!
 Soon should their hopes in humble dust be laid,
 And long oblivion of the bridal bed.

Ah! no such hope (the prince with sighs replies)
 Can touch my breast; that blessing Heaven de-
 Ev'n by celestial favour were it given,
 Fortune or Fate will cross the will of Heaven.

What words are these, and what imprudence
 thine?

(Thus interpos'd the martial Maid divine)
 Forgetful youth! but know, the Power above
 With ease can save each object of his love;
 Wide as his will extends his boundless grace:
 Nor lost in time, nor circumscrib'd by place.
 Happier his lot, who, many sorrows past,
 Long labouring gains his natal shore at last;
 Than who, too speedy, hastes to end his life
 By some stern ruffian, or adulterous wife.
 Death only is the lot which none can miss,
 And all is possible to Heaven, but this.
 The best, the dearest favourite of the sky
 Must taste that cup, for man is born to die.
 Thus check'd, reply'd Ulysses' prudent heir:
 Mentor, no more—the mournful thought forbear;
 For he no more must draw his country's breath,
 Already snatch'd by fate, and the black doom of
 death!

Pass we to other subjects; and engage
 On themes remote the venerable sage
 (Who thrice has seen the perishable kind
 Of men decay, and through three ages shin'd
 Like Gods majestic, and like Gods in mind).
 For much he knows, and just conclusions draws,
 From various precedents, and various laws.
 O son of Neleus! awful Nestor, tell
 How he, the mighty Agamemnon, fell?
 By what strange fraud Ægyptus wrought, relate
 (By force he could not) such a hero's fate?
 Liv'd Menelaüs not in Greece! or where
 Was then the martial brother's pious care?
 Condemn'd perhaps some foreign shore to tread;
 Or sure Ægyptus had not dar'd the deed.

To whom the full of days: Illustrious youth!
 Attend (though partly thou hast guess'd) the truth.
 For had the martial Menelaüs found
 The ruffian breathing yet on Argive ground;
 Nor earth had hid his carcase from the skies,
 Nor Grecian virgins shriek'd his obsequies.
 But fowls obscene dismember'd his remains,
 And dogs had torn him on the naked plains.
 While us the works of bloody Mars employ'd,
 The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd;

He, stretch'd at ease in Argos' calm recess,
 (Whose stately steeds luxuriant pastures bless)
 With flattery's insinuating art
 Sooth'd the frail queen, and poison'd all her heart.
 At first, with worthy shame and decent pride,
 The royal dame his lawless suit deny'd.
 For virtue's image yet possess'd her mind,
 Taught by a master of the tuneful kind:
 Atrides, parting from the Trojan war,
 Consign'd the youthful consort to his care.
 True to his charge, the bard preserv'd her long
 In honour's limits; such the power of song.
 But when the Gods these objects of their hate
 Drag'd to destruction, by the links of fate;
 The bard they banish'd from his native soil,
 And left all helpless in a desert isle:
 There he, the sweetest of the sacred train,
 Sung dying to the rocks, but sung in vain.
 Then Virtue was no more; her guard away,
 She fell, to lust a voluntary prey.

Ev'n to the temple stalk'd th' adulterous spouse,
 With impious thanks, and mockery of vows,
 With images, with garments, and with gold;
 And odorous fumes from loaded altars roll'd.

Mean time from flaming Troy we cut the way;
 With Menelaüs, through the curling sea.
 But when to Sunium's sacred point we came,
 Crown'd with the temple of the Athenian dame;
 Atrides' pilot, Phrontes, there expir'd
 (Phrontes, of all the sons of men admir'd
 To steer the bounding bark with steady toil,
 When the storm thickens, and the billows boil):
 While yet he exercis'd the steerman's art,
 Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart;
 Even with the rudder in his hand he fell.
 To pay whose honours to the shades of hell,
 We check'd our haste, by pious office bound,
 And laid our old companion in the ground.
 And now, the rites discharg'd, our course we keep
 Far on the gloomy bosom of the deep:
 Soon as Malæa's misty tops arise,
 Sudden the Thunderer blackens all the skies,
 And the winds whistle, and the furies roll
 Mountains on mountains, and obscure the pole.
 The tempest scatters and divides our fleet:
 Part the storm urges on the coast of Crete,
 Where, winding round the rich Cydonian plain,
 The streams of Jordan issue to the main.
 There stands a rock, high eminent and steep,
 Whose shaggy brow o'erhangs the shady deep,
 And views Gortyna on the western side;
 On this rough Auster drove th' impetuous tide:
 With broken force the billows roll'd away,
 And heav'd the fleet into the neighbouring bay;
 Thus sav'd from death, they gain'd the Phæstian
 shores,

With shatter'd vessels, and disabled oars:
 But five tall barks the winds and waters tost,
 Far from their fellows on th' Ægyptian coast.
 There wander'd Menelaüs through foreign shores,
 Amassing gold, and gathering naval stores;
 While curs'd Ægyptus the detested deed
 By fraud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.
 Seven years the traitor rich Mycenæ sway'd,
 And his stern rule the groaning land obey'd;
 The eighth, from Athens, to his realm restor'd,
 Orestes brandish'd the revenging sword,

Slew the dire pair, and gave to funeral flame
The vile assassin, and adulterous dame.
That day, ere yet the bloody triumphs cease,
Return'd Atreides to the coast of Greece.
And safe to Argos' port his navy brought,
With gifts of price and ponderous treasure fraught.
Hence warn'd, my son, beware! nor idly stand
Too long a stranger to thy native land;
Lest heedless absence wear thy wealth away,
While lawless feasters in thy palace sway;
Perhaps may seize thy realm, and share the
And thou return with disappointed toil, [spoil; }
From thy vain journey, to a rifled isle.

Howe'er, my friend, indulge one labour more,
And seek Atreides on the Spartan shore.
He, wandering long, a wider circle made,
And many-languag'd nations has survey'd;
And measur'd tracts unknown to other ships
Amid the monstrous wonders of the deeps;
(A length of ocean and unbounded sky,
Which scarce the sea-fowl in a year o'erfly).
Go then; to Sparta take the watery way,
Thy ship and sailors but for orders stay;
Or, if by land thou choose thy course to bend,
My steeds, my chariots, and my sons attend:
Thee to Atreides they shall safe convey,
Guides of thy road, companions of thy way.
Urge him with truth to frame his free replies,
And sure he will; for Menelaus is wise,

Thus while he speaks, the ruddy sun descends,
And twilight grey her evening shade extends.
Then thus the blue-ey'd Maid: O full of days!
Wise are thy words, and just are all thy ways.
Now immolate the tongues, and mix the wine,
Sacred to Neptune and the Powers divine.
The lamp of day is quench'd beneath the
And soft approach the balmy hours of sleep:
Nor fits it to prolong the heavenly feast,
Timeless, indecent, but retire to rest.

So spake Jove's daughter, the celestial Maid.
The sober train attended and obey'd.
The sacred heralds on their hands around
Pour'd the full urns; the youths the goblets
crown'd:

From bowl to bowl the holy beverage flows:
While to the final sacrifice they rose.
The tongues they cast upon the fragrant flame,
And pour, above, the consecrated stream.
And now, their thirst by copious draughts allay'd,
The youthful hero and th' Athenian Maid.
Propose departure from the finish'd rite,
And in their hollow bark to pass the night:
But this the hospitable sage deny'd.
Forbid it Jove! and all the Gods! he cry'd,
Thus from my walls the much-lov'd son to send
Of such a hero, and of such a friend!
Me, as some needy peasant, would ye leave,
Whom Heaven denies the blessing to relieve?
Me would you leave, who boast imperial sway,
When beds of royal state invite your stay?
No—long as life this mortal shall inspire,
Or as my children imitate their fire,
Here shall the wandering stranger find his home,
And hospitable rites adorn the dome.

Well hast thou spoke, (the blue-ey'd Maid re-
plies)

Belov'd old man! benevolent as wife.

TRANS.

Be the kind dictates of thy heart obey'd,
And let thy words Telemachus persuade:
He to thy palace shall thy steps pursue;
I to the ship to give the orders due,
Prescribe directions, and confirm the crew.
For I alone sustain their naval cares,
Who boast experience from these silver hairs;
All youths the rest, whom to this journey move
Like years, like tempers, and their prince's love.
There in the vessel shall I pass the night;
And soon as morning paints the fields of light,
I go to challenge from the Caucons bold,
A debt, contracted in the days of old.
But this thy guest, receiv'd with friendly care,
Let thy strong couriers swift to Sparta bear;
Prepare thy chariot at the dawn of day,
And be thy son companion of his way.

Then turning with the word, Minerva flies,
And soars an eagle through the liquid skies.
Vision divine! the throng'd spectators gaze
In holy wonder fix'd, and still amaze.

But chief the reverend sage admir'd; he took
The hand of young Telemachus, and spoke:

Oh, happy youth! and favour'd of the skies,
Distinguish'd care of guardian Deities!
Whose early years for future worth engage,
No vulgar manhood, no ignoble age.

For, lo! none other of the court above
Than she, the daughter of almighty Jove,
Pallas herself, the war-triumphant maid,
Consest is thine, as once thy father's aid.
So guide me, Goddess! so propitious shine
On me, my comfort, and my royal line!
A yearling bullock to thy name shall smoke,
Unwam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and yet tender horns,
Whose budding honours ductile gold adorns.

Submissive thus the hoary fire prefer'd
His holy vow: the favouring Goddess heard.
Then, slowly rising, o'er the sandy space
Precedes the father, follow'd by his race,
(A long procession) timely marching home
In comely order to the regal dome.
There when arriv'd, on thrones around him plac'd,
His sons and grandsons the wide circle grac'd.
To these the hospitable sage, in sign
Of social welcome, mix'd the racy wine
(Late from the mellowing cask restor'd to light,
By ten long years refin'd, and rosy-bright).
To Pallas high the foaming bowl he crown'd,
And sprinkled large libations on the ground.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy sleep repairs.
Deep in a rich alcove the prince was laid,
And slept beneath the pompous colonade;
Fast by his side Pisistratus lay spread,
(In age is equal) on a splendid bed:
But in an inner court, securely clos'd,
The reverend Nestor and his queen repos'd.

When now Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn;
The old man early rose, walk'd forth, and sat
On polish'd stone before his palace-gate:
With unguents smooth the lucid marble shone,
Where ancient Nereus sat, a rustic throne;
But he descending to th' infernal shade,
Sage Nestor fill'd it, and the Creptre sway'd.

M

HIS sons around him mild obeisance pay,
 And duteous take the orders of the day.
 First Echephron and Stratius quit their bed :
 Then Perseus, Aretus, and Thrasymed ;
 The last Pisistratus arose from rest :
 They came, and near him plac'd the stranger-
 To these the senior thus declar'd his will : [guest.
 My sons ! the dictates of your fire fulfil.
 To Pallas, first of Gods, prepare the feast,
 Who grac'd our rites, a more than mortal guest.
 Let one, dispatchful, bid some swain to lead
 A well-fed bullock from the grassy mead ;
 One seek the harbour where the vessels moor,
 And bring thy friends, Telemachus ! ashore
 (Leave only two the galley to attend) ;
 Another to Laerceus must we send,
 Artificer divine, whose skilful hands infold
 The victim's horn with circumfused gold.
 The rest may here the pious duty share,
 And bid the handmaids for the feast prepare,
 The seats to range, the fragrant wood to bring,
 And limpid waters from the living spring.

He said, and busy each his care bestow'd :
 Already at the gates the bullock low'd,
 Already came the Ithacensian crew,
 The dextrous smith the tools already drew :
 His ponderous hammer, and his anvil sound,
 And the strong tongs to turn the metal round.
 Nor was Minerva absent from the rite,
 She view'd her honours, and enjoy'd the sight.
 With reverend hand the king presents the gold,
 Which round th' intorted horns the glider
 roll'd,
 So wrought, as Pallas might with pride behold.
 Young Aretus from forth his bridal bower
 Brought the full laver, o'er their hands to pour,
 And canisters of consecrated flour.
 Stratius and Echephron the victim led ;
 The axe was held by warlike Thrasymed,
 In act to strike : before him Perseus stood,
 The vase extending to receive the blood.
 The king himself initiates to the Power ;
 Scatters with quivering hand the sacred flour,
 And the stream sprinkles : from the curling brows
 The hair collected in the fire he throws.
 Soon as due vows on every part were paid,
 And sacred wheat upon the victim laid,
 Strong Thrasymed discharg'd the speeding blow
 Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in two.
 Down sunk the heavy beast : the females round,
 Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a shrilling sound.
 Nor scorn'd the queen the holy choir to join
 (The first-born she, of old Clymenus' line ;
 In youth by Nestor lov'd, of spotless fame,
 And lov'd in age, Eurydice her name).

From earth they rear him, struggling now with
 death ;

And Nestor's youngest stops the vents of breath.
 The soul for ever flies : on all sides round
 Streams the black blood, and smokes upon the
 ground.

The beast they then divide, and disunite
 The ribs and limbs, observant of the rite :
 On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
 The choicest morsels lay from every part.
 The sacred sage before his altar stands,
 Turns the burnt-offering with his holy hands,
 And pours the wine, and bid's the flames aspire :
 The youth with instruments surround the fire,
 The thighs now sacrific'd, and entrails drest,
 Th' assistants part, transfix, and broil the rest.
 While these officious tend the rites divine,
 The last fair branch of the Nestorean line,
 Sweet Polycaeste, took the pleasing toil
 To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.
 O'er his fair limbs a flowery vest he threw,
 And insued, like a God, to mortal view.
 His former seat beside the king he found
 (His people's father with his peers around) ;
 All plac'd at ease the holy banquet join,
 And in the dazzling goblet laughs the wine.

The rage of thirst and hunger now suppress'd,
 The monarch turns him to his royal guest ;
 And for the promis'd journey bids prepare
 The smooth-hair'd horses, and the rapid car.
 Observant of his word ; the word scarce spoke,
 The sons obey, and join them to the yoke.
 Then bread and wine a ready handmaid brings,
 And presents, such as suit the state of kings.
 The glittering seat Telemachus ascends ;
 His faithful guide Pisistratus attends ;
 With hasty hand the ruling reins he drew :
 He lash'd the couriers, and the couriers flew.
 Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
 Their equal pace, and smok'd along the field.
 The towers of Pylos sink, its views decay,
 Fields after fields fly back, till close of day :
 Then sunk the sun, and darken'd all the way.

To Phœæ now, Diocleus' stately seat
 (Of Alpheus' race), the weary youths retreat.
 His house affords the hospitable rite,
 And pleas'd they sleep (the blessing of the night).
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn ;
 Again they mount, their journey to renew,
 And from the sounding portico they flew.
 Along the waving fields their way they hold,
 The fields receding as the chariot roll'd :
 Then slowly sunk the ruddy globe of light,
 And o'er the shaded landscape rush'd the night.

B O O K IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Conference with Menelaus.

Telemachus with Pisistratus arriving at Sparta, is hospitably received by Menelaus, to whom he relates the cause of his coming, and learns from him many particulars of what befel the Greeks since the destruction of Troy. He dwells more at large upon the prophecies of Proteus to him in his return; from which he acquaints Telemachus, that Ulysses is detained in the island of Calypso. In the mean time the suitors consult to destroy Telemachus in his voyage home. Penelope is apprised of this; but comforted in a dream by Pallas, in the shape of her sister Iphimache.

AND now proud Sparta with their wheels re-
sounded,

Sparta whole walls a range of hills surrounds:
At the fair dome the rapid labour ends;
Where fate Atreides 'midst his bridal friends,
With double vows invoking Hymen's power,
To bless his sons and daughters nuptial hour.

That day, to great Achilles' son resign'd,
Hermione, the fairest of the kind,
Was sent to crown the long-protracted joy;
Espous'd before the final doom of Troy:
With steeds and gilded cars, a gorgeous train
Attend the nymph to Phthia's distant reign.
Mean while at home, to Megapenthes' bed
The virgin-choir Alector's daughter led.
Brave Megapenthes, from a stol'n amour,
To great Atreides' age his handmaid bore:
To Helen's bed the Gods alone assign
Hermione, to extend the regal line;
On whom a radiant pomp of Graces wait,
Resembling Venus in attractive state.

While this gay friendly troop the king surround,
With festival and mirth the roofs resound:
A bard amid the joyous circle sings
High airs, attemper'd to the vocal strings;
Whilst, warbling to the varied strain, advance
Two sprightly youths to form the bounding dance.
'Twas then, that, issuing through the palace gate,
The splendid car roll'd slow in regal state:
On the bright eminence young Nestor sate,
And fast beside him great Ulysses' son;
Grave Eteoneus saw the pomp appear,
And, speeding, thus address the royal car:

Two youths approach, whose semblant features
prove

Their blood devolving from the source of Jove.
Is due reception design'd, or must they bend
Their doubtful courtesies to seek a distant friend?

Insensate! (with a sigh the king replies)
Too long, misjudging, have I thought thee wise:
But sure relentless folly fleets thy breast,
Obdurate to reject the stranger-guest;
To those dear hospitable rites a foe,
Which in my wanderings oft reliev'd my woe:
Fed by the bounty of another's board,
Till pitying Jove my native realm restor'd---
Straight be the couriers from the car releas'd,
Conduct the youths to grace the genial feast.

The seneschal rebuk'd in haste withdrew;
With equal haste a martial train pursue:

Part led the couriers, from the car enlarg'd,
Each to a crib with choicest grain furcharg'd;
Part in a portico, profusely grac'd
With rich magnificence, the chariot plac'd:
Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,
Who eye the dazzling roofs with vast delight;
Resplendent as the blaze of summer-noon,
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.
From room to room their eager view they bend;
Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, descend;
Where a bright damsel-train attend the guests
With liquid odours, and embroider'd vests.
Refresh'd, they wait them to the bower of state,
Where circled with his peers Atreides sate:
Thron'd next the king, a fair attendant brings
The purest product of the chrysalis springs;
High on a massy vase of silver mold,
The burnish'd laver flames with solid gold;
In solid gold the purple vintage flows,
And on the board a second banquet tose.
When thus the king with hospitable port:---
Accept this welcome to the Spartan court;
The waste of nature let the feast repair,
Then your high lineage and your names declare;
Say from what scepter'd ancestry ye claim,
Recorded eminent in deathless fame?
For vulgar parents cannot stamp their race
With signatures of such majestic grace.

Ceasing, benevolent he straight assigns
The royal portion of the choicest wines
To each accepted friend: with grateful haste
They share the honours of the rich repast.
Suffic'd, soft-whispering thus to Nestor's son,
His head reclin'd, young Ithacus begun:
View'st thou unmov'd, O ever-honour'd most!
These prodigies of art, and wondrous cost!
Above, beneath, around the palace shines
The sumless treasure of exhausted mines:
The spoils of elephants the roofs inlay,
And studded amber darts a golden ray:
Such, and not nobler, in the realms above,
My wonder dictates, is the dome of Jove.

The monarch took the word, and grave reply'd:
Presumptuous are the vaunts, and vain the pride
Of man, who dares in pomp with Jove contest,
Unchang'd, immortal, and supremely blest!
With all my affluence, when my woes are weigh'd,
Envy will own the purchase dearly paid.
For eight slow-circling years by tempest tost,
From Cyprus to the far Phœnician coast

(Sidon the capital), I stretch'd my toil
Through regions fatten'd with the flows of Nile.
Next, Æthiopia's utmost bound explore,
And the parch'd borders of th' Arabian shore :
Then warp my voyage on the southern gales,
O'er the warm Libyan wave to spread my sails :
That happy clime ! where each revolving year
The teeming ewes a triple offspring bear ;
And two fair crescents of translucent horn
The brows of all their young increase adorn :
The shepherd swains, with sure abundance blest,
On the fat flock and rural dainties feast ;
Nor want of herbage makes the dairy fail,
But every season fills the foaming pail.
Whilst, heaping unwill'd wealth I distant roam ;
The best of brothers, at his natal home,
By the dire fury of a traitress wife,
Ends the sad evening of a stormy life :
Whence with incessant grief my soul annoy'd,
These riches are possess'd, but not enjoy'd !
My wars, the copious theme of every tongue,
To you, your fathers have recorded long :
How favouring Heaven repaid my glorious toils
With a sack'd palace, and barbaric spoils.
Oh ! had the Gods so large a boon deny'd,
And life, the just equivalent, supply'd
To those brave warriors, who, with glory fir'd,
Far from their country in my cause expir'd !
Still in short intervals of pleading woe,
Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,
I to the glorious dead, for ever dear !
Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.
But, oh ! Ulysses—deeper than the rest
That sad idea wounds my anxious breast !
My heart bleeds fresh with agonizing pain ;
The bowl and tasteful viands tempt in vain,
Nor sleep's soft power can close my streaming eyes,
When imagin'd to my soul his sorrows rise.
No peril in my cause he ceas'd to prove,
His labours equal'd only by my love :
And both alike to litter fortune born,
For him to suffer, and for me to mourn !
Whether he wanders on some friendless coast,
Or glides in Stygian gloom a pensive ghost,
No fame reveals ; but, doubtful of his doom,
His good old sire with sorrow to the tomb
Declines his trembling steps ; untimely care
Withers the blooming vigour of his hair ;
And the chaste partner of his bed and throne
Wastes all her widow'd hours in tender moan.
While thus pathetic to the prince he spoke,
From the brave youth the streaming passion
 broke :
Studious to veil the grief, in vain repress,
His face he shrouded with his purple vest :
The conscious monarch pierc'd the coy disguise,
And view'd his filial love with vast surprize :
Dubious to press the tender theme, or wait
To hear the youth inquire his father's fate.
In this suspense bright Helen grac'd the room ;
Before her breath'd a gale of rich perfume.
So moves, adorn'd with each attractive grace,
The silver-shafted Goddess of the chase !
The feat of majesty Adraсте brings,
With art illustrious, for the pomp of kings ;
To spread the pall (beneath the regal chair)
Of softest wool, is bring'd Alcippe's care.

A silver canister, divinely wrought,
In her soft hands the beauteous Phyllo brought ;
To Sparta's queen of old the radiant vase
Alcandra gave, a pledge of royal grace :
For Polybus her lord (whose sovereign sway
The wealthy tribes of Pharian Thebes obey),
When to that court Atreides came, carest
With vast munificence th' imperial guest :
Two lavers from the richest ore refin'd,
With silver tripods, the kind host assign'd ;
And bounteous from the royal treasure told
Ten equal talents of refulgent gold.
Alcandra, consort of his high command,
A golden distaff gave to Helen's hand ;
And that rich vase, with living sculpture wrought,
Which heap'd with wool the beauteous Phyllo
 brought :

The silken fleece impurpled for the loom,
Rival'd the hyacinth in vernal bloom.
The sovereign feat then Jove-born Helen press'd,
And pleasing thus her scepter'd lord address'd :

Who grace our palace now, that friendly pair,
Speak thy their lineage, or their names declare ?
Uncertain of the truth, yet uncontrol'd,
Hear me the bodings of my breast unfold.
With wonder wrapt, on yonder cheek I trace
The feature of the Ulyssean race :
Diffus'd o'er each resembling line appear,
In just similitude, the grace and air
Of young Telemachus ! the lovely boy,
Who blest Ulysses with a father's joy,
What time the Greeks combin'd their social arms,
To avenge the stain of my ill-fated charms !

Just as thy thought, the king assenting cries,
Methinks Ulysses strikes my wondering eyes :
Full shines the father in the filial frame,
His port, his features, and his shape, the same :
Such quick regards his sparkling eyes bestow :
Such wavy ringlets o'er his shoulders flow !
And when he heard the long disastrous store
Of cares, which in my cause Ulysses bore ;
Dismay'd, heart-wounded with paternal woes,
Above restraint the tide of sorrow rose :
Cautious to let the gushing grief appear,
His purple garment veil'd the falling tear.

See there cœlest, Pisistratus replies,
The genuine worth of Ithacus the wife !
Of that heroic fire the youth is sprung,
But modest awe hath chain'd his timorous tongue,
Thy voice, O king ! with pleas'd attention heard,
Is like the dictates of a God rever'd.

With him at Nestor's high command I came,
Whole age I honour with a parent's name.

By æthere destiny constrain'd to sue
For counsel and redress, he sues to you.
Whatever ill the friendless orphan bears,
Bereav'd of parents in his infant years,
Still must the wrong'd Telemachus sustain,
If, hopeful of your aid, he hopes in vain :
Assian'd in your friendly power alone,
The youth would vindicate the vacant throne.

Is Sparta blest, and these desiring eyes
View my friend's son ? (the king exulting cries)
Son of my friend, by glorious toils approv'd,
Whole Iword was sacred to the man he lov'd :
Mirror of constant faith, rever'd, and mourn'd !—
When Troy was ruin'd, had the chi

No Greek an equal space had e'er possess,
Of dear affection in my grateful breast.
I, to confirm the mutual joys we shar'd,
For his abode a capital prepar'd;
Argos the seat of sovereign rule I chose;
Fair in the plan the future palace rose,
Where my Ulysses and his race might reign,
And portion to his tribes the wide domain.
To them, my vassals had resign'd a soil,
With teeming plenty to reward their toil.
There with commutual zeal we both had strove
In acts of dear benevolence and love:
Brothers in peace, not rivals in command,
And death alone dissolv'd the friendly band!
Some envious Power the blissful scene destroys;
Vanish'd are all the visionary joys:
The soul of friendship to my hope is lost,
Fated to wander from this natal coast!

He ceas'd; a gust of grief began to rise,
Fast streams a tide from beauteous Helen's eyes;
Fast for the fire the filial sorrows flow;
The weeping monarch swells the mighty woe:
Thy cheeks, Pisistratus, the tears bedew,
While pictur'd to thy mind appear'd in view
Thy martial † brother: on the Phrygian plain
Extended pale, by traitor Memnon slain!
But silence from the son of Nestor broke,
And, melting with fraternal pity, spoke:

Frequent, O king, was Nestor wont to raise
And charm attention with thy copious praise:
To crown thy various gifts, the sage assign'd
The glory of a firm capacious mind:
With that superior attribute control
This unavailing impotence of soul.
Let not your roof with echoing grief resound,
Now for the feast the friendly bowl is crown'd;
But when, from dewy shade emerging bright,
Aurora streaks the sky with orient light,
Let each deplore his deed: the rites of woe
Are all, alas! the living can bestow:
O'er the congenial dust injoin'd to sneer
The graceful curl, and drop the tender tear.
Then, mingling in the mournful pomp with you,
I'll pay my brother's ghost a warrior's due,
And mourn the brave Antilochus, a name
Not unrecorded in the rolls of Fame:
With strength and speed superior form'd in fight
To face the foe, or intercept his flight:
Too early snatch'd by Fate, ere known to me!
I boast a witness of his worth in thee.

Young and mature! (the monarch thus rejoins.)
In thee renew'd the soul of Nestor shines:
Form'd by the care of that consummate sage,
In early bloom an oracle of age.
Whene'er his influence Jove vouchsafes to shower
To bless the natal, and the nuptial hour;
From the great fire transmissive to the race,
The boon devolving gives distinguish'd grace.
Such, happy Nestor! was thy glorious doom;
Around thee, full of years, thy offspring bloom,
Expert of arms, and prudent in debate;
The gifts of heaven to guard thy hoary state.
But now let each becalm his troubled breast,
Wadi, and partake serene the friendly feast.
To move thy suit, Telemachus, delay,
Till Heaven's revolving lamp restores the day.

† Antilochus.

He said, Asphalion swift the laver brings;
Alternate all partake the grateful springs:
Then from the rites of purity repair,
And with keen gust the savoury viands share.
Mean time, with genial joy to warm the soul,
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inspiring bowl,
Temper'd with drugs of sovereign use, t' alluage
The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled Care,
And dry the tearful sluices of Despair:
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, th' exalted
All sense of woe delivers to the wind. [und
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,
Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away,
Or dailing son, oppress'd by ruffian force,
Fell breathless at his feet, a mangled corse;
From morn to eve, impassive and serene,
The man entranc'd would view the deathful scene.
These drugs, so friendly to the joys of life,
Bright Helen leav'd from Thone's imperial wife;
Who sway'd the sceptre, where prolific Nile
With various simples clothes the fatten'd foil.
With wholesome herbage mix'd, the direful bane
Of vegetable venom taints the plain;
From Paëon sprung, their patron-god imparts
To all the Pharian race his healing arts.
The beverage now prepar'd t' inspire the feast,
The circle thus the beauteous queen address:

Thron'd in omnipotence, supremest Jove
Tempers the fates of human race above;
By the firm sanction of his sovereign will,
Alternate are decreed our good and ill.
To leafy mirth be this white hour assign'd,
And sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind,
Myself, assisting in the social joy,
Will tell Ulysses' bold exploit in Troy:
Some witness of the deed I now declare;
Speak you (who saw) his wonders in the war.

Scam'd o'er with wounds, which his own sabre
In the vile habit of a village-slave, [gave,
The foe deceiv'd, he pass'd the tented plain,
In Troy to mingle with the hostile train.
In this attire secure from searching eyes,
Till haply piercing through the dark disguise
The chief I challeng'd; he, whose practis'd wit
Knew all the serpent mazes of deceit,
Eludes my search: but when his form I view'd
Fresh from the bath with fragrant oils renew'd,
His limbs in military purple dress'd;
Each bright'ning grace the genuine Greek con-
fess'd.

A previous pledge of sacred faith obtain'd,
Till he the lines and Argive fleet regain'd,
To keep his stay conceal'd; the chief declar'd
The plans of war against the town prepar'd.
Exploring then the secrets of the state,
He learn'd what best might urge the Dardan fate;
And, safe returning to the Grecian host,
Sent many a shade to Pluto's dreary coast.
Loud grief resounded through the towers of Troy,
But my pleas'd bosom glow'd with secret joy:
For then, with dire remoric and conscious shame,
I view'd th' effects of that disastrous flame,
Which, kindled by th' imperious queen of love,
Constrain'd me from my native realm to rove:
And oft in bitterness of soul deplor'd
My absent daughter, and my dearer lord;

Admir'd among the first of human race,
For every gift of mind, and manly grace.

Right well, reply'd the king, your speech displays

The matchless merit of the chief you praise :
Heroes in various climes myself have found,
For martial deeds, and depth of thought renown'd :
But Ithacus, unrival'd in his claim,
May boast a title to the loudest fame :
In battle calm, he guides the rapid storm,
Wife to resolve, and patient to perform.
What wondrous conduct in the chief appear'd,
When the vast fabric of the deed we rear'd !
Some Dæmon, anxious for the Trojan doom,
Urg'd you with great Deïphobus to come,
To explore the fraud ; with guile oppos'd to guile,
Slow-paced thrice around th' insidious pile :
Each noted leader's name you thrice invoke,
Your accent varying as their spouses spoke :
The pleasing sounds each latent warrior warm'd
But most Tydides' and my heart alarm'd :
To quit the deed we both impatient press,
Threatening to answer from the dark recess.
Unmov'd the mind of Ithacus remain'd :
And the vain ardours of our love restrain'd :
But Anticlus, unable to control,
Spoke loud the language of his yearning soul :
Ulysses straight, with indignation fir'd,
(For so the common care of Greece requir'd)
Firm to his lips his forceful hands apply'd,
Till on his tongue the fluttering murmurs dy'd.
Mean time Minerva, from the fraudulent horse,
Back to the court of Priam bent your course.

Inclement Fate ! Telemachus replies.
Frail is the boasted attribute of wife :
The leader, mingling with the vulgar host,
Is in the common mals of matter lost !
But now let sleep the painful waste repair
Of sad reflection, and all corroding care.

He ceas'd ; the menial fair that round her wait,
At Helen's beck prepare the room of state ;
Beneath an ample portico, they spread
The downy fleece to form the slumberous bed ;
And o'er soft palls of purple grain, unfold
Rich tapestry, stiff with inwoven gold :
Then, through th' illumin'd dome, to balmy rest
Th' obsequious herald guides each princely guest :
While to his regal bower the king ascends,
And beauteous Helen on her lord attends.

Soon as the morn, in orient purple drest,
Unbarr'd the portal of the roseate east,
The monarch rose ; magnificent to view,
Th' imperial mantle o'er his vest he threw :
The glittering zone athwart his shoulder cast,
A starry saucion Jew depending grac'd ;
Clasp'd on his feet th' embroider'd sandals shine ;
And forth he moves, majestic and divine :
Infant to young Telemachus he press'd,
And thus benevolent his speech address'd :

Say, royal youth, sincere of soul, report
What cause hath led you to the Spartan court ?
Do public or domestic cares constrain
This toilsome voyage o'er the surgy main ?

O highly-favour'd delegate of Jove !
(Reples the prince) inflam'd with filial love,
And anxious hope, to hear my parent's doom,
A suppliant to your royal court I come.

Our sovereign seat a lewd usurping race
With lawless riot and misrule disgrace ;
To pamper'd insolence devoted fall
Prime of the flock, and choicest of the stall :
For wild ambition wings their bold desire,
And all to mount th' imperial bed aspire.
But prostrate I implore, oh king ! relate
The mournful series of my father's fate :
Each known disaster of the man disclose,
Born by his mother to a world of woes !
Recite them ! nor in erring pity fear
To wound with storied grief the filial ear :
If e'er Ulysses, to reclaim your right,
Avow'd his zeal in council or in light,
If Phrygian camps the friendly toils attest,
To the fire's merit give the son's request.

Deep from his inmost soul Atreides sigh'd,
And thus indignant to the prince reply'd :
Heavens ! would a soft, inglorious dastard train
An absent hero's nuptial joys profane !
So with her young, amid the woodland shades,
A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair the tender fawns,
Climbs the green cliff, or feeds the flowery lawns ;
Mean time return'd, with dire remorsefuls sway
The monarch savage rends the trembling prey.
equal fury, and with equal fame,

Ulysses soon shall re-assert his claim.
O Jove, supreme, whom Gods and men revere !
And thou * to whom 'tis given to gild the sphere !
With power cogenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the martial Maid !
Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,
As when contending on the Lesbian shore
His prowess Philomelidus confes'd,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor blest'd ;
Then soon th' invaders of his bed and throne
Their love presumptuous shall with life atone,
With patient ear, O royal youth ! attend
The storied labours of thy father's friend :
Fruitful of deeds, the copious tale is long,
But truth severe shall dictate to my tongue :
Learn what I heard the sea-born seer relate,
Whose eye can pierce the dark recess of Fate.

Long on th' Egyptian coast by calms confin'd,
Heaven to my fleet refus'd a prosperous wind :
No vows had we preferr'd, nor victim slain !
For this the Gods each favouring gale refrain :
Jealous, to see their high benefits obey'd ;
Severe, if men th' eternal rights invade.
High o'er a gulfy sea, the Pharian isle
Fronts the deep roar of disemboguing Nile :
Her distance from the shore, the course begun
At dawn, and ending with the setting sun,
A gallery measures ; when the stiffer gales
Rise on the poop, and fully stretch the sails.
There, anchor'd vessels safe in harbour lie,
Whilst limpid springs the failing cask supply.

And now the twentieth sun, descending lave
His glowing axle in the western waves ;
Still with expanded sails we court in vain
Propitious winds, to waft us o'er the main :
And the pale mariner at once deplores
His drooping vigour, and exhausted stores,
When, lo ! a bright æthereal form appears,
The fair Eidothea ! to dispel my fears ;

Proteus her sire divine. With pity press'd,
Me sole the daughter of the deep address'd;
What-time, with hunger pin'd, my absent mates
Roam the wild isle in search of rural cates,
Bait the barb'd steel, and from the fishy flood
Appease th' afflictive *serce* desires of food.

Who'er thou art (the azure Goddess cries)
Thy conduct ill deserves the praise of wise:
Is death thy choice, or misery thy boast,
That here inglorious on a barren coast
Thy brave associates droop, a meagre train
With famine pale, and ask thy care in vain?

Struck with the kind reproach, I straight reply;
Whate'er thy title in thy native sky,
A Goddess sure! for more than mortal grace
Speaks the descendant of ætherial race:
Dcem not, that here of choice my fleet remains;
Some heavenly power avert my stay constrains:
O, piteous of my fate, vouchsafe to shew
(For what's sequester'd from celestial view?)
What power becalms th' innavigable seas?

What guilt provokes him, and what vows appease?
I ceas'd, when audible the Goddess cry'd;
Observe, and in the truths I speak confide:
Th' oraculous *seer* frequents the Pharian coast,
From whose high bed my birth divine I boast:
Proteus, a name tremendous o'er the main,
The delegate of Neptune's watery reign.
Watch with insidious care his known abode;
There fast in chains constrain the various God:
Who bound, obedient to superior force,
Unerring will prescribe your destin'd course.
If, studious of your realms, you then demand
Their state, since last you left your natal land;
Instant the God oblique will disclose
Bright tracks of glory, or a cloud of woes.

She ceas'd, and suppliant thus I made reply:
O Goddess! on thy aid my hopes rely;
Dictate propitious to my piteous ear,
What arts can captivate the changeful *seer*?
For perilous th' assay, unheard the toil,
To elude the presence of a God by guile.
Thus to the Goddess mild my suit I end.
Then she: Obedient to my rule, attend:
When through the zone of heaven the mounted
sun

Hath journey'd half, and half remains to run;
The *seer*, while zephyrs curl the swelling deep,
Basks on the breezy shore, in grateful sleep,
His oozy limbs. Emerging from the wave,
The Phocæ swift surround his rocky cave,
Frequent and full; the consecrated train
Of her, whose azure rident awes the main:
There wallowing warm, th' enormous herd ex-
hales

An oily stream, and taints the noon-tide gales.
To that recess, commodious for surprise,
When purple light shall next suffuse the skies,
With me repair; and from thy warrior band
Three chosen chiefs of dauntless soul command:
Let their auxiliar force befriend the toil:
For strong the God, and perfected in guile.
Stretch'd on the shelly shore, he first surveys
The slouching herd ascending from the seas;
Their number summing, repos'd in sleep profound
The scaly charge their guardian God surround:

• Amphitrite,

So with his battering flocks the careful swain
Abides, pavilion'd on the grassy plain.
With powers united, obstinately bold
Invade him, couch'd amid the scaly fold:
Instant he wears, elusive of the rape,
The mimic force of every savage shape:
Or glides with liquid lapse a murmuring stream,
Or, wrapt in flame, he glows at every limb.
Yet still retentive, with redoubled might,
Through each vain passive form constrain his flight,
But when, his native shape resum'd, he stands
Patient of conquest, and your cause demands;
The cause that urg'd the bold attempt declare,
And soothe the vanquish'd with a victor's prayer.
The bands relax'd, implore the *seer* to say
What godhead interdicts the watery way:
Who straight, propitious, in prophetic strain
Will teach you to repass th' unmeasur'd main.
She ceas'd, and, bounding from the shelly shore,
Round the descending nymph the waves resound-
ing roar.

High wrapt in wonder of the future deed,
With joy impetuous, to the port I speed:
The wants of nature with repast suffice,
Till night with grateful shade involv'd the skies,
And shed ambrosial dews. Fast by the deep,
Along the tented shore, in balmy sleep,
Our cares were lost. When o'er the eastern lawn,
In misty robes, the daughter of the dawn
Advanc'd her rosy steps, before the bay,
Due ritual honours to the Gods I pay;
Then seek the place the sea-born nymph assign'd,
With three associates of undaunted mind.
Arriv'd, to form along th' appointed strand
For each a bed, the scoops the hilly sand:
Then, from her azure car, the finny spoils
Of four vast Phocæ takes, to veil her wiles:
Beneath the finny spoils, extended prone,
Hard toil! the prophet's piercing eye to shun;
New from the corse the scaly frauds diffuse
Unflavoury stench of oil, and brackish ooze;
But the bright sea-maid's gentle power implor'd,
With nectar'd drops the sickening sense restor'd.

Thus till the sun had travell'd half the skies,
Ambush'd we lie, and wait the bold emprise:
When, thronging thick to bask in open air,
The flocks of Ocean to the strand repair:
Couch'd on the sunny sand, the monsters sleep;
Then Proteus, mounting from the hoary deep,
Surveys his charge, unknowing of deceit
(In order told, we make the sum complete).
Pleas'd with the false review, secure he lies
And leaden slumbers press his drooping eyes.
Rushing impetuous forth, we straight prepare
A furious onset with the sound of war,
And shouting seize the God: our force to evade,
His various arts he soon resumes in aid:
A lion now he curls a surgy mane;
Sudden, our bands a spotted pard restrain;
Then, arm'd with tusks, and lightning in his eyes,
A boar's obscene shape the God belies:
On spiry volumes, there, a dragon rides;
Here, from our strict embrace a stream he glides:
And last, sublime his stately growth he rears,
A tree, and well-dissembled foliage wears.
Vain efforts! with superior power compress'd,
Me with reluctance thus the *seer* address'd:

M iiij

Say, son of Atreus, say what God inspir'd
This daring fraud, and what the boon desir'd ?

I thus ; O thou whose certain eye foresees
The fix'd event of Fate's remote decrees :
After long woes, and various toil endur'd,
Still on this desert isle my fleet is moor'd ;
Unfriendly of the gales. All-knowing ! say,
What Godhead interdicts the watery way ?
What vows repentant will the power appease,
'To speed a prosperous voyage o'er the seas ?

To Jove (with stern regard the chief replies)
And all th' offended synod of the skies,
Just hecatombs with due devotion slain,
Thy guilt absolv'd, a prosperous voyage gain.
'To the firm sanction of thy fate attend !
An exile thou, nor cheering face of friend,
Nor sight of paternal shore, nor regal dome
Shalt yet enjoy, but still art doom'd to roam.
Once more the Nile, who from the secret source
Of Jove's high seat descends with sweepy force,
Must view his billows white beneath thy oar,
And altars blaze along his sanguine shore.
Then will the Gods, with holy pomp ador'd,
'To thy long vows a safe return accord.

He ceas'd : heart-wounded with afflictive pain,
(Doom'd to repeat the perils of the main,
A shelvy tract and long !) O fear, I cry,
'To the stern sanction of th' offended sky
My prompt obedience bows. But deign to say,
What fate propitious, or what dire dismay,
Sustain those perils, the reliques of our host,
Whom I with Nestor on the Phrygian coast
Embracing left ? Must I the warriors weep,
Whelm'd in the bottom of the monstrous deep ?
Or did the kind domestic friend deplore
The breathless heroes on their native shore ?

Pierc'd not too far, reply'd the God ; but cease
'To know, what known will violate thy peace :
'Too curious of their doom ! with friendly woe
Thy breast will heave, and tears eternal flow.
Part ve ! the rest, a lamentable tram !
Range the dark bounds of Pluto's dreary reign.
Two, foremost in the roll of Mars renown'd,
Whose arms with conquest in thy cause were
crown'd,

Tell by disastrous fate ; by tempests tost,
A third lives wretched on a distant coast.

By Neptune rescued from Minerva's hate,
On Gyra, safe Oilean Ajax fate, [goods,
His ship o'erwhelm'd ; but, frowning on the
Impious he roar'd defiance to the Gods ;
'To his own prowess all the glory gave,
The Power defrauding who vouchsaf'd to save.
'This heard the raging Ruler of the main ;
His spear, indignant, for such high disdain,
He launch'd ; dividing with his turky mace
Th' aerial summit from the marble base ;
The rock rush'd sea-ward with impetuous roar
Ingulf'd, and to th' aby'ss the boaster bore.

By Juno's guardian aid, the watery vast,
Secure of storms, your royal brother past :
'Till coasting nigh the cape, where Mæla shrouds
Her spiry cliffs amid surrounding clouds ;
A whirling gust tumultuous from the shore
Across the deep his labouring vessel bore.
In an ill fated hour the coast he gain'd,
Where late in regal pomp Thyestes reign'd ;

But, when his hoary honours bow'd to Fate,
Ægythus govern'd in paternal state.

The furies now subside, the tempest ends ;
From his tall ship the King of Men descends :
There fondly think the Gods conclude his toil !
Far from his own domain salutes the soil :
With capture off' the verge of Greece reviews,
And the dear turf with tears of joy bedews.
Him thus exulting on the distant strand
A spy distinguish'd from his airy stand,
To bribe whose vigilance, Ægythus told
A mighty sum of ill-persuading gold :
There watch'd this guardian of his guilty fear,
Till the twelfth moon had wheel'd her pale ea-
reer ;

And now, admonish'd by his eye, to court
With terror wing'd conveys the dread report.
Of deathful arts expert, his lord employs
The ministers of blood in dark surprise :
And twenty youths in radiant mail incas'd,
Close ambush'd nigh the spacious hall he plac'd.
Then bids prepare the hospitable treat :
Vain shows of love to veil his felon-hate !
To grace the victor's welcome from the wars,
A train of couriers and triumphal cars
Magnificent he leads ! the royal guest,
Thoughtless of ill, accepts the fraudulent feast.
The troop, forth issuing from the dark recess,
With homicidal rage the king oppress !
So, whilst he feeds luxurious in the stall,
The sovereign of the herd is doom'd to fall.
The partners of his fame and toils at Troy,
Around their lord, a mighty ruin ! lie :
Mix'd with the brave, the base invaders bleed ;
Ægythus sole survives to boast the deed.

He said ; chill horrors shook my shivering soul,
Rack'd with convulsive pangs in dust I roll ;
And hate, in madness of extreme despair,
To view the sun, or breathe the vital air.
But when, superior to the rage of woe,
I stood restor'd, and tears had ceas'd to flow ;
Lenient of grief, the pitying God began—
Forget the brother, and resume the man :
'To Fate's supreme dispose the dead resign,
'That care be Fate's, a speedy passage thine.
Still lives the wretch who wrought the death
deplor'd,

But lives a victim for thy vengeful sword ;
Unless with filial rage Orestes glow,
And swift prevent the meditated blow ;
You timely will return a welcome guest,
With him to share the sad funereal feast.

He said : new thoughts my beating heart em-
ploy,

My gloomy soul receives a gleam of joy.
Fair hope revives ; and eager I address
The prescient Godhead to reveal the rest.
The doom decreed of those disastrous two
I've heard with pain, but, oh ! the tale pursue ;
What third brave son of Mars the Fates constrain
To roam the howling desert of the main :
Or, in eternal shade if cold he lies,
Provoke new sorrow from these grateful eyes.

That chief (rejoin'd the God) his race derives
From Ithaca, and wondrous woes survives ;
Laertes' son : girt with circumfluous tides,
He still calamitous constraint abates.

Him in Calypso's cave of late I view'd,
When streaming grief his faded cheek bedew'd.
But vain his prayer, his arts are vain, to move
Th' enamour'd Goddess, or elude her love:
His vessel sunk, and dear companions lost,
He lives reluctant on a foreign coast.
But oh, belov'd by Heaven! reserv'd to thee
A happier lot the smiling Fates decree:
Free from that law, beneath whose mortal sway
Matter is chang'd, and varying forms decay;
Elysium shall be thine; the blissful plains
Of utmost earth, where Rhadamanthus reigns.
Joys ever young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
Fill the wide circle of th' eternal year:
Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime;
The fields are florid with unfading prime;
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy snow:
But from the breezy deep the blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.
This grace peculiar will the Gods afford
To thee the son of Jove, and beautiful Helen's
lord.

He ceas'd, and, plunging in the vast profound,
Behemoth the God the whirling billows bound.
Then speeding back, involv'd in various thought,
My friends attending at the shore I sought.
Arriv'd, the rage of hunger ye control,
Till night with silent shade invests the pole;
Then lose the cares of life in pleasing rest.---
Soon as the morn reveals the roscate east,
With sails we wing the masts, our anchors weigh,
Unmoor the fleet, and rush into the sea.
Rang'd on the banks, beneath our equal oars
White curl the waves, and the vex'd ocean roars.
Then, steering backward from the Pharian Isle,
We gain the stream of Jove-descending Nile:
There quit the ships, and on the destin'd shore
With ritual hecatombs the Gods adore:
Their wrath aton'd, to Agamemnon's name
A cenotaph I raise of deathless fame.
These rites to piety and grief discharg'd,
The friendly Gods a springing gale enlarg'd:
The fleet swift tilting o'er the surges flew,
'Till Grecian cliffs appear'd, a blissful view!

Thy patient ear hath heard me long relate
A story, fruitful of disastrous fate:
And now, young prince, indulge my fond request;
Be Sparta honour'd with his royal guest,
Till, from his eastern goal, the joyous sun
His twelfth diurnal race begins to run.
Mean time my train the friendly gifts prepare,
Three sprightly couriers, and a polish'd car:
With these, a goblet of capacious mould,
Figur'd with art to dignify the gold,
(Form'd for libation to the Gods) shall prove
A pledge and monument of sacred love.

My quick return, young Ithacus rejoin'd,
Damps the warm wishes of my raptur'd mind:
Did not my fate my needful haste constrain,
Charm'd by your speech, so graceful and humane,
Lost in delight the circling year would roll,
While deep attention fix'd my listening soul.
But now to Pyle permit my destin'd way,
My lov'd associates chide my long delay:
In dear remembrance of your royal grace,
I take the present of the promis'd vase;

The couriers, for the champain sports, retain;
That gift our barren rocks will render vain:
Horrid with cliffs our meagre land allows
Thin herbage for the mountain goat to browse,
But neither mead nor plain supplies, to feed
The sprightly courier, or indulge his speed:
To sea-surrounding realms the Gods assign
Small tract of fertile lawn, the least to mine.

His hand the king with tender passion press'd,
And, smiling, thus the royal youth address'd:
O early worth! a soul so wise, and young,
Proclaims you from the sage Ulysses sprung,
Selected from my stores, of matchless price
An urn shall recompence your prudent choice:
Not mean the massy mould of silver, grac'd
By Vulcan's art, the verge with gold encas'd;
A pledge the scepter'd power of Sidon gave,
When to his realm I plough'd the orient wave.

Thus they alternate; while with artful care
The menial train the regal feast prepare:
The firrings of the flock are doom'd to die;
Rich fragrant wines the cheering bowl supply;
A female band the gift of Ceres bring;
And the gilt roofs with genial triumph ring.

Mean while, in Ithaca, the suitor-powers
In active game divide their jovial hours:
In areas vary'd with mosaic art,
Some whirl the disk, and some the javelin dart.
Aside, sequester'd from the vast resort,
Antinous fate spectator of the sport;
With great Eurymachus, of worth confest,
And high descent, superior to the rest;
Whom young Noëmon lowly thus address:

My ship equipp'd within the neighbouring port,
The prince, departing for the Pylian court,
Requested for his speed; but, courteous, say
When steers he home, or why this long delay?
For Elis I should sail with utmost speed, [speed,
T' import twelve mares which there luxurious
And twelve young mules, a strong laborious race,
New to the plough, unpractis'd in the trace.

Unknowing of the course to Pyle design'd,
A sudden horror seiz'd on either mind:
The prince in rural bower they fondly thought,
Numbering his flocks and herds, not far remote.
Relate, Antinous cries, devoid of guile,
When spread the prince his sail for distant Pyle?
Did chosen chiefs across the gulfy main
Attend his voyage, or domestic train?
Spontaneous did you speed his secret course,
Or was the vessel seiz'd by fraud or force?

With willing duty, not reluctant mind,
(Noëmon cry'd) the vessel was resign'd.
Who, in the balance, with the great affairs
Of courts, presume to weigh their private cares?
With him, the peerage next in power to you:
And Mentor, captain of the lordly crew,
Or some celestial in his reverend form,
Safe from the secret rock and adverse storm,
Pilots the course: for when the glimmering ray
Of yester dawn disclos'd the tender day,
Mentor himself I saw, and much admir'd---
Then ceas'd the youth, and from the court retir'd.

Confounded and appall'd, th' unfinished game
The suitors quit, and all to council came.
Antinous first th' assembled peers address, [breast-
Rage sparkling in his eyes, and burning in his

O shame to manhood ! shall one daring boy
The scheme of all our happiness destroy ?
Fly unperceiv'd, seducing half the flower
Or nobles, and invite a foreign power ?
The ponderous engine rais'd to crush us all,
Recoiling, on his head is sure to fall.
Instant prepare me, on the neighbouring strand,
With twenty chosen mates a vessel mann'd ;
For ambush close beneath the Samian shore
His ship returning shall my spies explore :
He soon his rashness shall with life atone,
Seek for his father's fate, but find his own. *

With vast applause the sentence all approve ;
Then rise, and to the feastful hall remove ;
Swift to the queen the herald Medon ran,
Who heard the consult of the dire divan :
Before her dome the royal matron stands,
And thus the message of his haste demands ;

What will the suitors ? must my servant-train
Th' allotted labours of the day refrain,
For them to form some exquisite repast ?
Heaven grant this festival may prove their last !
Or, if they still must live, from me remove
The double plague of luxury and love !
Forbear, ye sons of Insolence ! forbear,
In riot to consume a wretched heir.
In the young fool illustrious thought to raise,
Were ye not tutor'd with Ulysses' praise ?
Have not your fathers oft my lord dehu'd,
Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind ?
Some kings with arbitrary rage devour,
Or in their tyrant-minions vest the power :
Ulysses let no partial favours fall,
The people's parent, he protect'd all :
But absent now, peridious and ingrate !
His stores ye ravage, and usurp his state. •

He thus : O were the woes you speak the
worst !

They form a deed more odious and accurst ;
More dreadful than your boding soul divines :
But pitying Jove avert the dire designs !
The darling object of your royal care
Is mark'd to perish in a deathful snare ;
Before he anchors in his native port,
From Pyle re-sailing and the Spartan court ;
Horrid to speak ! in ambush is decreed
The hope and heir of Ithaca to bleed !

Sudden she sunk beneath the weighty woes,
The vital streams a chilling horror froze :
The big round tears stand to-mbling in her eye,
And on her tongue imperfect accents die.
At length, in tender language, interwove
With sighs, she thus express'd her anxious love :
Why rashly would my son his fate explore,
Ride the wild waves, and quit the safer shore ?
Did he, with all the greatly wretched, crave
A blank oblivion, and untimely grave ?

'Tis not, reply'd the sage, to Medon given
To know, if some inhabitant of Heaven
In his young breast the daring thought inspir'd ;
Or if, alone with filial duty tr'd,
The winds and waves he tempts in early bloom,
Studious to learn his absent father's doom.

The sage retir'd : unable to control
The mighty griefs that swell her labouring soul,
Rolling convulsive on the floor, is seen
The piteous object of a prostrate queen.

Words to her dumb complaint a pause supplies,
And breath, to waste in unavailing cries.
Around their sovereign wept the menial fair,
To whom she thus address'd her deep despair :

Behold a wretch whom all the Gods consign
To woe ! Did ever sorrows equal mine ?
Long to my joys my dearest lord is lost,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast :
Now from my fond embrace, by tempests torn,
Our other column of the state is borne :
Nor took a kind adieu, nor sought consent !—
Unkind confederates in his dire intent !
Ill suits it with your shows of duteous zeal.
From me the purpos'd voyage to conceal :
Though at the solemn midnight hour he rose,
Why did you fear to trouble my repose ?
He either had obey'd my fond desire,
Or seen his mother, pierc'd with grief, expire.
Bid Dolius quick attend, the faithful slave
Whom to my nuptial train Icarus gave,
To tend the fruit-groves : with incessant speed
He shall this violence of death decreed
To good Laertes tell. Experienc'd age
May timely intercept the ruffian-rage.
Convene the tribes, the murderous plot reveal,
And to their power to save his race appeal.

Then Euryclea thus : My dearest dread !
Though to the sword I bow this hoary head,
Or in a dungeon be the pain decreed,
I own me conscious of th' unpleasing deed :
Auxiliary to his flight, my aid implor'd ;
With wine and viands I the vessel stor'd :
A solemn oath, impos'd, the secret seal'd,
Till the twelfth dawn the light of heaven reveal'd.
Dread'st thou th' afflict of a fond mother's ear,
He dar'd not violate your royal ear.

But bathe, and, in imperial robes array'd,
Pay due devotions to the martial Mind,
And rest affianc'd in her guardian aid. }
Send not to good Laertes, nor engage
In toils of state the miseries of age :
'Tis impious to summe, the Powers divine
To ruin doom the Jove-descended line :
Long shall the race of just Arcegius reign,
And illes remote enlarge his old domain.

The queen her speech with calm attention
hears,

Her eyes restrain the silver-streaming tears :
She bathes, and, robb'd, the sacred doom ascends :
Her pious speed a female train attends :
The salted cakes in canisters are laid,
And thus the queen invokes Minerva's aid :

Daughter divine of Jove, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreaded shield !
If e'er Ulysses to thy sanc prefer'd
The best and choicest of his flock and herd ;
Hear, Goddess, hear, by those oblations won ;
And for the pious sire preserve the son :
His wish'd return with happy power befriend,
And on the suitors let thy wrath descend.

She ceas'd ; shrill extacies of joy declare
The favouring Goddess present to the prayer :
The suitors heard, and deem'd the mirthful voice
A signal of her hymenæal choice :
Whilst one most jovial thus accosts the board ;
“ Too late the queen selects a second lord :

" In evil hour the nuptial rite intends,
 " When o'er her son disastrous death impends."
 Thus he, unkill'd of what the Fates provide !
 But with severe rebuke Antinous cry'd :

These empty vaunts will make the voyage vain ;
 Alarm not with discourse the menial train :
 The great event with silent hope attend ;
 Our deeds alone our counsel must commend.
 His speech thus ended short, he frowning rose,
 And twenty chiefs renown'd for valour chose :
 Down to the strand he speeds with haughty strides,
 Where anchor'd in the bay the vessel rides,
 Replete with male and military store,
 In all her tackle trim to quit the shore.
 The desperate crew ascend, unfurl the sails
 (The sea-ward prow invites the tardy gales) ;
 Then take repast, till Hesperus display'd
 His golden circlet in the western shade.

Mean time the queen, without reflection due,
 Heart-wounded, to the bed of state withdrew :
 In her sad breast the prince's fortunes roll,
 And hope and doubt alternate seize her soul.
 So when the woodman's toil her cave surrounds,
 And with the hunter's cry the grove resounds ;
 With grief and rage the mother-lion stung,
 Fearless herself, yet trembles for her young.

While pensive in the silent slumberous shade,
 Sleep's gentle powers her drooping eyes invade ;
 Minerva, life-like, on imbodied air
 Impres'd the form of Iphthima the fair
 (Icarius' daughter she, whose blooming charms
 Allur'd Eumelus to her virgin-arms ;
 A scepter'd lord, who o'er the fruitful plain
 Of Thessaly, wide stretch'd his ample reign) :
 As Pallas wail'd, along the fable skies,
 To calm the queen, the phantom-sister flies.
 Swift on the regal dome descending right,
 The bolted valves are pensive to her sight.
 Close to her head the pleasing vision stands,
 And thus performs Minerva's high commands.

O why, Penelope, this causeless fear,
 'To render sleep's lost blessing unsincere ?
 Alike devote to to-morrow's dire extreme
 The day-reflection, and the midnight dream !
 Thy son the Gods propitiously will restore,
 And bid thee cease his absence to deplore.

To whom the queen (whilst yet her pensive
 mind

Was in the silent gates of sleep confin'd)
 O sister, to my soul for ever dear,
 Who this first visit to reprove my fear ?
 How in a realm so distant should you know
 From what deep source my deathless sorrows flow ?
 To all my hope my royal lord is lost,
 His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast :
 And, with consummate woe to weigh me down,
 The heir of all his honours and his crown,
 My darling son is fled ! an easy prey
 To the fierce storms, or men more fierce than
 they :

Who, in a league of blood associates sworn,
 Will intercept th' unwary youth's return.

Courage resume, the shadowy form reply'd,
 In the protecting care of heaven confide :
 On him attends the blue-ey'd martial Maid ;
 What earthly can implore a surer aid ?
 Me now the guardian Goddess deigns to send,
 To bid thee patient his return attend

The queen replies : If in the blest abodes
 A Goddess, thou hast commerce with the Gods ;
 Say, breathes my lord the blissful realm of light,
 Or lies he wrapt in ever-during night ?

Enquire not of his doom, the phantom cries,
 I speak not all the counsel of the skies :
 Nor must indulge with vain discourse, or long,
 The windy satisfaction of the tongue.

Swift through the valves the visionary fair
 Repals'd, and viewless mix'd with common air.
 The queen awakes, deliver'd of her woes :
 With florid joy her heart dilating glows :
 The vision, manifest of future fate,
 Makes her with hope her son's arrival wait.

Mean time the suitors plough the watery plain,
 Telemachus in thought already slain !
 When sight of lessening Ithaca was lost,
 Their sail directed for the Samian coast,
 A small but verdant isle appear'd in view,
 And Asteris th' advancing pilot knew :
 An ample port the rocks projected form,
 To break the rolling waves, and ruffling storm :
 That safe recess they gain with happy speed,
 And in close ambush wait the murderous deed.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Departure of Ulysses from Calypso.

Pallas in a council of the Gods complains of the detention of Ulysses in the island of Calypso ; whereupon Mercury is sent to command his removal. The seat of Calypso described. She consents with much difficulty ; and Ulysses builds a vessel with his own hands, on which he embarks. Neptune overtakes him with a terrible tempest, in which he is shipwrecked, and in the last danger of death : till Leucothea, a Sea Goddess, assists him, and, after innumerable perils, he gets ashore on Phœacia.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
 rose resurgent from Tithonus' bed ;
 With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
 And gild the courts of Heaven with sacred
 light. •

Then met th' eternal synod of the sky,
 Before the God who thunders from on high,
 Supreme in might, sublime in majesty,
 Pallas, to these, deploras th' unequal fates
 Of wise Ulysses, and his toils relates :

}

Her Hero's danger touch'd the pitying Power,
The nymph's seducements, and the magic bower.

Thus she began her plaint: Immortal Jove!
And you who fill the blissful seats above!

Let kings no more with gentle mercy sway,
Or bless a people willing to obey,

But crush the nations with an iron rod,
And every monarch be the scourge of God:

If from your thoughts Ulysses you remove,
Who rul'd his subjects with a father's love.

Sole in an isle, encircled by the main,
Abandon'd, banish'd from his native reign,

Unblest he sighs, detain'd by lawless charms,
And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.

Nor friends are there, nor vessels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeasurable way.

And now fierce traitors, studious to destroy
His only son, their ambush'd fraud employ;
Who, pious, following his great father's fame,
To sacred Pylos and to Sparta came.

What words are these, (reply'd the Power who
forms

The clouds of night, and darkens Heaven with
Is not already in thy soul decreed, [Itornus)

The chief's return shall make the guilty bleed?

What cannot wisdom do? Thou may'st restore

The son in safety to his native shore;

While the fell foes, who late in ambush lay,

With fraud defeated, measure back their way.

Then thus to Hermes the command was given:

Hermes, thou chosen messenger of heaven!

Go, to the nymph be these our orders borne:

'Tis Jove's decree, Ulysses shall return:

The patient man shall view his old abodes,

Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding Gods;

In twice ten days shall fertile Sheria find,

Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.

The bold Phæacians there, whose haughty line

Is mix'd with Gods, half human, half divine,

The chief shall honour as some heavenly guest,

And swift transport him to his place of rest.

His vessels loaded with a plenteous store

Of brass, of vestures, and resplendent ore

(A richer prize than if his joyful life

Receiv'd him charg'd with Iliion's noble spoil).

His friends, his country, he shall see, though late;

Such is our sovereign will, and such is fate.

He spoke. The God who mounts the winged
winds

Fast to his feet the golden pinions binds,

That high through helds of air his flight

O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main.

He grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,

Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye:

Then shoots from heaven to high Pieria's steep,

And stoops incumbent on the rolling deep.

So watery fowl, that seek their fishy food,

With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,

Now sailing smooth the level surface sweep,

Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.

Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,

Till now the distant island rose in view:

Then, swift ascending from the azure wave,

He took the path that wended to the cave.

Large was the grot, in which the nymph he
found [crown'd);

(The fair-hair'd nymph with every beauty

She fate, and sung: the rocks resound her lays;

The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze:

Cedar and frankincense, an odorous pile,

Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle;

While she with work and song the time divides,

And through the loom the golden shuttle guides.

Without the grot a various sylvan scene

Appear'd around, and groves of living green;

Poplars and alders ever quivering play'd,

And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade;

On whose high branches, waving with the storm,

The birds of broadest wing their mansion form,

The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,

And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.

Depending vines the shelving caverns screen,

With purple clusters blushing through the green.

Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil;

And every fountain pours a several rill,

In mazy windings wandering down the hill: }

Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were
crown'd,

And glowing violets threw odours round.

A scene, where if a God should cast his sight,

A God might gaze, and wander with delight!

Joy touch'd the messenger of heaven: he stay'd,

Entranc'd, and all the blissful haunt survey'd.

Him, entering in the cave, Calypso knew;

For Powers celestial to each other's view

Stand still confess, though distant far they lie

To inhabitants of earth, or sea, or sky.

But sad Ulysses, by himself apart,

Pour'd the big sorrows of his swelling heart;

All on the lonely shore he fate to weep,

And roll'd his eyes around the restless deep;

Tow'rd his lov'd coast he roll'd his eyes in vain,

Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd a-
gain.

Now graceful seated on her shining throne,

To Hermes thus the nymph divine begun:

God of the golden wand! on what behest

Arriv'st thou here, an unexpected guest?

Lov'd as thou art, thy free injunctions lay;

'Tis mine with joy and duty to obey.

Till now a stranger, in a happy hour

Approach, and taste the dainties of my bower.

Thus having spoke, the nymph the table spread

(Ambrosial cates, with nectar rosy-red);

Hermes the hospitable rite partook,

Divine refection! then, recruited, spoke:

What mov'd this journey from my native sky,

A Goddess asks, nor can a God deny:

Hear then the truth. By mighty Jove's command,

Unwilling, have I trod this pleasing land;

For who, self-mov'd, with weary wing would,
sweep

Such length of ocean and unmeasur'd deep:

A world of waters! far from all the ways

Where men frequent, or sacred altars blaze?

But to Jove's will submission we must pay;

What power so great, to dare to disobey?

A man, he says, a man resides with thee,

Of all his kind most worn with misery:

The Greeks (whose arms for nine long years em-
ploy'd

Their force in Iliion, in the tenth destroy'd)

At length embarking in a luckless hour,

With conquest proud, incens'd Minerva's power:

Hence on the guilty race her vengeance rind,
With storms purged them through the liquid
world.

There all his vessels sunk beneath the wave!
There all his dear companions found their grave!
Saw'd from the jaws of death by Heaven's decree,
The tempest drove him to their shores and thee.
Him Jove now orders to his native lands
Straight to dismiss; so destiny commands:
Impatient Fate his near return attends,
And calls him to his country and his friends.
Ev'n to her inmost soul the Goddess shook;
Then thus her anguish and her passion broke:
Ungracious Gods! with spite and envy curst!
Still to your own æthereal race the worst!
Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,
And love, the only sweet of life, destroy.
Did ever Goddess by her charms engage
A favour'd mortal, and not feel your rage?
So when Aurora fought Orion's love,
Her joys disturb'd your blissful hours above,
Till, in Ortygia, Dian's winged dart
Had pierc'd the hapless hunter to the heart.
So when the covert of the thrice-ear'd field
Saw stately Ceres to her passion yield,
Scarce could Iason taste her heavenly charms,
But Jove's swift lightning scorch'd him in her
arms.

And is it now my turn, ye mighty Powers!
Am I the envy of your blissful bowers?
A man, an outcast to the storm and wave,
It was my crime to pity, and to save;
When he who thunders rent his bark in twain,
And sunk his brave companions in the main.
Alone, abandon'd, in mid ocean tost,
The sport of winds, and driven from every coast,
Hither this man of miseries I led,
Receiv'd the friendless, and the hungry fed;
Nay promis'd (vainly promis'd) to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.
'Tis past—and Jove decrees he shall remove;
Gods as we are, we are but slaves to Jove.
Go then he may (he must, if He ordain,
Try all those dangers, all those deeps, again):
But never, never shall Calypso lend
To toils like these, her husband and her friend.
What ships have I, what sailors to convey,
What oars to cut the long laborious way?
Yet, I'll direct the safest means to go:
That last advice is all I can bestow.

To her, the Power who bears the charming
rod:

Dismiss the man, nor irritate the God;
Prevent the rage of him who reigns above,
For what so dreadful as the wrath of Jove?
Thus having said, he cut the cleaving sky,
And in a moment vanish'd from her eye.
The nymph, obedient to divine command,
To seek Ulysses, pac'd along the sand.
Him pensive on the lonely beach she found,
With streaming eyes in briny torrents drown'd,
And inly pining for his native shore:
For now the soft enchantress pleas'd no more:
For now, reluctant, and constrain'd by charms,
Absent he lay in her desiring arms,
In slumber wore the heavy night away,
On rocks and shores consum'd the tedious day;

There fate all desolate, and sigh'd alone,
With echoing sorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the restless main,
Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd a-
gain.

Here, on his musing mood the Goddess prest,
Approaching soft; and thus the chief address:
Unhappy man! to waiting woes a prey,
No more in sorrows languish life away:
Free as the winds I give thee now to rove—
Go, fell the timber of yon lofty grove,
And form a raft, and build the rising ship,
Sublime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep.
To store the vessel, let the care be mine,
With water from the rock, and rosy wine,
And life-sustaining bread, and fair array,
And prosperous gales to waft thee on the way.
These, if the Gods with my desires comply,
(The Gods, alas! more mighty far than I,
And better skill'd in dark events to come)
In peace shall land thee at thy native home.

With sighs, Ulysses heard the words she spoke;
Then thus his melancholy silence broke:
Some other motive, Goddess! sways thy mind,
(Some close design, or turn of womankind)
Nor my return the end, nor this the way,
On a slight raft to pass the swelling sea,
Huge, horrid, vast! where scarce in safety sails
The best-built ship, though Jove inspire the gales.
The bold proposal how shall I fulfil,
Dark as I am, unconscious of thy will?
Swear then thou mean'st not what my soul fore-
bodes;

Swear by the solemn oath that binds the Gods.

Him, while he spoke, with smiles Calypso ey'd,
And gently grasp'd his hand, and thus reply'd:
This shows thee, friend, by old experience taught,
And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought,
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise?
But hear, O earth! and hear ye sacred skies!
And thou, O Styx! whose formidable floods
Glide through the shades, and bind th' attending
Gods!

No form'd design, no meditated end,
Lurks in the counsel of thy faithful friend;
Kind the persuasion, and sincere my aim;
The same my practice, were my fate the same.
Heaven has not curst me with a heart of steel,
But given the sense, to pity and to feel.

Thus having said, the Goddess march'd before:
He trod her footsteps in the sandy shore.
At the cool cave arriv'd, they took their state;
He fill'd the throne where Mercury had fate.
For him the nymph a rich repast ordains,
Such as the mortal life of man sustains;
Before herself were plac'd the cates divine,
Ambrosial banquet, and celestial wine.
Their hunger satiate, and their thirst repress,
Thus spake Calypso to her godlike guest:

Ulysses! (with a sigh she thus began)
O sprung from Gods! in wisdom more than man;
Is then thy home the passion of thy heart?
Thou wilt thou leave me, are we thus to part?
Farewell! and ever joyful may't thou be,
Nor break the transport with one thought of me.
But ah, Ulysses! wert thou given to know
What fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo;

Thy heart might settle in this scene of ease,
And ev'n these slighted charms might learn to
please.

A willing Goddess and immortal life
Might banish from thy mind an absent wife.
Am I inferior to a mortal dame?
Less soft my feature, less august my frame?
Or shall the daughters of mankind compare
Their earth-born beauties with the heavenly fair?

Alas! for this (the prudent man replies)
Against Ulysses shall thy anger rise?
Lov'd and ador'd, oh Goddess! as thou art,
Forgive the weakness of a human heart.
Though well I see thy graces far above
The dear, though mortal, object of my love,
Of youth eternal well the difference know,
And the short date of fading charms below;
Yet every day, while absent thus I roam,
I languish to return and die at home.
Whate'er the Gods shall destine me to bear
In the black ocean, or the watery war,
'Tis mine to master with a constant mind;
Enur'd to perils, to the worst resign'd.
By seas, by wars, so many dangers run,
Still I can suffer: their high will be done!

Thus while he spoke, the beamy sun descends
And rising night her friendly shade extends.
To the close grot the lonely pair remove,
And slept delighted with the gifts of love.
When rosy morning call'd them from their rest,
Ulysses rob'd him in the cloak and vest.
The nymph's fair head a veil transparent grac'd,
Her swelling loins a radiant zone embrac'd
With flowers of gold: an under robe, unbound,
In snowy waves flow'd glittering on the ground.
Forth issuing thus, she gave him first to wield
A weighty axe with truest temper steel'd,
And double edg'd; the handle smooth and plain,
Wrought of the clouded olive's easy grain;
And next, a wedge to drive with sweepy sway:
Then to the neighbouring forest led the way.
On the lone island's utmost verge there stood
Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
Whose leafless summits to the skies aspire,
Scorch'd by the sun, or fear'd by heavenly fire
(Already dry'd). These pointing out to view,
The nymph just show'd him, and with tears with-
drew.

Now toils the hero; trees on trees o'erthrown
Fall crackling round him, and the forest groan:
Sudden, full twenty on the plain are strow'd,
And lopp'd, and lighten'd of their branchy load.
At equal angles these dispos'd to join, [line.
He smooth'd and squar'd them, by the rule and
(The wimbles for the work Calypso found)
With those he pierc'd them, and with clinchers
bound.

Long and capacious as a shipwright forms
Some bark's broad bottom to out-ride the storms,
So large he built the raft: then ribb'd it strong
From space to space, and nail'd the planks along;
These form'd the sides: the deck he fashion'd last;
Then o'er the vessel rais'd the taper mast,
With crossing sail-yards dancing in the wind;
And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd
(With yielding oars fenc'd, to break the force

Thy loom, Calypso! for the future sails
Supply'd the cloth, capacious of the gales.
With stays and cordage last he rigg'd the ship,
And, roll'd on levers, launch'd her in the deep.

Four days were past, and now the work com-
plete,
Shone the fifth morn: when from her sacred seat
The nymph dismiss'd him, (odorous garments giv-
en) [Heaven:

And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'd of
Then fill'd two goat-skins with her hands divine,
With water one, and one with fable wine:
Of every kind, provisions heav'd aboard;
And the full decks with copious viands stor'd.
The Goddess, last, a gentle breeze supplies,
To curl old ocean, and to warm the skies.

And now, rejoicing in the prosperous gales,
With beating heart, Ulysses spreads his sails;
Piac'd at the helm he sate, and mark'd the skies,
Nor clos'd in sleep his ever-watchful eyes.
There view'd the Pleiads, and the Northern Team,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
To which, around the axle of the sky
The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye:
Who shines exalted on th' æth'ral plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Far on the left those radiant fires to keep
The nymph directed, as he sail'd the deep.
Full seventeen nights he cut the foamy way:
The distant land appear'd the following day:
Then swell'd to fight Phœacia's dusky coast,
And woody mountains, half in vapours lost.
That lay before him, indistinct and vast,
Like a broad shield amid the watery waste.

But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,
From far, on Solyme's aerial brow,
The King of Ocean saw, and teeing burn'd
(From Athiopia's happy climes return'd;)
The raging monarch shook his azure head,
And thus in secret to his soul he said:
Heavens! how uncertain are the Powers on
high?

Is then revers'd the sentence of the sky,
In one man's favour; while a distant guest
I shad secure the Æthiopian feast?
Behold how near Phœacia's land he draws!
The land, assur'd by Fate's eternal laws
To end his toils. Is then our anger vain?
No; if this sceptre yet commands the main.

He spoke, and high the forked trident hurl'd
Rolls clouds on clouds, and stirs the watery world,
At once the face of earth the sea deforms,
Swells all the winds, and rouses all the storms.
Down rush'd the night: east, west, together roar;
And south, and north, roll mountains to the shore;
Then shook the hero, to despair resign'd,
And question'd thus his yet unconquer'd mind:

Wretch that I am! what farther fates attend
This life of toils, and what my destin'd end?
Too well, alas! the Island Goddess knew,
On the black sea what perils should ensue.
New horrors now this destin'd head enclose;
Unfill'd is yet the measure of my woes;
With what a cloud the brows of heaven are crown'd!
What raging winds! what roaring waters round!
'Tis Jove himself the swelling tempests rears;
And ancient death on every side appears.

Happy ! thrice happy ! who, in battle slain,
Prest, in Atreides' cause, the Trojan plain :
Oh ! had I dy'd before that well-fought wall ;
Had some distinguish'd day renown'd my fall
(Such as was that, when showers of javelins fled
From conquering Troy around Achilles dead) ;
All Greece had paid me solemn funerals then,
And spread my glory with the sons of men.
A shameful fate now hides my hapless head,
Un-weep't, un-noted, and for ever dead !

A mighty wave rush'd o'er him as he spoke,
The raft it cover'd, and the mast it broke ;
Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn,
Far on the swelling furge the chief was borne :
While by the howling tempest rent in twain
Flew sail and sail-yards rattling o'er the main.
Long press'd, he heav'd beneath the weighty wave,
Clogg'd by the cumbrous vest Calypso gave :
At length, emerging from his nostrils wide
And gushing mouth, edus'd the briny tide,
Ev'n then not mindless of his last retreat,
He seiz'd the raft, and leapt into his seat,
Strong with the fear of death. The rolling flood
Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood.
As when a heap of gather'd thorns is cast
Now to, now fro, before th' autumnal blast ;
'Together clung, it rolls around the field ;
So roll'd the float, and so its texture held :
And now the south, and now the north, bear }
And now the east the foamy floods obey, { sway,
And now the west-wind whirls it o'er the sea. }
The wandering chief, with toils on toils oppress'd,
Leucothea saw, and pity touch'd her breast
(Herself a mortal once, of Cadmus' strain,
But now an azure sister of the main).

Swift as a sea-mew springing from the flood,
All radiant on the raft the Goddess stood :
'Then thus address'd him : Thou, whom Heaven
decrees

To Neptune's wrath, stern tyrant of the seas,
(Unequal contest ! not his rage and power,
Great as he is, such virtue shall devour.
What I suggest, thy wisdom will perform ;
For sake thy float, and leave it to the storm ;
Strip off thy garments ; Neptune's fury brave
With naked strength, and plunge into the wave.
To reach Phæacia all thy nerves extend,
'There Fate decrees thy miseries shall end.
This heavenly scarf beneath thy bosom bind,
And live ; give all thy terrors to the wind.
Soon as thy arms the happy shore shall gain,
Return the gift, and cast it in the main ;
Observe my orders, and with heed obey,
Cast it far off, and turn thy eyes away.

With that, her hand the sacred veil bestows,
Then down the deeps she div'd from whence she
rose ;

A moment snatch'd the shining form away,
And all was cover'd with the curling sea.

Struck with amaze, yet still to doubt inclin'd,
He stands suspended, and explores his mind.
What shall I do ? Unhappy me ! who knows
But other Gods intend me other woes ?
Whoe'er thou art, I shall not blindly join
Thy pleaded reason, but consult with mine :
For scarce in ken appears that distant isle,
Thy voice foretels me shall conclude my toil.

Thus then I judge ; while yet the planks sustain
The wild waves fury, here I fix'd remain :
But when their texture to the tempests yields,
I launch adventurous on the liquid fields,
Join to the help of Gods the strength of man,
And take this method, since the best I can.

While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,
The raging God a watery mountain roll'd ;
Like a black sheet the whelming billow spread
Bursts o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.
Planks, beams, disparted fly : the scatter'd wood
Rolls diverse, and in fragments strows the flood.
So the rude Boreas, o'er the fields new-shorn,
Tosses and drives the scatter'd heaps of corn.
And now a single beam the chief bestrides ;
There pois'd a while above the bounding tides,
His limbs discomburs of the clinging vest,
And binds the sacred cincture round his breast :
Then prone on ocean in a moment flung,
Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and shot the seas
All naked now, on heaving billows laid, [along.
Stern Neptune ey'd him, and contemptuous said :

Go, learn'd in woes, and other woes essay !
Go, wander helpless on the watery way :
Thus, thus find out the destin'd shore, and then
(If Jove ordains it) mix with happier men.
Whate'er thy fate, the ills our wrath could raise
Shall last remember'd in thy best of days.

This said, his sea-green steeds divide the foam,
And reach high Ægæ and the towery dome.

Now, scarce withdrawn the fierce earth shak-
ing power,
Jove's daughter, Pallas, watch'd the favouring hour,
Back to their caves she bade the winds to fly,
And hush'd the blustering brethren of the sky.
The drier blasts alone of Boreas sway,
And bear him soft on broken waves away ;
With gentle force impelling to that shore,
Where Fate has destin'd he shall toil no more.
And now two nights, and now two days were past,
Since wide he wander'd on the watery waste :
Heav'd on the furge with intermitting breath,
And hourly panting in the arms of death.
The third fair morn now blaz'd upon the main ;
Then glassy smooth lay all the liquid plain :
The winds were hush'd, the billows scarcely curl'd,
And a dead silence still'd the watery world ;
When lifted on a ridgy wave he spies
The land at distance, and with sharpen'd eyes,
As pious children joy with vast delight
When a lov'd fire revives before their sight
(Who, lingering long has call'd on death in vain,
Fix'd by some dæmon to his bed of pain,
'Till Heaven by miracle his life restore) ;
So joys Ulysses at th' appearing shore,
And sees, (and labours onward as he sees)
The rising forests and the tufted trees.
And now, as near approaching as the sound
Of human voice the listening ear may wound,
Amidst the rocks he hears a hollow roar
Of murmuring surges breaking on the shore ;
Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
To shield the vessel from the rolling sea,
But cliffs, and shaggy shores, a dreadful sight !
All-rough with rocks, with foaming billows white.
Fear seiz'd his slacken'd limbs and beating heart ;
As thus commun'd he with his soul apart :

Ah me ! when, o'er a length of waters tost,
 These eyes at last behold th' unhop'd for coast,
 No port receives me from the angry main,
 But the loud deeps demand me back again.
 Above, sharp rocks forbid access ; around,
 Roar the wild waves ; beneath is sea profound !
 No footing sure affords the faithless sand,
 To stem too rapid, and too deep to stand.
 If here I enter, my efforts are in vain,
 Dash'd on the cliffs, or heav'd into the main ;
 Or round the island if my course I bend.
 Where the ports open, or the shores descend,
 Back to the seas the rolling surge may sweep,
 And bury all my hopes beneath the deep.
 Or some enormous whale the God may lend,
 (For many such on Amphitrite attend)
 Too well the turns of mortal chance I know,
 And hate relentless of my heavenly foe. [shore
 While thus he thought, a monstrous wave up-
 The chief, and dash'd him on the craggy shore :
 Torn was his skin, nor had the ribs been whole,
 But instant Pallas enter'd in his soul.
 Close to the cliff with both his hands he clung,
 And stuck adherent, and suspended hung ; [sweep
 Till the huge surge roll'd off ; then, backward
 The reflux tides, and plunge him in the deep.
 As when the Polypus, from forth his cave
 Torn with full force, reluctant beats the wave :
 His ragged claws are stuck with stones and sands :
 So the rough rock had snagg'd Ulysses hands.
 And now had perish'd, whelm'd beneath the main,
 Th' unhappy man : ev'n Fate had been in vain :
 But all-subduing Pallas lent her power,
 And prudence sav'd him in the needful hour.
 Beyond the beating surge his course he bore
 (A wider circle, but in sight of shore)
 With longing eyes, observing, to survey
 Some smooth ascent, or safe sequester'd bay.
 Between the parting rocks at length he 'spy'd
 A falling stream with gentler waters glide ;
 Where to the seas the shelving shore declin'd,
 And form'd a bay impervious to the wind.
 To this calm port the glad Ulysses prest,
 And hail'd the river, and its God address :
 Whoe'er thou art, before whose stream unknown
 I bend, a suppliant at thy watery throne,
 Hear, azure king ! nor let me fly in vain
 To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
 Heaven hears and pities hapless men like me,
 For sacred ev'n to Gods is misery :
 Let then thy waters give the weary rest,
 And save a suppliant, and a man distressed.
 He pray'd, and straight the gentle stream sub-
 Detains the rushing current of his tides, [sides,
 Before the wanderer smooths the watery way,
 And soft receives him from the rolling sea.
 That moment, fainting as he touch'd the shore,
 He dropt his sinewy arms : his knees no more

Perform'd their office, or his weight upheld :
 His swollen heart heav'd ; his bloated body swell'd ;
 From mouth and nose the briny torrent ran ;
 And lost in lassitude lay all the man,
 Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath ;
 The soul scarce waking in the arms of death.
 Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
 The mindful chief Leucothea's scarf unbound ;
 Observant of her word, he turn'd aside
 His head, and cast it on the rolling tide.
 Behind him far, upon the purple waves
 The waters wait it, and the nymph receives.

Now parting from the stream, Ulysses found
 A mossy bank, with pliant rushes crown'd !
 The bank he press'd, and gently kiss'd the ground ;
 Where on the flowery herb as soft he lay,
 Thus to his soul the sage began to say :

What will ye next ordain, ye Powers on high ?
 And yet, ah ! yet, what Fates are we to try ?
 Here by the stream, if I the night out-wear,
 Thus spent already, how shall nature bear
 The dews descending, and nocturnal air ;
 Or chilly vapours, breathing from the flood
 When morning rises ?—If I take the wood,
 And in thick shelter of innumerable boughs
 Enjoy the comfort gently sleep allows ;
 Though fenc'd from cold, and though my toil be
 past,

What savage beasts may wander in the waste ;
 Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey
 To prowling bears, or lions in the way.

Thus long debating in himself he stood :
 At length he took the passage to the wood,
 Whose shady horrors on a rising brow
 Wav'd high, and frown'd upon the stream below.
 There grew two olives, closest of the grove,
 With roots entwined, and branches interwove ;
 Alike their leaves, but not alike they smil'd
 With sister fruits ; one fertile, one was wild.
 Nor here the sun's meridian rays had power,
 Nor wind sharp-piercing, nor the rushing shower ;
 The verdant arch so close its texture kept :
 Beneath this covert great Ulysses crept.
 Of gather'd leaves an ample bed he made
 (Thick strown by tempest through the bowery
 shade) ;

Where three at least might winter's cold defy,
 Though Boreas rag'd along th' inclement sky.
 This store, with joy the patient hero found,
 And, sunk amidst them, heap'd the leaves around.
 As some poor peasant, fated to reside
 Remote from neighbours in a forest wide,
 Studious to save what human wants require,
 In embers heap'd, preserves the seeds of fire :
 Hid in dry foliage thus Ulysses lies,
 Till Pallas pour'd soft slumbers on his eyes ;
 And golden dreams (the gift of sweet repose)
 Lull'd all his cares, and banish'd all his woes.

B O O K VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pallas, appearing in a dream to Nausicaa (the daughter of Alcinous king of Phæacia), commands her to descend to the river, and wash the robes of state, in preparation to her nuptials. Nausicaa goes with her handmaids to the river; where, while the garments are spread on the bank, they divert themselves in sports. Their voices awake Ulysses, who, addressing himself to the prince's, is by her relieved and clothed, and receives directions in what manner to apply to the king and queen of the island.

WHILE thus the weary wanderer sunk to rest,
And peaceful slumbers calm'd his anxious breast;
'The Martial Maid from heaven's aerial height
Swift to Phæacia wing'd her rapid flight.
In elder times the soft Phæacian train
In ease possess the wide Hyperian plain;
Till the Cyclopean race in arms arose,
A lawless nation of Gigantic foes:
'Then great Naufithous from Hyperia far,
Through seas retreating from the sound of war,
'The recreant nation to fair Scheria led,
Where never science rear'd her laurel'd head:
'There, round his tribes a strength of wall he rais'd:
'To heaven the glittering domes and temples blaz'd:
'Uss to his realms, he parted grounds from grounds,
And shar'd the lands, and gave the lands their
bounds.

Now in the silent grave the monarch lay,
And wife Alcinous held the regal sway.
To his high palace through the fields of air
The Goddesses shot; Ulysses was her care.
There as the night in silence roll'd away,
A heaven of charms divine Nausicaa lay:
Through the thick gloom the shining portals blaze;
'Two nymphs the portals guard, each nymph a
Grace.

Light as the viewless air the Warrior-Maid
Glides thro' the valves, and hovers round her head;
A favourite virgin's blooming form she took,
From Dymas sprung, and thus the vision spoke:

Oh indolent! to waste thy hours away!
And sleep'st thou careless of the bridal day?
Thy spousal ornament neglected lies;
Arise, prepare the bridal train, arise!
A just applause the cares of duty impart,
And give not transport to a parent's heart.
Haste, to the limpid stream direct thy way,
When the day morn unveils her smiling ray:
Haste to the stream! Companion of thy case,
Lo, I thy steps attend, thy labours share.
Virgin, awake! the marriage-hour is nigh,
See! from their thrones thy kindred monarchs
'The royal car at early dawn obtain, [high!
And order mules obedient to the rein;
For rough the way, and distant rolls the wave,
Where their fair veils Phæacian virgins lave.
In pomp ride forth; for pomp becomes the great,
And majesty derives a grace from state.

Then to the palaces of heaven she sails,
Incumbent on the wings of wafting gales:

The seat of Gods; the regions mild of peace,
Full joy, and calm eternity of ease.
There no rude winds presume to shake the skies,
No rains descend, no snowy vapours rise;
But on immortal thrones the blest repose:
The firmament with living splendours glows.
Hither the Goddesses wing'd th' aerial way,
Thro' heaven's eternal gates that blaz'd with day.

Now from her rosy car Aurora fled
The dawn, and all the orient flam'd with red.
Up rose the virgin with the morning light,
Obedient to the vision of the night. [slow'd
The queen the thought: the queen her hours be-
lie curious works; the whirling spindle glow'd
With crimson threads, while holy damsels cull
The snowy fleece, or twist the purpled wool.
Mean while Phæacia's peers in council sat;
From his high doom the king descends in state,
Then with a filial awe the royal maid
Approach'd him passing and submissive said:

Will my dread sire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal ear obtain?
Say, with thy garments shall I bend my way,
Where through the vales the mazy waters stray?
A dignity of dress adorns the great,
And kings draw lustre from the robe of state.
Five sons thou hast; three wait the bridal day,
And spotless robes become the young and gay:
So when with praise amid the dance they shine,
By these my cares adorn'd, that praise is mine.

Thus she: but blushing ill-restrain'd betray
Her thoughts intentive on the bridal day:
The conscious fire the dawning blush survey'd,
And smiling thus bespoke the blooming maid:
My child, my darling joy, the car receive;
That, and whate'er our daughter asks, we give.

Swift at the royal nod th' attending train
The car prepare, the mules incessant rein.
The blooming virgin with dispatchful cares
Tunicks, and stoles, and robes imperial, bears.
The queen, assiduous, to her train assigns
The sumptuous viands, and the flavoured wines.
The train prepare a cruise of curious mould,
A cruise of fragrance, form'd of burnish'd gold;
Odour divine! whose soft refreshing streams
Sleck the smooth skin, and scent the snowy limbs.

Now mounting the gay seat, the filken reins
Shine in her hand: along the founding plains
Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph alone,
Around, a bevy of bright damsels shone.

They seek the cisterns where Phœnician dames
Wash their fair garments in the limpid streams;
Where, gathering into depth from falling rills;
The lucid wave a spacious basin fills.
The mules unharnes'd range beside the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.

Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave;
(The vestures cleans'd o'er, read the shelly fand,
Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand :)
Then with a short repast relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil;
And, while the robes imbibe the solar ray,
O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play
(Their shining veils unbound). Along the skies
Toit, and reitot, the ball incessant flies.
They sport, they feast; Nausicaa lifts her voice,
And, warbling sweet, makes earth and heaven re-

As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves, [voice.
Or Wide Taygetus' resounding groves;
A sylvan train the huntress queen surrounds,
Her rattling quiver from her shoulder sounds:
Fierce in the sport, along the mountain's brow
They bay the boar, or chase the bounding roe:
High o'er the lawn with more majestic pace,
Above the nymphs she treads with stately grace;
Distinguish'd excellence the Goddess proves;
Exults Latona, as the virgin moves.

With equal grace Nausicaa trod the plain,
And shone transcendant o'er the beauteous train.

Mean time (the care and favourite of the skies)
Wrapt in embowering shade, Ulysses lies,
His woes forgot! but Pallas now address
To break the bands of all-composing rest.
Forth from her snowy hand Nausicaa threw
The various ball; the ball erroneous flew,
And swam the stream: loud shrieks the virgin
train,

And the loud shriek redoubles from the main.
Wak'd by the shrilling sound, Ulysses roic,
And, to the deaf woods wailing, breath'd his woes:

Ah me! on what inhospitable coast,
Or what new region, is Ulysses tolt?
Puff'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms;
O men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
What fountains are these that gather from the
shores: [bowers,

The voice of nymphs that haunt the sylvan
The fair-hair'd Dryads of the shady wood;
Or azure daughters of the silver flood;
Or human voice? but, issuing from the shades,
Why cease I to wait to learn what sound invades?

Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous
bends

With forceful strength a branch the hero rends;
Around his loins the verdant cincture spreads
A wreathy foliage and concealing shades.
As when a lion in the midnight hours,
Beat by rude blasts, and wet with wintry showers,
Deicends terrific from the mountain's brow:
With living flames his rolling eye-balls glow;
With conscious strength elate, he bends his way,
Majestically fierce, to seize his prey
(The steer or stag): or with keen hunger bold,
Springs o'er the fence, and dissipates the fold.
It is a terror, from the neighbouring groves
(Rough from the tossing surge) Ulysses moves;

Urg'd on by want, and recent from the storms;
The brackish ooze his manly face deforms.
Wide o'er the shore with many a piercing cry
To rocks, to caves, the frightened virgins fly:
All but the nymph: the nymph stood fix'd alone,
By Pallas arm'd with boldness not her own.
Mean time in dubious thought the king awaits,
And, self-considering, as he stands, debates;
Distant his mournful story to declare,
Or prostrate at her knee address the prayer.
But fearful to offend, by Wisdom sway'd,
At awful distance he accosts the maid:

If from the skies a Goddess, or if earth
(Imperial virgin) boast thy glorious birth,
To thee I bend! if in that bright disguise
Thou visit earth, a daughter of the skies,
Hail, Dian, hail! the huntress of the groves
So shines majestic, and so stately moves,
So breathes an air divine! But if thy race
Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,
Blest is the father from whose loins you sprung
Blest is the mother at whose breast you hung,
Blest are the brethren who thy blood divide,
To such a miracle of charms ally'd:
Joyful they see applauding princes gaze,
When stately in the dance you swim th' harmo-
nious maze.

But blest o'er all, the youth with heavenly charms,
Who clasps the bright perfection in his arms!
Never, I never view'd till this blest hour
Such finish'd grace! I gaze, and I adore!
Thus seems the palm with stately honours crown'd
By Phœbus' altars; thus o'erlooks the ground;
The pride of Delos. (By the Delian coast,
I voyag'd, leader of a warrior-host,
But ah, how chang'd! from thence my sorrow
O fatal voyage, source of all my woes!) [flows;
Raptur'd I stood, and, as this hour amaz'd,
With reverence at the lofty wonder gaz'd;
Raptur'd I stand! for earth ne'er knew to bear
A plant so stately, or a nymph so fair.
Aw'd from access, I lift my suppliant hands;
For misery, O queen, before thee stands!
Twice ten tempestuous nights I roll'd, resign'd
To roaring billows, and the warring wind;
Heaven bade the deep to spare! but Heaven, my
Spares only to inflict some mightier woe! [for,
Inur'd to care, to death in all its forms;
Outcast I rove, familiar with the storms!
Once more I view the face of human-kind:
Oh, let soft pity touch thy generous mind!
Unconscious of what air I breathe, I stand
Naked, defenceless, on a foreign land.
Propitious to my wants a vest supply
To guard the wretched from th' inclement sky:
So may the Gods, who heaven and earth control,
Crown the chaste wishes of thy virtuous soul,
On thy lost hours their choicest blessings shed;
Blest with a husband be thy bridal bed:
Blest be the husband with a blooming race,
And lasting union crown your blissful days.
The Gods, when they supremely bless, bestow
Firm union on their favourites below:
Then envy grieves, with inly-pining hate;
The good exult, and Heaven is in our state.

To whom the nymph: O stranger, cease thy
Wife is thy soul, but man is born to bear: [care;

Jove weighs affairs of earth, in dubious scales,
And the good suffers, while the bad prevails:
Bear, with a soul resign'd, the will of Jove;
Who breathes, must mourn: thy woes are from
But since thou tread'st our hospitable shore, [above.
'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more,
To clothe the naked, and thy way to guide—
Know, the Phæacian tribes this land divide;
From great Alcineus' royal loins I spring,
A happy nation, and an happy king.

Then to her maids: Why, why, ye coward
train,

These fears, this flight? Ye fear, and fly in vain.
Dread ye a foe? dismiss that idle dread,
'Tis death with hostile steps these shores to tread:
Safe in the love of Heaven, an ocean flows
Around our realm, a barrier from the foes;
'Tis ours this ion of sorrow to relieve,
Cheer the sad heart, nor let affliction grieve.
By Jove the stranger and the poor are lent;
And what to those we give, to Jove is lent.
'Then food supply, and bathe his fainting limbs
Where waving shades obscure the mazy streams.

Obedient to the call, the chief they guide
To the calm current of the secret tide:
Close by the stream a royal drefs they lay,
A vest and robe, with rich embroidery gay:
'Then unguents in a vase of gold supply,
That breath'd a fragrance through the balmy sky.

To them the king: No longer I detain
Your friendly care: retire, ye virgin train!
Retire, while from my weary'd limbs I lave
The foul pollution of the briny wave:
Ye Gods! since this worn frame refection knew,
What scenes have I survey'd of dreadful view!
But, nymphs, recede! sage chastity denies
To raise the blush, or pain the modest eyes.

The nymphs withdrawn, at once into the tide
Active he bounds; the flashing waves divide:
O'er all his limbs his hands the wave diffuse,
And from his locks compress the weedy ooze;
The balmy oil, a fragrant shower, he sheds;
Then, drest, in pomp magnificently treads,
The Warrior Goddess gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarg'd, and air divine:
Back from his brow a length of hair unfurls,
His hyacinthine locks descend in wavy curls.
As by some artist, to whom Vulcan gives
His skill divine, a breathing statue lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould,
And o'er the silver pours the fusile gold.
So Pallas his heroic frame improves
With heavenly bloom, and like a God he moves.
A fragrance breathes around: majestic grace
Attends his steps: th' astonish'd virgins gaze.
Soft he reclines along the murmuring seas,
Inhaling freshness from the fanning breeze.

The wondering nymph his glorious port sur-
And to her damsels with amazement, said: [vey'd.

Not without care divine the stranger treads
This land of joy: his steps some Godhead leads:
Would Jove destroy him, sure he had been driven
Far from the realm, the favourite isle of Heaven.
Late a sad spectacle of woe, he trod
The desert sands, and now he looks a God.
Oh, Heaven! in my connubial hour decree
This man my spouse, or such a spouse as he!

But haste, the viands and the bowl provide—
The maids the viands, and the bowl supply'd:
Eager he fed, for keen his hunger rag'd,

and with the generous vintage thirst asswag'd.

Now on return her care Nausicaa bends,
The robes resumes, the glittering car ascends,
Far blooming o'er the field: and as she press'd
The splendid feat, the listening chief address'd:

Stranger, arise! the sun rolls down the day,

! to the palace I direct the way:

Where in high state the nobles of the land
Attend my royal fire, a radiant band.

But hear, though wisdom in thy soul presides,
peaks from thy tongue, and every action guides;

Advance at distance while I pass the plain

Where o'er the furrows waves the golden grain:

Alone I re-ascend—With airy mounds

A strength of wall the guarded city bounds:

The jutting land two ample bays divides:

Full thro' the narrow mouths descend the tides:

The spacious basins arching rocks enclose,

A sure defence from every storm that blows.

Close to the bay great Neptune's fane adjoins;

And near, a forum flank'd with marble shines,

Where the bold youth, the numerous fleets to
store,

Shape the broad sail, or smooth the taper oar:

For not the bow they bend, nor loast the skill

To give the feather'd arrows wings to kill;

But the tall mast above the vessel rear,

Or teach the fluttering sail to float in air.

They rush into the deep with eager joy,

Climb the steep surge, and thro' the tempest fly;

A proud, unpolish'd race—To me belongs

The care to shun the blast of slanderous tongues;

—It malice, prone the virtuous to defame,

Thus with vile censure taint my spotless name:

“What stranger this whom thus Nausicaa
“leads?”

“Heavens, with what graceful majesty he treads!

“Perhaps a native of some distant shore,

“The future consort of her bridal hour;

“Or rather some descendant of the skies;

“Won by her prayers, th' aerial bridegroom flies.

“Heaven on that hour his choicest influence shed,

“That gave a foreign spouse to crown her bed!

“All, all the godlike worthies that adorn

“This realm, she flies: Phæacia is her scorn.”

And just the blame: for female innocence

Not only flies the guilt, but shuns th' offence:

Th' unguarded virgin, as unchaste, I blame;

And the least freedom with the sex is shame,

Till our consenting fires a spouse provide,

And public nuptials justify the bride.

But would'st thou soon review thy native plain,

Attend, and speedy thou shalt pass the main:

Nigh where a grove with verdant poplars
crown'd,

To Pallas sacred, shades the holy ground,

We bend our way: a bubbling fount distils

A lucid lake, and thence descends in rills;

Around the grove a mead with lively green

Falls by degrees, and forms a beauteous scene;

Here a rich juice the royal vineyard pours;

And there the garden yields a waste of flowers.

Hence lies the town, as far as to the ear

Floats a strong shout along the waves of air.

Nij

There wait embower'd, while I ascend alone
To great Alcinous on his royal throne.

Arriv'd, advance impatient of delay,
And to the lofty palace bend thy way :
The lofty palace overlooks the town,
From every dome by pomp superior known ;
A child may point the way. With earnest gait
Seek thou the queen along the rooms of state ;
Her royal hand a wondrous work designs,
Around a circle of bright damsels shines,
Part twist the threads, and part the wood dispose,
While with the purple orb the spindle glows.
High on a throne, amid the Scherian powers,
My royal father shares the genial hours :
But to the queen thy mournful tale disclose,
With the prevailing eloquence of woes :
So shalt thou view with joy thy natal shore,
Though mountains rise between, and oceans roar.
She added not, but waving as the wheel'd
The silver scourge, it glitter'd o'er the field :

With skill the virgin guides th' embroider'd
rein,

Slow rolls the car before the attending train.
Now whirling down the heavens, the golden day
Shot through the western clouds a dewy ray ;
The grove they reach, where from the sacred
To Pallas thus the pensive hero pray'd : [shade,
Daughter of Jove ! whole aims in thunder
wield

Th' avenging bold, and shake the dreadful shield ;
Forsook by thee, in vain I fought thy aid
When booming billows clov'd above my head :
Attend, unconquer'd Maid ! accord my vows,
Bid the great hear, and pitying heal my woes.

This heard Minerva, but forbore to fly
(By Neptune aw'd) apparent from the sky :
Stein God ! who rang'd with vengeance unre-
strain'd,

Till great Ulysses hail'd his native land.

B O O K VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Court of Alcinous.

The Princess Nausicaa returns to the city, and Ulysses soon after follows thither. He is met by Pallas in the form of a young virgin, who guides him to the palace, and directs him in what manner to address the queen Arctte. She then involves him in a mist, which causes him to pass invisible. The palace and gardens of Alcinous described. Ulysses, falling at the feet of the queen, the mist disperses, the Phæacians admire, and receive him with respect. The queen inquiring by what means he had the garments he then wore, he relates to her and Alcinous his departure from Calypso, and his arrival on their dominions.

The same day continues, and the book ends with the night.

THE patient, heavenly man thus suppliant pray'd ;
While the slow mules draw on th' imperial maid.
Through the proud streets she moves, the public
gaze :

The turning wheel before the palace stays.
With ready love her brother's gathering round,
Receiv'd the vestures, and the mules unbound.
She seeks the bridal bower : a matron there
The rising fire supplies with busy care,
Whose charms in youth the father's heart inflam'd,
Now worn with age, Eurymedusa nam'd :
The captive dame Phæacian rovers bore,
Snatch'd from Icarus, her sweet native shore,
(A grateful prize) and in her bloom bestow'd
On good Alcinous, honour'd as a God :
Nurse of Nausicaa from her infant years,
And tender second to a mother's cares.

Now from the sacred thicket where he lay,
To town Ulysses took the winding way.
Propitious Pallas, to secure her care,
Around him spread a veil of thicken'd air ;
To shun th' encounter of the vulgar crowd,
Insulting still, inquisitive and loud.
When near the fam'd Phæacian walls he drew,
The beauteous city opening to his view,
His step a virgin met, and stood before :
A poluid urn the seeming virgin bore,

And youthful smil'd ; but in the low disguise
Lay hid the Goddess with the azure eyes.

Show me, fair daughter, (thus the chief de-
mands)

The house of him who rules the happy lands.
Through many woes and wanderings, lo ! I come
To good Alcinous' hospitable dome.
Far from my native coast, I rove alone,
A wretched stranger, and of all unknown !

The Goddess answer'd, Father, I obey,
And point the wandering traveller his way :
Well known to me the palace you inquire,
For it beside it dwells my honour'd fire ;
But silent march, nor greet the common train
With questions needless, or inquiry vain,
A race of rugged mariners are these ;
Unpolish'd men, and boisterous as their seas :
The native islanders alone their care,
And hateful he who breathes a foreign air.
These did the ruler of the deep ordain
To build proud navies, and command the main :
On canvas wings to cut the watery way ;
No bird so light, no thought so swift, as they.

Thus having spoke, th' unknown celestial leads,
The footstep of th' Deity he treads,
And sacred moves along th' crowded space,
Unseen of all the rude Phæacians, acc.

(So Pallas order'd, Pallas to their eyes
The mist objected, and condens'd the skies),
The chief with wonder fees th' extended fleets,
The spreading harbours, and the rising fleets;
He next their prince's lofty domes admires,
In separate islands crown'd with rising spires;
And deep intrenchments and high walls of stone,
That gird the city like a marble zone.
At length the kingly palace-gates he view'd:
There stopp'd the Goddess, and her speech re-
new'd:

My talk is done; the mansion you inquire
Appears before you: enter, and admire.
High thron'd, and feasting there thou shalt behold
The sceptred rulers. Fear not, but be bold;
A decent boldness ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and ev'n a stranger recommends.
First to the queen prefer a suppliant's claim,
Alcinous queen. Arete is her name, }
The same her parents, and her power the same.
For know, from Ocean's God Nautilous sprung,
And Peribæa, beautiful and young
(Eurymedon's last hope, who rul'd of old
The race of giants, impious, proud, and bold;
Perish'd the nation in unrighteous war,
Perish'd the prince, and left his only heir).
Who now, by Neptune's amorous power compell'd,
Produc'd a monarch that his people blest,
Father and prince of the Phæacian name;
From him Kleonor and Alcinous came.
The first by Phœbus' burning arrows fir'd,
New from his nuptials, hapless youth! expir'd.
No son surviv'd: Arete heir'd his state,
And her, Alcinous chose his royal mate.
With honour yet to woman-kind unknown,
This queen he graces, and divideth the throne.
In equal tenderness her sons conspire,
And all the children emulate their sire.
When through the streets she gracious deigns to
move,

(The public wonder and the public love)
The tongues of all with transport sound her praise
The eyes of all, as on a Goddess, gaze.
She feels the triumph of a generous breast:
To heal divisions, to relieve th' oppress'd;
In virtue rich; in blessing others, blest. }
Go then secure, thy humble suit prefer,
And owe thy country and thy friends to her.

With that the Goddess deign'd no longer stay,
But o'er the world of waters wing'd her way:
Forsaking Scheria's ever-pleasing shore,
The winds to Marathon the virgin bore, [head,
Thence, where proud Athens rears her towery
With opening streets and shining structures spread,
She pass'd, delighted with the well-known seats;
And to Erechtheus' sacred dome retreats.

Mean while Ulysses at the palace waits,
There stops, and anxious with his soul debates, }
Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.
The front appear'd with radiant splendours gay,
Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day,
The walls were massy brass; the cornice high
Blue metals crown'd, in colours of the sky:
Rich plates of gold the folding doors inlaid;
The pillars silver, on a brazen base;
Silver the lintels deep projecting o'er,
And gold, the ringlets that command the door.

Two rows of stately dogs on either hand,
In sculptur'd gold and labour'd silver stand.
These Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait
Immortal guardians at Alcinous' gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And still to live beyond the power of years.
Fair thrones within from space to space were rais'd,
Where various carpets with embroidery blaz'd,
The work of matrons: these the prince's prest,
Day following day, a long continued feast.
Refulgent pedestals the walls surround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;
The polish'd ore, reflecting every ray,
Blaz'd on the banquets with a double day.
Full fifty handmaids form the household train;
Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain:
Some ply the loom: their busy fingers move
Like poplar leaves when Zephyr fans the grove.
Not more renown'd the men of Scheria's isle,
For sailing arts and all the naval toil,
Than works of female skill their women's pride,
The flying shuttle through the threads to guide:
Pallas to these her double gifts imparts,
Inventive genius, and industrious arts.

Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies.
Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around,
Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mould;
The reddening apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise:
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

Here order'd vines in equal rank appear,
With all th' united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the blackening clusters in the sun,
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flower deserv'd,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side, }
And there in autumn's richest purple dy'd.
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.

Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect
crown'd;
This through the garden leads its streams around. }
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows;
To various use their various streams they bring.
The people one, and one supplies the king.

Such were the glories which the Gods ordain'd,
To grace Alcinous, and his happy land.
Ev'n from the chief who men and nations knew,
Th' unwonted scene surprise and rapture drew;
In pleasing thought he ran th' prospect o'er.
Then hasty enter'd at the lofty door.
Night now approaching, in the palace stand,
With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land;

Prepar'd for rest, and offering to the † God
Who bears the virtue of the sleepy rod.
Unseen he glided through the joyous crowd,
With darkness circled, and an ambient cloud.
Direct to great Alcinous' throne he came,
And prostrate fell before th' imperial dame.
Then from around him dropt the veil of night;
Sudden he shines, and manifest to sight,
The nobles gaze, with awful fear oppress;
Silent they gaze, and eye the godlike guest.

Daughter of great Rhexenor! (thus began
Low at her knees the much enduring man)
To thee, thy comfort, and this royal train,
To all that share the blessings of your reign,
A suppliant bends: Oh, pity human woe!
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country send,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.
So may the Gods your better days increase,
And all your joys descend on all your race,
So reign for ever on your country's breast,
Your people blessing, by your people blest!

Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,
And numbled in the ashes took his place.
Silence ensued. The eldest first began,
Echenus sage, a venerable man!
Whose well-taught mind the present age surpass,
And join'd to that th' experience of the last.
Fit words attended on his weighty sense,
And mild persuasion flow'd in eloquence.

O guest (he cry'd) dishonest and unjust!
A guest, a stranger, seated in the dust!
To raise the lowly suppliant from the ground
Befits a monarch. Lo! the peers around
But wait thy word, the gentle guest to grace,
And seat him fair in some distinguish'd place.
Let first the herald due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way:
Then set the genial banquet in his view,
And give the stranger guest a stranger's due.

His sage advice the listening king obeys,
He stretch'd his hand the prudent chief to raise,
And from his seat Laodamas remov'd
(The monarch's offspring, and his best belov'd);
There next his side the godlike hero sat;
With stars of silver shone the bed of state.
The golden ewer a beauteous handmaid brings,
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs,
Whose polish'd vase with copious streams supplies
A silver laver of capacious size,
The table next in regal order spread,
The glittering canisters are heap'd with bread:
Viands of various kinds invite the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!
Thus feasting high, Alcinous gave the sign,
And bade the herald pour the rosy wine.
Let all around the due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way.

He said. Pontonous heard the king's command:
The circling goblet moves from hand to hand:
Earth drinks the juice that glads the heart of man,
Alcinous then, with aspect mild, began;

Princes and peers, attend; while we impart
To you, the thoughts of no inhuman heart.
Now pleas'd and satiate from the social rite
Repair we to the blessings of the night;

† Mercury.

But with the rising day, assembled here,
Let all the elders of the land appear,
Pious observe our hospitable laws,
And Heaven propitiate in the stranger's cause:
Then, join'd in council, proper means explore
Safe to transport him to the wish'd-for shore
(How distant that, imports not us to know,
Nor weigh the labour but relieve the woe).
Mean time, nor harm nor anguish let him bear:
This interval, Heaven trusts him to our care;
But to his native land our charge resign'd, [hind.
Heaven's his life to come, and all the woes he
Then must he suffer what the Fates ordain;
For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
And twins ev'n from the birth are misery and }
man

But if, descended from th' Olympian bower,
Gracious approach us some immortal power;
If in that form thou com'st a guest divine:
Some high event the conscious Gods design.
As yet, unbid they never grac'd our feast,
The solemn sacrifice call'd down the guest;
Then manifest of heaven the vision stood,
And to our eyes familiar was the God.
Oft with some favour'd traveller they stray,
And shine before him all the desert way:
With social intercourse, and face to face,
The friends and guardians of our pious race.
So near approach we their celestial kind,
By justice, truth, and probity of mind:
As our dire neighbours of Cyclopean birth
Match in fierce wrong the Giant-sons of earth.

Let no such thought (with modest grace re-
join'd
The prudent Greek) possess the royal mind,
Alas! a mortal, like thyself, am I;
No glorious native of yon azure sky:
In form, ah how unlike their heavenly kind!
How more inferior in the gifts of mind!
Alas, a mortal! most oppress of thote
Whom Fate has loaded with a weight of woes:
By a sad train of miseries alone
Distinguish'd long, and second now to none!
By Heaven's high will compell'd from shore to
shore;

With Heaven's high will prepar'd to suffer more.
What histories of toil could I declare!
But still long-wearied nature wants repair;
Spent with fatigue, and thrunk with pining fast,
My craving bowels still require repast.
Howe'er the noble, suffering mind, may grieve
Its load of anguish, and disdain to live;
Necessity demands our daily bread;
Hunger is insolent, and will be fed.
But finish, oh ye peers! what you propose,
And let the morrow's dawn conclude my woes.
Pleas'd will I suffer all the Gods ordain,
To see my foil, my son, my friends, again.
That view vouchsaf'd, let instant death surprise
With ever-during shade these happy eyes!

Th' assembled peers with general praise ap-
His pleaded reason, and the suit he mov'd. [prov'd
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gift of balmy sleep repairs.
Ulysses in the regal walls alone
Remain'd: beside him, on a splendid throne }
Divine Arete and Alcinous shone.

The queen, on nearer view, the guest survey'd,
Rob'd in the garments her own hands had made;
Not without wonder seen. Then thus began,
Her words addressing to the godlike man:

Cam'st thou not hither, wondrous stranger! say,
From lands remote, and o'er a length of sea!
Tell then whence art thou? whence that prince-
ly air?

And robes like these, so recent and so fair?

Hard is the task, oh prince! you impose:
(Thus sighing spoke the man of many woes)
The long, the mournful series to relate
Of all my sorrows sent by Heaven and Fate!
Yet what you ask attend. An island lies
Beyond these tracts, and under other skies,
Ogygia nam'd, in Ocean's watery arms;
Where dwells Calypso, dreadful in her charms!
Remote from Gods or men she holds her reign,
Amid the terrors of the rolling main.
Me, only me, the hand of fortune bore
Unblest! to tread that interdicted shore:
When Jove tremendous in the fable deeps
Launch'd his red lightning at our scatter'd ships:
Then, all my fleet, and all my followers lost,
Sole on a plank, on boiling surges tost,
Heaven drove my wreck th' Ogygian isle to
find,

Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.
Met by the Goddess there with open arms,
She brib'd my stay with more than human charms;
Nay promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe:
But all her blandishments successless prove,
To banish from my breast my country's love.
I stay reluctant seven continued years,
And water her ambrosial couch with tears.
The eighth the voluntary moves to part,
Or urg'd by Jove, or her own changeable heart.
A raft was form'd, to cross the surging sea;
Herself supply'd the stores and rich array,
And gave the gales to wait me on the way.
In seventeen days appear'd your pleasing coast,
And woody mountains half in vapours lost.
Joy touch'd my soul: my soul was joy'd in vain,
For angry Neptune rous'd the raging main:
The wild winds whistle, and the billows roar;
The splitting raft the furious tempest tore;
And storms vindictive intercept the shore.
Soon as their rage subsides, the seas I brave
With naked force, and shoot along the wave,
To reach this isle: but there my hopes were
lost,

The surge impell'd me on a craggy coast,
I chose the safer sea, and chanc'd to find
A river's mouth impervious to the wind,
And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood;
Then took the shelter of the neighbouring wood.
'Twas night; and, cover'd in the foliage deep,
Jove plung'd my senses in the death of sleep.
All night I slept, oblivious of my pain:
Aurora dawn'd and Phœbus shin'd in vain,
Nor, till oblique he slop'd his evening ray,
Had Somnus dry'd the balmy dews away.
Then female voices from the shore I heard:
A maid amidst them, goddess-like, appear'd:
To her I sued, she pity'd my distress;
Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue less,

Who from such youth could hope considerate care?
In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare!
She gave me life, reliev'd with just supplies
My wants, and lent these robes that strike your
eyes.

This is the truth: and oh, ye Powers on high!
Forbid that want should sink me to a lie,

To this the king: Our daughter but express
Her cares imperfect to our godlike guest.
Suppliant to her, since first he chose to pray,
Why not herself did she conduct the way,
And with her handmaids to our court convey?

Hero and king! (Ulysses thus reply'd)
Nor blame her faultless, nor suspect her pride:
She bade me follow in th' attendant train;
But fear and reverence did my steps detain,
Lest rash suspicion might alarm thy mind:
Man's of a jealous and mistaking kind

Far from my soul (he cry'd) the Gods efface
All wrath ill-grounded, and suspicion bate!
Whate'er is honest, stranger, I approve;
And would to Ixobus, Pallas, and to Jove,
Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were
one,

Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my son.
In such alliance could'st thou wish to join,
A palace stor'd with treasures should be thine.
But, if reluctant, who shall force thy stay!
Jove bids to set the stranger on his way,
And ships shall wait thee with the morning ray
Till then, let slumber close thy careful eyes;
The wakeful mariners shall watch the skies,
And seize the moment when the breezes rise;
Then gently wait thee to the pleasing shore,
Where thy soul rests, and labour is no more.
Fât as Eubœa though thy country lay,
Our ships with ease transport thee in a day.
Thither of old, earth's giant-son to view,
On wings of winds with Rhadamanth they flew:
This land, from whence their morning countie
began,
Saw them returning with the setting sun.
Your eyes shall witness and confirm my tale,
Our youth how dextrous, and how fleet our sail.
When justly tim'd with equal sweep they row,
And ocean whitens in long tracts below.

Thus he. No word th' experienc'd man re-
plies,
But thus to heaven (and heavenward lifts his eyes)
O, Jove! O, father! what the king accords
Do thou make perfect! sacred be his words!
Wide o'er the world Alcinous' glory shine!
Let fame be his, and ah! my country, mine!

Mean time Arete, for the hour, of rest,
Ornais the fleecy couch and covering vest;
Bid her fair train the purple quilts prepare,
And the thick carpets spread with busy care.
With torches blazing in their hands they pass,
And finish'd all the queen's command with haste:
Then gave the signal to the willing guest:
He rose with pleasure, and retir'd to rest.
There, soft-extended, to the murmuring sound,
Of the high porch, Ulysses sleeps profound,
Within, seals'd from cures Alcinous lies,
And fast beside were clos'd Arete's eyes.

|| Thyus,

B O O K VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Alcinous calls a council, in which it is resolved to transport Ulysses into his country. After which, splendid entertainments are made, where the celebrated musician and poet Demodocus plays and sings to the guests. They next proceed to the games; the race, the wrestling, discus, &c.; where Ulysses casts a prodigious length, to the admiration of all the spectators. They return again to the banquet, and Demodocus sings the loves of Mars and Venus. Ulysses, after a compliment to the poet, desires him to sing the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy; which subject provoking his tears, Alcinous inquires of his guest, his name, parentage, and fortunes.

Now fair Aurora lifts her golden ray,
And all the ruddy orient flames with day:
Alcinous, and the chief, with dawning light,
Kiss instant from the slumbers of the night;
Then to the council-seat they bend their way,
And fill the shining thrones along the bay.

Mean while Minerva in her guardian care,
Shoots from the starry vault through fields of air;
In form a herald of the king, she flies
From peer to peer, and thus incessant cries:

Nobles and chiefs who rules Phæacia's states,
The king in council your attendance waits:
A Prince of Grace Divine your aid implores,
O'er unknown seas arriv'd from unknown shores.

She spoke and sudden with tumultuous sounds
Of thronging multitudes the shore rebounds.
At once the seats they fill: and every eye
Gaz'd, as before some brother of the sky.
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
More high he treads, and more enlarg'd he moves:
She sheds celestial bloom, regard to draw;
And gives a dignity of mien, to awe;
With strength, the future prize of Fame to play,
And gather all the honours of the day.

Then from his glittering throne Alcinous rose:
Attend, he cry'd, while we our will disclose.
Your pretent and this godlike stranger craves,
Tost by rude tempest through a war of waves;
Perhaps from realms that view the rising day,
Or nations subject to the western ray.

Then grant, what here all sons of woe obtain,
(For here affliction never pleads in vain:)
Be chosen youths prepar'd, expert to try
The vast profound, and bid the vessel fly:
Launch the tall bark, and order every oar;
Then in our court indulge the genial hour.
Instant, you sailors, to this task attend;
Swift to the palace, all ye peers ascend:
Let none to strangers honours due disclaim:
Be there Demodocus, the Bard of Fame,
Taught by the Gods to please, when high he sings
The vocal lay, responsive to the strings.

Thus spoke the prince: th' attending peers obey,
In state they move; Alcinous leads the way.
Swift to Demodocus the herald flies,
At once the sailors to their charge arise:
They launch the vessel, and unfurl the sails,
And stretch the swelling canvas to the gales;
Then to the palace move: A gathering throng,
Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along:

Now all access to the dome are fill'd;
Eight boars, the choicest of the herd, are kill'd:
Two bees, twelve fatlings, from the flock they
bring

To crown the feast; so wills the bounteous king.
The herald now arrives, and guides along
The sacred master of celestial song:
Dear to the Muse! who gave his days to flow -
With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty woe:
With clouds of darkness quench'd his visual ray,
But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay.
High on a radiant throne sublime in state,
Encircled by huge multitudes, he sat:
With silver shone the throne; his lyre well string'd
To rapturous sounds, at hand Portentous hung:
Before his seat a polish'd table shined,
And a full goblet foams with generous wines.
His food a herald bore: and now they fed:
And now the rage of craving hunger fled.

Then, fr'd by all the Muse, aloud he sings
The mighty deeds of Demi-gods and Kings:
From that fierce wrath the noble song arose,
That made Ulysses and Achilles foes:
How o'er the feast they doom the fall of Troy;
The stern debate Atides hears with joy:
For Heaven foretold the contest, when he trod
The marble threshold of the Delphic God,
Curious to learn the counsels of the sky,
Ere yet he loos'd the rage of war on Troy.

Touch'd at the song, Ulysses straight resign'd
To soft affliction all his manly mind:
Before his eyes the purple veil he drew,
Industrious to conceal the falling dew:
But when the music paus'd he ceas'd to shed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head:
And, lifting to the Gods a goblet crown'd,
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.

Transported with the song, the listening train
Again with loud applause demand the strain:
Again Ulysses veil'd his pensive head,
Again, unmann'd, a shower of sorrow shed:
Conceal'd he wept: the king observ'd alone
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: O cease to sing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute th' harmonious
string;

Enough the feast has pleas'd, enough the power
Of heavenly song has crown'd the genial hour!
Incessant in the games your strength display;
Contest, ye brave, the honours of the day:

'That, pleas'd, th' admiring stranger may proclaim

In distant regions the Phœacian fame :
None wield the gauntlet with so dire a sway,
Or swifter in the race devour the way ;
None in the leap spring with so strong a bound,
Or firmer, in the wrestling, press the ground.

Thus spoke the king ; th' attending peers obey :
In state they move, Alcinoüs leads the way :
His golden lyre Demodocus unstrung,
High on a column in the palace hung :
And, guided by a herald's guardian cares,
Majestic to the lifts of Fame repairs.

Now swarms the populace ; a countless throng,
Youth and hoar age : and man drives man along :
The games begin ; ambitious of the prize,
Acronëus, Thoön, and Eretmus rise ;
The prize Ocyalus and Prymneüs claim,
Anchialus and Panteüs, chiefs of Fame :
There Proreus, Neates, Eratreus appear,
And fam'd Amphialus, Polyneüs' heir :
Euryalus like Mars terrific rose,
When clad in wrath he withers hosts of foes :
Naubolides with grace unequal'd shone,
Or equal'd by Laodamas alone.

With these came forth Ambasineüs the strong ;
And three brave sons, from great Alcinoüs sprung.

Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand,
Start from the goal, and vanish o'er the strand :
Swift as on wings of winds upborne they fly,
And drifts of rising dust involve the sky :
Before the race, what space the hinds allow
Between the mule and ox from plough to plough ;
Clytoneüs sprung : he wing'd the rapid way,
And bore th' unrivall'd honours of the day.
With fierce embrace the brawny wrestlers join :
The conquest, great Euryalus is thine.
Amphialus sprung forward with a bound,
Superior in the leap, a length of ground :
From Elatreüs' strong arm the discus flies,
And sings with unmatch'd force along the skies.
And Laodam whirls high, with dreadful sway,
The gloves of death, victorious in the fray.

While thus the peacage in the games contends,
In act to speak, Laodamas ascends :

O friends, he cries, the stranger seems well skill'd

To try th' illustrious labours of the field :
I deem him brave : then grant the brave man's
Invite the hero to his share of Fame. [claim.
What nervous arms he boasts ! how firm his tread !
His limbs how turn'd ! how broad his shoulders spread :

By age unbroke !---but all-consuming care [spare :
Destroys, perhaps, that strength that tim^e would
Dire is the ocean, dread in all its forms !
Man must decay, when man contends with storms.

Well hast thou spoke (Euryalus replies) :
Thine is the guest, invite him thou to rise.
Swift at the word advancing from the crowd
He made obeisance, and thus spoke aloud :

Vouchsafes the reverend stranger to display
His manly worth, and share the glorious day ?
Father, arise ! for thee thy port proclaims
Expert to conquer in the solemn games.
To fame arise ! for what more fame can yield
Than the swift race, or conflict of the field ?

Steal from corroding care one transient day,
To glory give the space thou hast to stay ;
Short is the time, and, lo ! ev'n now the gales
Call thee aboard, and stretch the swelling sails.

To whom with sighs Ulysses gave reply ;
Ah ! why th' ill-suited pastime must I try ?
To gloomy care my thoughts alone are free ;
Ill the gay sports with troubled hearts agree :
Sad from my natal hour my days have ran,
A much-afflicted, much-enduring man !
Who suppliant to the king and peers implores
A speedy voyage to his native shores.

Wide wanders, Laodam, thy erring tongue,
The sports of glory to the brave belong
(Retorts Euryalus) : he boasts no claim
Among the great, unlike the sons of Fame.
A wandering merchant he frequents the main ;
Some mean sea-farer in pursuit of gain ;
Studious of freight, in naval trade well skill'd,
But dreads th' athletic labours of the field.

Incens'd Ulysses with a frown replies.
O forward to proclaim thy soul unwise !
With partial hands the Gods their gifts dispense ;
Some greatly think, some speak with manly sense ;
Here Heaven an elegance of form denies,
But wisdom the defect of form supplies :
This man with energy of thought controls,
And steals with modest violence our souls,
He speaks reserv'dly, but he speaks with force,
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worse ;
In public more than mortal he appears,
And, as he moves, the gazing crowd reveres.
While others, beauteous as th' æthæral kind,
The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.
In outward show Heaven gives thee to excel,
But Heaven denies the praise of thinking well.
Ill bear the brave a rude ungentle tongue,
And, youth, my generous soul resents the wrong :
Skill'd in heroic exercise, I claim
A post of honour with the sons of Fame :
Such was my boast while vigour crown'd my days,
Now care surrounds me, and my force decays ;
Inur'd a melancholy part to bear,

In scenes of death, by tempest and by war.
Yet, thus by woes impair'd, no more I wave
To prove the hero.---Slander stings the brave.

Then, striding forward with a furious bound,
He wrench'd a rocky fragment from the ground.
By far more ponderous, and more huge by far,
Than what Phœacia's sons discharg'd in air.
Fierce from his arm th' enormous load he flings,
Sonorous through the shaded air it sings ;
Couch'd to the earth, tempestuous as it flies.
The crowd gaze upward while it cleaves the
skies.

Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round
Down rushing, it up-turns a hill of ground.

That instant Pallas, bursting from a cloud,
Fix'd a distinguish'd mark, and cry'd aloud :

Ev'n he who fightless wants his visual ray
May by his touch alone award the day :
Thy signal throw transcends the utmost bound
Of every champion by a length of ground.
Securely bid the strongest of the train
Arise to throw : the strongest throws in vain.

She spoke ; and momentary mounts the sky :
The friendly voice Ulysses hears with joy ;

Then thus aloud, (elate with decent pride)
 Rise, ye Phæacians, try your force, he cried;
 If with this throw the strongest castor vie,
 Still, further still, I bid the discus fly,
 Stand forth, ye champions, who the gauntlet wield,
 Or ye, the swiftest racers of the field!
 Stand forth, ye wrestlers, who these pastimes grace,
 I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race!
 In such heroic games I yield to none,
 Or yield to brave Laodamas alone;
 Shall I with brave Laodamas contend?
 A friend is sacred, and I style him friend.
 Ungenerous were the man, and base of heart,
 Who takes the kind, and pays th' ungrateful part;
 Chiefly the man in foreign realms confin'd,
 Base to his friend, to his own interest blind:
 All, all your heroes I this day defy;
 Give me a man that we our might may try.
 Expert in every art I boast the skill
 To give the feather'd arrows wings to kill;
 Should a whole host at once discharge the bow,
 My well-aim'd shaft with death prevents the foe:
 Alone superior in the field of Troy,
 Great Philoctetes taught the shaft to fly.
 From all the sons of earth, unrival'd praise
 I justly claim; but yield to better days,
 To those fam'd days when great Alcides rose,
 And Eurytus, who bade the Gods be foes:
 (Vain Eurytus, whose art became his crime,
 Swept from the earth, he perish'd in his prime;
 Sudden th' irremeable way he trod,
 Who boldly durst defy the Bowyer-God).
 In fighting fields as far the spear I throw,
 As flies an arrow from the well-drawn bow.
 Sole in the race the contest I decline,
 Stiff are my weary joints, and I resign;
 By storms and hunger worn: age well may fail,
 When storms and hunger both at once assail.

Abash'd, the numbers hear the godlike man,
 Till great Alcinoüs mildly thus began:

Well hast thou spoke, and well thy generous
 tongue

With decent pride refutes a public wrong:
 Warm are thy words, but warm without offence;
 Fear only fools, secure in men of sense:
 Thy worth is known. Then hear our country's
 claim,

And hear to heroes our heroic fame;
 In distant realms our glorious deeds display,
 Repeat them frequent in the genial day; [end,
 When blest with ease thy woes and wanderings
 Teach them thy comfort, bid thy sons attend!
 How lov'd of Jove he crown'd our fires with
 praise,

How we their offspring dignify our race.

Let other realms the deathful gauntlet wield,
 Or boast the glories of th' athletic field;
 We in the course unrivall'd speed display,
 Or through cærulean billows plough the way;
 To dress, to dance, to sing, our sole delight,
 The feast or bath by day, and love by night:
 Raise then, ye skill'd in measures; let him bear
 Your fame to men that breathe a distant air:
 And faithful say, to you the powers belong
 To race, to fail, to dance, to chant the song.

But, herald, to the palace swift repair,
 And the soft lyre to grace our pastimes bear.

Swift at the word, obedient to the king,
 The herald flies the tuneful lyre to bring.
 Up rose nine seniors, chosen to survey
 The future games, the judges of the day.
 With instant care they mark a spacious round,
 And level for the dance th' allotted ground;
 The herald bears the lyre: intent to play,
 The bard advancing meditates the lay,
 Skill'd in the dance, tall youths, a blooming band,
 Graceful before the heavenly minstrel stand:
 Light-bounding from the earth, at once they rise,
 Their feet half viewless quiver in the skies:
 Ulysses gaz'd, astonish'd to survey
 The glancing splendours as their sandals play.
 Mean time the bard, alternate to the strings,
 The loves of Mars and Cytherea sings;
 How the stern God, enamour'd with her charms,
 Clasp'd the gay panting Goddess in his arms,
 By bribes seduc'd: and how the fun, whose eye
 Views the broad heavens, disclos'd the lawless joy,
 Stung to the soul, indignant through the skies
 To his black forge vindictive Vulcan flies:
 Arriv'd, his sinewy arms incessant place
 Th' eternal anvil on the massy base.
 A wondrous net he labours, to betray
 The wanton lovers as entwin'd they lay,
 Indissolubly strong! Then instant bears
 To his immortal dome the finish'd snare.
 Above, below, around, with art disspread,
 The sure enclosure folds the genial bed;
 Whose texture ev'n the search of Gods deceives,
 Thin as the filmy threads the spider weaves.
 Then, as withdrawing from the starry bowers,
 He feigns a journey to the Lemnian shores,
 His favourite isle! observant Mars descends
 His wish'd recess, and to the Goddess flies:
 He glows, he burns: the fair-hair'd Queen of
 Love

Descends (smooth gliding from the courts of Jove,
 Gay blooming in full charms: her hand he prest
 With eager joy, and with a sigh address:
 Come, my lov'd, and taste the soft delights:
 Come, to repose the genial bed invites:
 Thy absent spouse, neglectful of thy charms,
 Prefers his barbarous Sintiæ to thy arms:

Then, nothing loth, th' enamour'd fair he led,
 And sunk transported on the conscious bed.
 Down rush'd the toils, inwrapping as they lay
 The careless lovers in their wanton play:
 In vain they strive, th' entangling snare deny
 (Inextricably firm) the power to fly:
 Warn'd by the God who feds the golden day,
 Stern Vulcan homeward treads the starry way:
 Arriv'd, he sees, he grieves, with rage he burns:
 Full horrible he roars, his voice all heaven re-
 turns:

O Jove, he cry'd, oh all ye powers above,
 See the lewd dalliance of the Queen of Love!
 Me, aukward me, she scorns; and yields her
 charms

To that fair letcher, the strong God of arms.
 If I am lame, that stain my natal hour
 By Fate impos'd; such me my parent bore:
 Why was I born? See how the wanton lies!
 O fight tormenting to an husband's eyes!
 But yet I trust, this once ev'n Mars would fly
 His fair-one's arms---he thinks her, once, too night.

but there remain, ye guilty in my power,
Till Jove refunds his shameless daughter's dower.
Too dear I priz'd a fair enchanting face:
Beauty unchaste is beauty in disgrace.

Mean while the Gods the dome of Vulcan throng,

Apollo comes, and Neptune comes along;
With these gay Hermes trod the starry plain;
But modesty withheld the Goddess-train.
All Heaven beholds imprison'd as they lie,
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the sky.

Then mutual, thus they spoke: Behold on wrong

Swift vengeance waits; and art subdues the
Dwells there a God on all th' Olympian brow
More swift than Mars, and more than Vulcan slow?
Yet Vulcan conquers, and the God of arms
Must pay the penalty for lawless charms.

Thus serious they; but he who gilds the skies,
The gay Apollo, thus to Hermes cries:
Would'st thou enchain'd like Mars, O Hermes, lie,
And bear the shame, like Mars, to share the joy?

O envy'd shame! (the smiling youth rejoins'd),
Add thrice the chains, and thrice more firmly
bind;

Gaze all ye Gods, and every Goddess gaze,
Yet eager would I blest the sweet disgrace.

Loud laugh the rest, even Neptune laugh'd aloud,

Yet fies importunate to loose the God:
And free, he cries, O Vulcan! free from shame
Thy captives; I insure the penal claim.

Will Neptune (Vulcan then) the faithless trust?
He suffers who gives surety for th' unjust:
But say, if that lewd scandal of the sky,
To liberty restor'd, perfidious fly;
Say, wilt thou bear the mulct? He instant cries,
The mulct I bear, if Mars perfidious flies.

To whom appeas'd: No more I urge delay;
When Neptune lues, my part is to obey.
Then to the snares his force the God applies;
They burst; and Mars to Thrace indignant flies:
To the soft Cyprian shores the Goddess moves,
To visit Paphos and her blooming groves;
Where to the Power an hundred altars rise,
And breathing odours scent the balmy skies;
Conceal'd she bathes in consecrated bowers,
The Graces unguents shed, ambrosial showers.
Jugents that charm the Gods! she last assumes
Her wondrous robes; and full the Goddess
blooms.

Thus sung the bard: Ulysses hears with joy,
And loud applauses rend the vaulted sky.

Then to the sports his sons the king commands,
Each blooming youth before the monarch stands,
In dance unmatch'd! A wondrous ball is brought
(The work of Polyppus, divinely wrought);
This youth with strength enormous bids it fly,
And bending backward whirls it to the sky;
His brother, springing with an active bound,
At distance intercepts it from the ground:
The ball dismiss'd, in dance they skim the strand,
Turn and return, and scarce imprint the sand.
Th' assembly gazes with astonish'd eyes,
And sends in shouts applauses to the skies.

Then thus Ulysses: Happy king, whose name
The brightest shines in all the rolls of fame.

In subjects happy! with surprise I gaze!
Thy praise was just; their skill transcends thy
praise. [hears,

Pleas'd with his people's fame, the monarch
And thus benevolent accosts the peers:

Since Wisdom's sacred guidance he pursues,
Give to the stranger-guest a stranger's dues:
Twelve princes in our realm dominion share
O'er whom supreme, imperial power I bear:
Bring gold, a pledge of love; a talent bring,
A vest, a robe, and imitate your king:
Be swift to give; that he this night may share
The social feast of joy, with joy sincere.

And thou, Euryalus, redeem thy wrong;
A generous heart repairs a slanderous tongue.

Th' assenting peers, obedient to the king,
In haste their heralds send the gifts to bring.
Then thus Euryalus: O prince, whose sway
Rules this best realm, repentant I obey!
Be his this sword, whose blade of brass displays
A ruddy gleam; whose hilt a silver blaze;
Whose ivory sheath, invrought with curious pride,
Adds graceful terror to the wearer's side.

He said: and to his hand the sword consign'd;
And if, he cry'd, my words affect thy mind,
Far from thy mind those words, ye whirlwinds,
bear,

And scatter them, ye storms, in empty air:
Crown, O ye Heavens! with joy his peaceful
hours,

And grant him to his spouse and native shores!

And blest be thou, my friend, Ulysses cries:
Crown him with every joy, ye favouring skies!
To thy calm hours continued peace afford,
And never, never may't thou want this sword!

He said; and o'er his shoulder slung the blade.

Now o'er the earth ascends the evening shade:
The precious gifts th' illustrious heralds bear,
And to the court th' embody'd peers repair.
Before the queen Alcinous' sons unfold
The vests, the robes, and heaps of shining gold;
Then to the radiant thrones they move in state:
Aloft, the king in pomp imperial late.

Then to the queen: O partner of our reign,
O sole belov'd! command thy menial train
A polish'd chest and stately robes to bear,
And healing waters for the bath prepare:
That, bath'd, our guest may bid his sorrows cease,
Hear the sweet song, and taste the feast in peace.
A bowl that flames with gold, of wondrous frame,
Ourselves we give, memorial of our name:
To raise in offerings to almighty Jove,
And every God that treats the courts above.

Instant the queen, observant of the king,
Commands her train a spacious vase to bring,
The spacious vase with ample streams suffice,
Heap high the wood, and bid the flames arise.
The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze.
Herself the chest prepares: in order roll'd
The robes, the vests are rang'd, and heaps of golds
And adding a rich dress inwrought with art,
A gift expressive of her bounteous heart,
Thus spoke to Itacus: To guard with bands
Intolable these gifts, thy care demands:
Lest, in thy slumbers on the watery main,
The hand of rapine make our bounty vain.

Then bending with full force, round he roll'd
A labyrinth of bands in fold on fold,
Clos'd with Cuccæan art. A train attends
Around the bath the bath the king ascends
(Untasted joy, since that disastrous hour
He sail'd ill-fated from Calypso's bower) •
Where, happy as the Gods that range the sky,
He reas'd every sense with every joy
He bathes, the danick, with officious toil,
Shed sweets, shed unguent, in a shower of oil •
Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he spreads,
And to the sea magnificently treads,
Full where the domes its flung waves expand,
Narcissus blooming as a Goddess stands,
When wondering eyes the hero the survey'd,
And gratitude thus began the royal maid

Hail godlike stranger! and wench Heaven re-
squires

To thy fond wish thy long expected shores,
This ever-grateful in remembrance bear,
To me thou ow'st, to me, the vital air

O royal Maid Ulysses thy right returns,
Whole worth the splendors of thy race adorns,
So may dread Jove (whole arm in vesture since
thine)

The wretch then bolt, and blackens le with
Rapture me late, through weary wanderings toilt,
To my dear country's ever pleasurable coast,
As, while the spirit in this bosom glows,
To thee, my Goddess, I add of my vows
My life, thy gift I boast me sad, and late
Fate by Alcinous on a throne of state
Now each partakes the feast, the wine prepares,
Portions the food, and each his portion waits
The bard in her old guides the gazing throng
Pay low obedience as he moves along
Beneath a sculptur'd arch he sits enthron'd,
The peers encircling form an awful round
Then, from the chine, Ulysses carves with art
Delicious food, an honorary part,
Thy, let the master of the lyre receive,
A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give
Lies there a man beneath the spacious skies,
Who faced honours to the hard denier?
The Muse the bard inspires, exalts his mind,
The Muse indulgent loves the harmonious kind

The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
Not fond of flattery, nor unpleas'd with praise

When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,
Thus to the Lyric wife Ulysses said
Oh more than man! thy soul the Muse inspires,
Or Phœbus animates with all his fires
For who, by Phœbus uniform'd, could know
The woe of Greece, and sing to well the woe?
Just to the tale, as present as the fray,
Or taught the labours of the dreadful day?
The song recalls past horrors to my eyes,
And bid proud Ilion from her ashes rise
Once more harmonious strike the sounding
string,

Th' Epæan fabric, fram'd by Pallas, sing
How stern Ulysses, furious to destroy,
With latent heroes sack'd imperial Troy.
If faithful thou record the tale of Time,
The God himself inspires thy breast with flame
And mine shall be the task, henceforth to raise
In every land, the monument of praise

Full of the God, he rais'd his lofty strain,
How the Greeks rush'd tumultuous to the main;
How blazing tents illum'd half the skies,
While from the shores the winged navy flies.
How, ev'n in Ilion's walls, in deathful bands,
Came the stern Greeks by Troy's assisting hands.
All Troy up heav'd the steed, of differing mind,
Various the Trojans counsel'd, part consign'd
The monster to the sword, part sentence gave
To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave;
Th' unwise prevail, they lodge it in the towers,
An offering sacred to th' immortal Powers.
Th' unwise ward to lodge it in the walls,
And by the Gods decree proud Ilion falls;
Destruction enters in the treacherous wood,
And vengeful slaughter, fierce for human blood

He sung the Greeks stern issuing from the steed,
How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed
How to thy dome, Deiphobus! ascends
The Spirit in king how Ithacus attends
(Horrid as Mars), and how with dire alarms
He fights, subdues for Pallas strings his arms.

Thus while he sung, Ulysses' griefs renew,
Tears bath his cheeks, and tears the ground be-
dew

As some fond matron views in mortal light
Her husband and falling in his country's right
Lamenting though lifting swords the tuns, she flies,
As hastily she he groans, and fears, and dies,
Close to his breast the grovels on the ground,
A dabbles with floods of tears the gaping wound,
She cries, she shrieks, the fierce insulting foe
Reluctant much her violence of woe
To chaos condemn'd, as wildly she deplores
A widow, and a slave on foreign shores

So from the sources of Ulysses' eyes
Fate fell the tear and sighs succeeded sighs
Concild he griev'd the king observ'd alone
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan
Then to the bard aloud O cease to sing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful string
To every note his tears responsive flow,
And his great heart heaves with tumultuous
woe

Thy lay too deeply moves then cease the lay,
And o'er the banquet every heart be gay
This social mite demand for him the tale,
Floating in air, invite the impelling gales
His are the gifts of love the wise and good
Receive the stranger as a brother's blood

But, friend, discover faithful what I crave,
Artful concealment ill becomes the brave
Say what thy birth, and what the name you bore
Impos'd by parents in the natal hour?
(For a from the natal hour distinctive names,
One common right, the great and lowly claims)
Say from what city, from what regions roil,
And what inhabitants those regions boast?
So shalt thou instant reach the realm assign'd,
In wondrous slip self-mov'd, in swift with mind
No helm secures their course, no pilot guides,
Like man, intelligent, they plough the tides,
Conscious of every coast and every bay,
That lies beneath the sun's all-seeing day,
Though clouds and darkness veil th' embower'd
sky,

Fearless through darkness and through cloud [they fly

Though tempests rage, though rolls the swelling
main,

The seas may roll, the tempests rage in vain;
Ev'n the stern God, that o'er the waves presides,
Safe as they pass, and safe repass the tides,
With fury burns; while careless they convey
Promiscuous every guest to every bay.
These ears have heard my royal fire disclose
A dreadful story big with future woes,
How Neptune rag'd, and how, by his command,
Firm-rooted in a surge a ship should stand
A monument of wrath: how mound on mound
Should bury these proud towers beneath the
ground.

But this the Gods may frustrate or fulfill,
As suits the purpose of th' Eternal Will.

But say through what waste regions hast thou
stray'd,

What customs noted, and what coasts survey'd;
Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
Say why the fate of Troy awak'd thy cares,
Why heav'd thy bosom, and why flow'd thy tears?
Just are the ways of Heaven: from Heaven pro-
ceed [to bleed;
The woes of man; Heaven doom'd the Greeks
A theme of future song! Say then if slain
Some dear lov'd brother press'd the Phrygian
plain?

Or bled some friend, who bore a brother's part,
And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart?

B O O K IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Adventures of the Cicons, Lotophagi, and Cyclops.

Ulysses begins the relation of his adventures; how, after the destruction of Troy, he with his companions made an incursion on the Cicons, by whom they were repulsed; and meeting with a storm, were driven to the coast of the Lotophagi. From thence they sailed to the land of the Cyclops, whose manners and situation are particularly characterised. The giant Polyphemus and his cave described; the usage Ulysses and his companions met with there; and lastly, the method and artifice by which he escaped.

THEN thus Ulysses: Thou, whom first in sway,
As first in virtue, these thy realms obey;
How sweet the products of a peaceful reign!
The heaven-taught poet, and enchanting strain;
The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feast,
A land rejoicing, and a people blest!
How goodly seems it ever to employ
Man's social days in union and in joy; [vine,
The plenteous board high-heap'd with cakes di-
And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine!

Admit these joys, why seeks thy mind to know
Th' unhappy series of a wanderer's woe;
Remembrance sad, whole image to review,
Alas! must open all my wounds anew!
And, oh! what first, what last shall I relate,
Of woes unnumber'd sent by Heaven and Fate?

Know first the man (though now a wretch dis-
tress'd)

Who hopes thee, monarch, for his future guest.
Behold Ulysses! no ignoble name,
Earth sounds my wisdom, and high heaven my

My native soil is Ithaca to sail, [fame.

Where high Neritus waves his woods in air:
Dulichium, Samè, and Zacynthus crown'd
With shady mountains, spread their isles around
(These to the north and night's dark regions run,
Those to Aurora and the rising sun).

Low lies our isle, yet blest in fruitful stores;
Strong are her sons, though rocky are her shores;
And none, ah! none so lovely to my sight,
Of all the lands that Heaven o'erlooks with
light!

In vain Calypso long constrain'd my stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
With all her charms as vainly Circe strove,
And added magic, to secure my love.
In pomp or joys, the palace or the grot,
My country's image never was forgot,
My absent parents rose before my sight,
And distant lay contentment and delight.

Hear then the woes which mighty Jove en-
dain'd

To wait my passage from the Trojan land.
The winds from Ilion the Cicons' shore,
Beneath cold Ixmarus our vessels bore.
We boldly landed on the hostile place,
And sack'd the city, and destroy'd the race,
Their wives made captive, their possessions shar'd,
And every soldier found a like reward.

I then advis'd to fly; not so the rest,
Who stay'd to revel, and prolong the feast:
The fatted sheep and fable bulls they slay,
And bowls flow round, and riot wastes the day.
Mean time the Cicons to their holds retir'd,
Call on the Cicons with new fury fir'd;
With early morn the gather'd country swarms,
And all the continent is bright with arms;
Thick as the budding leaves or rising flowers
O'erspread the land, when spring descends in
showers:

All expert soldiers, skill'd on foot to dare,
Or from the bounding courser urge the war.
Now fortune changes (to the Fates ordain'd);
Our hour was come to taste our share of pain.

Close at the ships the bloody fight began,
Wounded they wound, and man expires on man.
Long as the morning sun increasing bright
O'er heaven's pure azure spread the growing light,
Promiscuous death the form of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds:
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Then conquest crown'd the fierce Ciconian train.
Six brave companions from each ship we lost,
The rest escape in haste, and quit the coast.
With sails outspread we fly th' unequal strife,
Sail for their loss, but joyful of our life,
Yet as we fled our fellows rites we paid,
And thrice we call'd on each unhappy shade.

Mean while the God whole band the thunder
forms; [storms!

Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens Heaven with
Wide o'er the waste the rage of Boreas sweeps,
And night rush'd headlong on the shaded deeps.
Now here, now there, the giddy ships are born'd,
And all the rattling shrouds in fragments torn.
We furl'd the sail, we ply'd the labouring oar,
Took down our masts, and row'd our ships to shore.
Two tedious days and two long nights we lay,
O'erwatch'd and batter'd in the naked bay.
But the third morning when Aurora brings,
We rear the masts, we spread the canvas wings;
Refresh'd, and carelefs on the deck reclin'd;
We sit, and trust the pilot and the wind.
Then to my native country had I fail'd:
But the cape doubled, adverse winds prevail'd.
Strong was the tide, which, by the northern blast
Impell'd, our vessels on Cythera cast.
Nine days our fleet th' uncertain tempest bore
Far in wide ocean, and from sight of shore;
The tenth we touch'd, by various errors tost,
The land of Lotos and the flowery coast.
We climb the beach, and springs of water sound,
Then spread our hasty banquet on the ground.
Three men were sent deputed from the crew,
(An herald one) the dubious coast to view,
And learn what habitants possess the place.
They went, and found a hospitable race;
Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,
They eat, they drink, and nature gives the feast;
The trees around them all their fruit produce;
Lotos, the name; divine, nectareous juice!
(Thence call'd Lotophagi) which whose tastes,
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,
Nor other home, nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends:
The three we sent, from off th' enchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:
The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,
Or, the charm tasted, had return'd no more.
Now plac'd in order on their banks, they sweep
The seas smooth face, and cleave the hoary deep;
With heavy hearts we labour through the tide
To coasts unknown, and oceans yet untry'd.

The land of Cyclops first; a savage kind,
Nor tam'd by manners, nor by laws confin'd:
Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and sow;
They all their products to free nature owe.
The soil untill'd a ready harvest yields,
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields,
Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,
And Jove descends in each prolific shower.

By these no statutes and no rights are known;
No council held, no monarch fills the throne,
But high on hills, or airy cliffs they dwell,
Or deep in caves whose entrance leads to hell.
Each rules his race, his neighbour not his care;
Heedless of others, to his own severe.

Oppos'd to the Cyslopean coasts, there lay
An isle, whose hills their subject fields survey;
Its name Lachia, crown'd with many a grove,
Where savage goats through pathless thickets
rove:

No needy mortals here, with hunger bold,
Or wretched hunters, through the wintery cold
Pursue their flight: but leave them safe to bound
From hill to hill, o'er all the desert ground.
Nor knows the soil to feed the fleecy care,
Or feels the labours of the crooked share;
But uninhabited, untill'd, unsown
It lies; and breeds the bleating goat alone:
For there no vessel with vermilion proue,
Or bath of traffic glides from shore to shore;
The rugged race of savages, unskill'd
The seas to traverse, or the ships to build,
Gaze on the coast, nor cultivate the soil;
Unlearn'd in all th' industrious arts of toil.
Yet here all products and all plants abound,
Sprung from the fruitful genius of the ground:
Fields waving high with heavy crops are seen,
And vines that flourish in eternal green,
Refreshing meads along the murmuring main,
And fountains streaming down the fruitful plain.

A port there is, enclos'd on either side,
Where ships may rest, unanchor'd and untied;
Till the glad mariners incline to sail,
And the sea whitens with the rising gale.
High at its head, from out the cavern'd rock
In living rills a gushing fountain broke:
Around it, and above, for ever green,
The blushing alders form a shady scene.
Hither some favouring God, beyond our thought,
Through all-surrounding shade our navy brought:
For gloomy night descended on the main,
Nor glimmer'd Phoebe in the æthereal plain:
But all unseen the clouded island lay,
And all unseen the surge and rolling sea, }
Till safe we anchor'd in the shelter'd bay:
Our sails we gather'd, cast our cables o'er,
And slept secure along the sandy shore.
Soon as again the rosy morning shone,
Reveal'd the landscape and the scene unknown,
With wonder seiz'd, we view the pleasing ground,
And walk delighted, and expatiate round.
Rous'd by the woodland nymphs, at early dawn,
The mountain goats come bounding o'er the

lawn:

In haste our fellows to the ships repair,
For arms and weapons of the sylvan war;
Straight in three squadrons all our crew we part.
And bend the bow, or wing the missile dart:
The bounteous Gods afford a copious prey,
And nine fat goats each vessel bears away:
The royal bark had ten. Our ships complete
We thus supply'd (for twelve were all the fleet).

Here, till the setting sun roll'd down the light,
We sat indulging in the genial rite:
Nor wines were wanting; those from ample jars
We drain'd, the prize of our Ciconian wars.

The land of Cyclops lay in prospect near,
The voice of goats and bleating flocks we hear. }
And from their mountains rising smokes appear, }
Now sunk the sun, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things : along the sea-beat shore
Satiated we sleep : but when the sacred dawn
Arising glitter'd o'er the dewy lawn,
I call'd my fellows, and these words address :
My dear associates, here indulge your rest :
While, with my single ship, adventurous I
Go forth, the manners of yon men to try ;
Whether a race unjust, of barbarous might,
Rude, and unconscious of a stranger's right ;
Or such who harbour pity in their breast,
Revere the Gods, and succour the distress ?
This said, I climb'd my vessel's lofty side ;
My train obey'd me, and the ship untied.
In order seated on their banks, they sweep [deep.
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding
When to the nearest verge of land we drew,
Fast by the sea a lonely cave we view,
High, and with darkening laurels cover'd o'er ;
Where sheep and goats lay slumbering round the
shore.
Near this, a fence of marble from the rock.
Brown with o'er-arching pine and spreading oak,
A giant shepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the rest, and solitary reigns,
In shelter thick of horrid shade reclin'd ;
And gloomy mischiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous ! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in stature, or in face ;
As some lone mountain's monstrous growth he stood,
Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding wood.
I left my vessel at the point of land,
And chose to guard it, gave our crew command :
With only twelve, the boldest and the best,
I seek th' adventure, and forsake the rest.
Then took a goatkin fill'd with precious wine, }
The gift of Maron of Evanthous' line }
(The priest of Phœbus at th' Iliarian shrine.) }
In sacred shade his honour'd mansion stood
Amidst Apollo's consecrated wood ; [I gave
Him, and his house, Heaven mov'd my mind to
And costly presents in return he gave ;
Seven golden talents to perfection wrought,
A silver bowl that held a copious draught,
And twelve large vessels of unmingled wine,
Miscellaneous, undecaying, and divine ?
Which now, some ages from his race conceal'd,
The hoary fire in gratitude reveal'd ; [I gave
Such was the wine : to quench whose fervent
Scarce twenty measures from the living stream
To cool one cup suffic'd : the goblet crown'd
Breath'd aromatic fragrances around.
Of this an ample vase we heav'd aboard,
And brought another with provisions stor'd.
My soul forboded I should find the bower
Of some fell Monster, fierce with barbarous power,
Some rustic wretch, who liv'd in Heaven's despight,
Contemning laws, and trampling on the right.
The cave we found, but vacant all within
(His flock the giant tended on the green) :
But round the grot we gaze ; and all we view,
In order rang'd, our admiration drew :
The bending shelves with loads of cheeses press'd,
The folded flocks each separate from the rest

The larger here, and there the lesser lambs,
The new-fall'n young here bleating for their dams ;
The kid distinguish'd from the lambkin lies) :
The cavern echoes with responsive cries.
Capacious chargers all around were laid,
Full pails, and vessels of the milking trade.
With fresh provisions hence our fleet to store
My friends advise me, and to quit the shore ;
Or drive a flock of sheep and goats away,
Consult our safety, and put off to sea.
Their wholesome counsel rashly I declin'd,
Curious to view the man of monstrous kind,
And try what social rites a savage lends :
Dire rites, alas ! and fatal to my friends !
Then first a fire we kindle, and prepare
For his return with sacrifice and prayer.
The loaded shelves afford us full repast ;
We sit expecting. Lo ! he comes at last.
Near half a forest on his back he bore,
And cast the ponderous burden at the door.
It thunder'd as it fell. We trembled then,
And sought the deep recesses of the den.
Now driven before him, through the arching rock,
Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, th' unnumber'd
flock :
Big-udder'd ewes, and goats of female kind
(The males were penn'd in outward courts behind) :
Then, heav'd on high, a rock's enormous weight
To the cave's mouth he roll'd, and clos'd the gate
Scarce twenty-four wheel'd cars compact and
strong,
The massy load could bear, or roll along).
He next betakes him to his evening cares,
And, sitting down, to milk his flocks prepares ;
Of half their udders eases first the dams,
Then to the mother's teats submits the lambs.
Half the white stream to hardening cheese he
press'd,
And high in wicker-baskets heap'd the rest,
Reserv'd in bowls, supply'd the nightly feast.
His labour done, he fir'd the pile, that gave
A sudden blaze, and lighted all the cave.
We stand discover'd by the rising fires ;
Askance the giant glares, and thus inquires :
What are ye, guests ; on what adventure, say,
Thus far ye wander through the watery way ?
Pirates perhaps, who seek through seas unknown
The lives of others, and expose your own ?
His voice like thunder thro' the cavern sounds :
My bold companions thrilling fear confounds,
Appall'd at sight of more than mortal man !
At length, with heart recover'd, I began :
From Troy's fam'd fields, sad wanderers o'er
the main,
Behold the relics of the Grecian train !
Through various seas by various perils tost,
And forc'd by storms, unwilling, on your coast ;
Far from our destin'd course, and native land,
Such was our fate, and such high Jove's com-
Nor what we are besits us to disclaim, [mand !
Atreides' friends (in arms a mighty name)
Who taught proud Troy and all her sons to bow ;
Victors of late, but humble suppliants now !
Low at thy knee thy succour we implore ;
Respect us, human, and relieve us, poor.
At least some hospitable gift bestow ;
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe :

'Tis what the Gods require : those Gods revere,
The poor and stranger are their constant care ;
To Jove their cause, and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs.

Fools that ye are ! (the savage thus replies,
His inward fury blazing at his eyes)
Or strangers, distant far from our abodes,
To bid me reverence or regard the Gods.
Know then, we, Cyclops, are a race above
Those air-bred people, and their goat-nurs'd
Jove :

And learn, our power proceeds with thee and
Not as he wills, but as ourselves incline.
But answer, the good ship that brought ye o'er,
Where lies the anchor'd ? near or off the shore ?

Thus he. His meditated fraud I find
(Vers'd in the turns of various human kind) ;
And, cautious, thus : Against a dreadful rock,
Fast by your shore the gallant vessel broke,
Scarce with these few I 'cap'd ; of all my train,
Whom angry Neptune whelm'd beneath the
main ;

The scatter'd wreck the winds blew back again.

He answer'd with his deed. His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy ! of my martial band ;
And dash'd like dogs, against the stony floor :
The pavement swims with brains and mingled
gore.

Torn limb from limb, he spreads his horrid feast,
And fierce devours it like a mountain-beast :
He sucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
Nor entrails, flesh, nor solid bone remains.
We see the death from which we cannot move,
And humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.

His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,
A milky deluge next the giant swill'd ; [rock,
Then stretch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd
Lay senseless, and supine, amidst the flock.

To seize the time, and with a sudden wound
To fix the slumbering monster to the ground,
My soul impels me ; and in act I stand
To draw the sword ; but wisdom held my hand.

A deed so rash had finish'd all our fate,
No mortal forces from the lofty gate
Cold roll the rock. In hopelets grief we lay,
And sigh, expecting the return of day.

Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies.
He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the dams,
And to the mother's teats submits the lambs.

The task thus finish'd of his morning hours,
Two more he snatches, murders, and devours.
Then pleas'd, and whistling, drives his flock be-
fore :

Removes the rocky mountain from the door,
And shuts again : with equal ease dispos'd,
As a light quiver's lid is op'd and clos'd.
His giant voice the echoing region fills :
His flocks, obedient, spread o'er all the hills.

Thus left behind, ev'n in the last despair
I thought, devis'd, and Pallas heard my prayer.
Revenge, and doubt, and caution work'd my
But this of many counsels seem'd the best : [breast ;
The monster's club within the cave I spy'd,
A tree of steepest growth, and yet undry'd,
Green from the wood ; of height and bulk so vast,
The largest ship might claim it for a mast.

This shorten'd of its top, I gave my train
A fathom's length, to shape it and to plane ;
The narrower end I sharpen'd to a spire ;
Whose point we harden'd with the force of fire,
And hid it in the dust that strew'd the cave.
Then to my few companions, bold and brave,
Propos'd, who first the venturous deed should try,
In the broad orbit of his monstrous eye
To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood,
When slumber next should tame the man of blood.
Just as I wish'd, the lots were cast on four :
Myself the fifth. We stand, and wait the hour.
He comes with evening : all his fleecy flock
Before him march, and pour into the rock :
Not one, or male or female stay'd behind
(So fortune chanc'd, or so some God design'd) ;
Then heaving high the stone's unwieldy weight,
He roll'd it on the cave, and clos'd the gate.
First down he sits, to milk the woolly dams,
And then permits their udder to the lambs.
Next seiz'd two wretches more, and headlong cast,
Brain'd on the rock ; his second dire repast.
I then approach'd him reeking with their gore.

And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er ;
Cyclop ! since human flesh has been thy feast,
Now drain this goblet, potent to digest :

Know hence what treasures in our ship we lost,
And what rich liquor other climates boast.

We to thy shore the precious freight shall bear,
If home thou find us, and vouchsafe to spare,

But oh ! thus furious, thirsting thus for gore,
The sons of men shall ne'er approach thy shore, }
And never shalt thou taste this nectar more.

He heard, he took, and pouring down his throat
Delight'd, swill'd the large luxurious draught.
More ! give me more, he cry'd : the boon he thine,
Whoe'er thou art that bear'st celestial wine !

Declare thy name ; not mortal is thy juice,
Such as th' unblest Cyclopean climes produce
(Though sure our vine the largest cluster yields,
And Jove's scori'd thunder serves to drench our
fields) ;

But this descended from the blest abodes,
A rill of nectar, streaming from the Gods.

He said, and greedy grasp'd the heady bowl,
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his soul,
His sense lay cover'd with the dozy fume ;
While thus my fraudulent speech I reassume :

Thy promis'd boon, O Cyclop ! now I claim,
And plead my title ; Noman is my name.
By that distinguish'd from my tender years,
'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers.

The giant then : Our promis'd grace receive,
The hospitable boon we mean to give :
When all thy wretched crew have felt my power,
Noman shall be the last I will devour.

He said : then, nodding with the fumes of wine,
Dropp'd his huge head, and snoring lay supine
His neck obliquely o'er his shoulders hang,
Preis'd with the weight of sleep that tames the
strong ! [blood,

There belch'd the mingled streams of wine and
And human flesh, is indigested food,
Sudden I stir the embers, and inspire
With animating breath the beds of fire ;
Each drooping spirit with bold words repair,
And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.

The stake now glow'd beneath the burning bed
(Green as it was) and sparkled fiery red.
Then forth the vengeful instrument I bring;
With beating hearts my fellows form a ring.
Urg'd by some present God, they swift let fall
The pointed torment on his wifal ball.
Myself above them from a rising ground
Guide the sharp stake, and twist it round and round.

As when a shipwright stands his workmen o'er,
Whooply the wimble, some huge beam to bore;
Urg'd on all hands, it nimbly spins about,
The grain deep-piercing till it scoops it out:
In his broad eye so whirls the fiery wood;
From the pierc'd pupil spouts the boiling blood;
Sing'd are his brows; the scorching lids grow
The jelly bubbles, and the fibres crack. [black
And as when armours temper in the ford
The keen-edg'd pole-axe, or the shining sword,
The red-hot metal hisses in the lake,
Thus in his eye-ball hus'd the plunging stake.
He sends a dreadful groan: the rocks around
Through all their inmost winding caves resound.
Scar'd we receded forth, with frantic hand,
He tore, and dash'd on earth the gory brand:
Then calls the Cyclops, all that round him dwell,
With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.
From all their dens the one-ey'd race repair
From rifted rocks and mountains bleak in air.
All haste assembled, at his well-known roar,
Inquire the cause, and crowd the cavern-door.

What hurts thee, Polypheme? what strange afflict,
Fright,

Thus breaks our slumbers, and disturbs the night?
Does any mortal, in th' unguarded hour
Of sleep, oppress thee, or by fraud or power?
Or thieves insidious the fair flock surprise?
Thus they: the Cyclop from his den replies:

Friends, Noman kills me; Noman in the hour
Of sleep, oppresses me with fraudulent power.

"If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine

"Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign:

"To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray,"

The brethren cry'd, and instant strode away.

Joy touch'd my secret soul and conscious heart,

Pleas'd with th' effect of conduct and of art.

Mean time the Cyclop raging with his wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and round:

At last, the stone removing from the gate,

With hands extended in the midst he fate:

And search'd each passing sheep, and felt it o'er,

Secure to seize us ere we reach'd the door

(Such as his shallow wit he deem'd was mine):

But secret I revolv'd the deep design;

'Twas for our lives my labouring bosom wrought;
Each scheme I turn'd, and sharpen'd every thought;

This way and that I cast to save my friends,

Till one resolve my varying counsel ends,

Strong were the rams, with native purple fair,

Well fed, and largest of the fleecy care.

These three and three, with ozier bands we ty'd

(The twining bands the Cyclop's bed supply'd)

The midstmost bore a man: the outward two

Secur'd each side so bound we all the crew.

FRANK.

One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock;

In his deep fleece my grasping hands I lock,

And fast beneath, in woolly curls inwove,

I cling implicit, and confide in Jove.

When rosy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales,

He drove to pasture all the lusty males:

The ewes still folded, with distended thighs

Unmilk'd, lay bleating in distressful cries.

But heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,

He felt their fleeces as they pass'd along,

(Fool that he was) and let them safely go,

All unsuspecting of their freight below.

The master ram at last approach'd the gate,

Charg'd with his wool, and with Ulysses fate.

Him while he past the monster blind bespoke:

What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?

First thou wert wont to crop the flowery mead,

First to the field and river's bank to lead,

And first with stately step at evening hour

Thy fleecy fellows usher to their bower.

Now far the last, with pensive pace and slow

Thou mov'st, as conscious of thy master's woe!

Seest thou these lids that now unfold in vain?

(The deed of Noman and his wicked train!)

Oh! didst thou feel for thy afflicted lord,

And wouldst but Fate the power of speech afford,

Soon might'st thou tell me, where in secret here

The dastard lurks, all trembling with his fear:

Swung round and round, and dash'd from rock to rock,

His batter'd brains should on the pavement smoke.

No ease, no pleasure, my sad heart receives,

While such a monster as vile Noman lives.

The giant spoke, and through the hollow rock

Dismiss'd the ram, the father of the flock.

No sooner freed, and through th' enclosure past,

First I release myself, my fellows last:

Fat sheep and goats in throngs we drive before,

And reach our vessel on the winding shore.

With joy the sailors view their friends return'd,

And hail us living whom as dead they mourn'd,

Big tears of transport stand in every eye:

I check their fondness, and command to fly.

Aboard in haste they heave the wealthy sheep,

And snatch their oars, and rush into the deep.

Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,

As far as human voice could reach the ear:

With taunts the distant giant I accost:

Hear me, O Cyclop! hear, ungracious host!

'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,

Thou meditat'st thy meal in yonder cave;

But one, the vengeance fated from above

Doom'd to inflict; the instrument of Jove.

Thy barbarous breach of hospitable bands,

The God, the God revenges by my hands.

The words the Cyclop's burning rage provoke:

From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock,

High o'er the billows flew the mally load,

And near the ship came thundering on the flood.

It almost brush'd the helm, and fell before:

The whole sea shook, and resolute beat the shore.

The long concussion on the heaving tide

Roll'd back the vessel to the island's side:

Again I shov'd her off, our fate to fly,

Each nerve we stretch, and every oar we ply.

Just 'cap'd impending death, when now again

We twice as far had furrow'd back the main,

Q

Once more I rais'd my voice : my friends afraid
With mild entreaties my design dissuade,
What boots the godless giant to provoke,
Whose arms may sink us at a single stroke ?
Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,
Old ocean shook, and back his surges flew,
Thy sounding voice directs his aim again ;
The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'scap'd in vain.

But I, of mind elate, and scorning fear,
Thus with new taunts insult the monster's ear.
Cyclop ! if any, pitying thy disgrace,
Ask who disfigur'd thus that eyeless face ?
Say 'twas Ulysses, 'twas his deed, declare,
Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair ;
Ulysses, far in fighting fields renown'd,
Before whose arm Troy tumbled to the ground.

Th' astonish'd savage with a roar replies :
O heavens ! O faith of ancient prophecies !
This, Telemus Eurymedes foretold,
(The mighty seer who on these hills grew old ;
Skill'd the dark fates of mortals to declare,
And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air)
Long since he menac'd such was Fate's command ;
And nam'd Ulysses as the destin'd hand.
I deem'd some godlike giant to behold,
Or lofty hero, haughty, brave, and bold ;
Not this weak pigmy-wretch, of mean design,
Who not by strength subdued me, but by wine.
But come, accept our gifts, and join to pray
Great Neptune's blessing on the watery way :
For his I am, and I the lineage own :
Th' immortal father no less boasts the son.
His power can heal me, and re-light my eye :
And only his, o' all the Gods on high.

Oh ! could this arm (I thus aloud rejoin'd)
From that vast bulk dislodge thy bloody mind,
And send thee howling to the realms of night !
As sure, as Neptune cannot give thee light.

Thus I : while raging he repeats his cries,
With hands uplifted to the starry skies :
Hear me, O Neptune ! thou whose arms are
 hurld
From shore to shore, and gird the solid world.

If thine I am, nor thou my birth disown,
And if th' unhappy Cyclop be thy son ;
Let not Ulysses breathe his native air,
Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair.
If to review his country be his fate,
Be it through toils and sufferings long and late ;
His lost companions let him first deplore ;
Some vessel, not his own, transport him o'er ;
And when at home from foreign sufferings fled,
More near and deep, domestic woes succeed !

With imprecations thus he fill'd the air,
And angry Neptune heard the unrighteous prayer.
A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
He whirl'd it round : it sung, across the main :
It fell, and brush'd the stern : the billows roar,
Shake at the weight, and reluctant beat the shore.
With all our force we kept aloof to sea,
And gain'd the island where our vessels lay.
Our fight the whole collected navy cheer'd,
Who, waiting long, by turns had hop'd and fear'd.
There disembarking on the green sea-side,
We land our cattle, and the spoil divide :
Of these due shares to every sailor fall ;
The master I am was voted mine by all :
And him (the guardian of Ulysses' fate)
With pious mind to Heaven I consecrate.
But the great God, whose thunder rends the skies,
Averse, beholds the smoking sacrifice ;
And sees me wandering still from coast to coast,
And all my vessels, all my people, lost !
While thoughtless we indulge the genial rite,
As plenteous cates and flowing bowls invite ;
Till evening Phœbus roll'd away the light :
Stretch'd on the shore in careless ease we rest,
Till ruddy morning purpl'd o'er the east.
Then from their anchors all our ships unbind,
And mount the decks, and call the willing
 wind.

Now, rang'd in order on our banks, we sweep
With hasty strokes the hoarse resounding deep ;
Blind to the future, pensive with our fears,
Glad for the living, for the dead in tears.

B O O K X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adventures with Æolus, the Lestrigons, and Circe.

Ulysses arrives at the island of Æolus, who gives him prosperous winds, and encloses the adverse ones in a bag, which his companions untying, they are driven back again, and rejected. Then they sail to the Lestrigons, where they lose eleven ships, and, with one only remaining, proceed to the island of Circe. Eurylochus is sent first with some companions, all which, except Eurylochus, are transformed into swine. Ulysses then undertakes the adventure, and, by the help of Mercury, who gives him the herb Moly, overcomes the enchantress, and procures the restoration of his men. After a year's stay with her, he prepares, at her instigation, for his voyage to the infernal shades.

At length we reach'd Æolia's sea-girt shore
Where great Æolus the sceptre bore,
A floating isle ! High-rais'd by toil divine,
Strong walls of brass the rocky coast confine.

Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bred,
And six fair daughters grac'd the royal bed :
These sons their sisters wed, and all remain
Their parents pride, and pleasure of their reign.

All day they feast, all day the bowis flow round,
And joy and music through the isle resound:
At night each pair on splendid carpets lay,
And crown'd with love the pleasures of the day.

This happy port affords our wandering fleet
A mouth's reception, and a safe retreat.
Full oft the monarch urg'd me to relate
The fall of Ilium, and the Grecian fate;
Full oft I told; at length for parting mov'd;
The king with mighty guts my suit approv'd.
The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
Compress'd their force, and lock'd each straggling
For him the mighty Sire of Gods assign'd [blast:
The tempest's Lord, the tyrant of the wind;
His word alone the listening storms obey,
To smoothe the deep, or swell the foamy sea.
These in my hollow ship the monarch hung,
Securely stutted by a silver thong;
But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
He charg'd to fill, and guide the swelling sails: }
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails!

Nine prosperous days we ply'd the labouring oar;
The tenth presents our welcome native shore:
The hills display the beacon's friendly light,
And rising mountains gain upon our sight.
Then shut my eyes, by watchful toils oppress'd,
Comply'd to take the balmy gifts of rest;
Then first my hands did from the rudder part
(So much the love of home possess'd my heart);
When, lo! on board a fond debate arose;
What rare device those vessels might enclose?
What sum, what prize from Æolus I brought?

Whist to his neighbour each express'd his thought:
Say, whence, ye Gods, contending nations strive
Who most shall please, who most our hero give?
Long have his coffers grown'd with Trojan spoils;
Whilst we, the wretched partners of his toils,
Reproach'd by want, our fruitless labours mourn,
And only rich in barren fate return.
Now Æolus, ye see, augments his store:
But come, my friends, these mystic gifts explore.
They said: and (oh curst fate) the thongs un-
bound:

The guishing tempest sweeps the ocean round;
Snatch'd in the whirl, the hurry'd navy flew,
The ocean widen'd, and the shores withdrew.
Rous'd from my fatal sleep, I long debate
It neel to live, or desperate plunge to Fate:
Thy, doubting, prostrate on the deck I lay,
Till all the coward thoughts of death gave way
Mean while our vessels plough'd the liquid
plain.

And soon the known Æolian coast regain,
Our grains the rocks remounted to the main. }
We leapt on shore, and with a noisy rest
Our thirst and hunger hastily repress'd;
That done, two chosen heralds straight attend
Our second progress to my royal friend:
And him amid his jovial sons we found;
The banquet steaming, and the goblets crown'd:
There humbly stopp'd with conscious shame and
awe.

Nor nearer than the gate presum'd to draw.
But soon his sons that well-known guard descri'd
And starting from their couches loudly cry'd:
Ulysses here! what Æemon couldst thou meet
To thwart thy passage, and repel thy fleet?

Wast thou not furnish'd by our choicest care
For Greece, for home, and all thy soul hold dear?
Thus they: in silence long my fate I mourn'd,
At length these words with accent low return'd:
Me, lock'd in sleep, my faithless crew bereft
Of all the blessings of your godlike gift!
But grant, oh grant our loss we may retrieve:
A favour you, and you alone can give.

Thus I with art to move their pity try'd,
And touch'd the youths; but their stern fire re-
ply'd:

Vile wretch, begone! this instant I command
Thy fleet accurs'd to leave our hallow'd land.
His baneful suit pollutes the blest abodes,
Whose fate proclaims him hateful to the Gods.

Thus fierce he said: we fighting went our way,
And with desponding hearts put off to sea.

The sailors, spent with toils, their ruly mourn,
But moan in vain; no prospect of return.

Six days and nights a doubtful course we steer, }
The next proud Lamos' stately towers appear,
And Leirigonia's gates arise distinct in air. }

The shepherd, quitting here at night the plain,
Calls, to succeed his cares, the watchful swain;
But he that tears the chains of sleep to wear,
And adds the herdswan's to the sheep-herd's care,
So near the pastures, and so short the way, }
His double toils may claim a double pay,
And join the labours of the night and day.

Within a long recess a bay there lies, [skies:
Edg'd round with cliffs, high pointing to the
The jutting shores that swell on either side
Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.
Our eager sailors seize the late retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet;
For here retir'd the sinking billows sleep,
And smiling calmness silver'd o'er the deep.
I only in the bay refus'd to moor,
And fix'd, without, my haliers to the shore.

From thence we climb'd a point, whose airy
brow

Commands the prospect of the plains below:
No tracts of beasts, or signs of men, we found,
But smoky volumes rolling from the ground.
Two with our herald thither we command,
With speed to learn what men possess'd the land.
They went, and kept the wheel's unsmooth beaten
road

Which to the city drew the mountain wood;
When lo! they met, beside a crystal spring,
The daughter of Antiphates the king;
She to Artacia's silver streams call'd down
(Artacia's streams alone supply the town):
The damsel they approach'd, and ask'd what race
The people were? who monarch of the place?
With joy the maid th' unwary strangers heard,
And show'd them where the royal dome appear'd.
They went; but, as they entering saw the queen
Of size enormous, and terrific mien
(Not yielding to some bulky mountain height),
A sudden horror struck their aching sight.
Swift at her call her husband leapt away
To wreak his hunger on the destin'd prey;
One for his food the raging platoon flew,
But two rush'd out, and to the navy flew.

Balk'd of his prey, the yelling monster flies,
And hls the city with his hideous cries;
O ij

A ghastly band of giants hear the roar, [shore.
And, pouring down the mountains, crowd the
Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,
And dash the ruins on the ships below :
The crackling vessels burst ; hoarse groans arise,
And mingled horrors echo to the skies ;
The men, like fish, they stuck upon the flood,
And crammi'd their filthy throats with human
Whilst thus their fury rages at the bay, [food.
My sword our cables cut, I call'd to weigh, [fly,
And charg'd my men, as they from Fate would
Each nerve to strain, each bending oar to ply,
The sailors catch the word, their oars they seize,
And sweep with equal strokes the smoky seas :
Clear of the rocks th' impatient vessel flies ;
Whilst in the port each wretch encumber'd dies.
With earnest haste my frightened sailors press,
While kindling transports glow'd at our success ;
But the sad fate that did our friends destroy
Cool'd every breast, and damp'd the rising joy.

Now dropp'd our anchors in the Ææan bay,
Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the day ;
Her mother Perse, of old Ocean's strain,
Thus from the Sun descended and the Main
(From the same lineage stern Æætes came,
The far-fam'd brother of th' enchantress dame) ;
Goddess, and queen, to whom the powers belong
Of dreadful magic, and commanding song.
Some God directing to this peaceful bay
Silent we came, and melancholy lay, [roll'd on,
Spent and o'erwatch'd. Two days and nights
And now the third succeeding morning shone.
I climb'd a cliff, with spear and sword in hand,
Whose ridge o'erlook'd a shady length of land :
To learn if aught of mortal works appear,
Or cheerful voice of mortal strike the ear ?
From the high point I mark'd, in distant view,
A stream of curling smoke ascending blue,
And spiry tops, the tufted trees above,
Of Circe's palace bosom'd in the grove.

Thither to haste, the region to explore,
Was first my thought : but speeding back to shore,
I deem'd it best to visit first my crew,
And send out spies the dubious coast to view.
As down the hill I solitary go,
Some Power divine, who pities human woe,
Sent a tall stag, descending from the wood,
'To cool his fervour in the crystal flood ;
Luxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay,
Stretch'd forth, and panting in the sunny ray.
I launch'd my spear, and with a sudden wound,
Transpierc'd his back, and fix'd him to the ground.
He falls, and mourns his fate with human cries :
Through the wide wound the vital spirit flies.
I drew, and casting on the river's side
The bloody spear, his gather'd feet I ty'd }
With twining oziæ, which the bank supplied. }
An ell in length the pliant whip I weav'd,
And the huge body on my shoulders heav'd :
Then, leaning on my spear with both my hands,
Up-bore my load, and press'd the sinking sands
With weighty steps, till at the ship I threw
'The welcome burden, and bespoke my crew :

Cheer up, my friends ! it is not yet our fate
To glide with ghosts through Pluto's gloomy gate.
Food in the desert land, Lehold ! is given ;
Live, and enjoy the providence of Heaven.

The joyful crew survey his mighty feat ;
And on the future banquet feast their eyes,
As huge in length extended lay the beast ;
Then wash their hands, and hasten to the feast ;
There, till the setting sun roll'd down the light,
They fate indulging in the genial rite.
When evening rose, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things, we slept along the shore.
But when the rosy morning warm'd the east,
My men I summon'd, and these words addrest :

Followers and friends, attend what I propose :
Ye sad companions of Ulysses' woes !
We know not here what land before us lies, }
Or to what quarter now we turn our eyes, }
Or where the sun shall rise, or where shall rise. }
Here let us think (if thinking be not vain)
If any counsel, any hope remain.

Alas ! from yonder promontory's brow,
I view'd the coast, a region flat and low ;
An isle incircled with the boundless flood ;
A length of thickets, and entangled wood.
Some smoke I saw amid the forests rise,
And all around it only seas and skies !

With broken hearts my sad companions stood, }
Mindful of Cyclop and his human food, }
And horrid Lestrigons, the men of blood. }
Presaging tears apace began to reign ;
But tears in mortal miseries are vain.
In equal parts I straight divide my band,
And name a chief each party to command ;
I led the one, and of the other side
Appointed brave Eurylochus the guide.
Then in the brazen helm the lots we throw,
And Fortune casts Eurylochus to go :
He march'd, with twice eleven in his train :
Pensive they march, and pensive we remain.

The palace in a woody vale they found,
High rais'd of stone ; a shaded space around ;
Where mountain wolves and brindled lions roam,
(By magic tam'd) familiar to the dome.
With gentle blandishments our men they meet.
And wag their tails, and fawning lick their
feet.

As from some feast a man returning late,
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
Rejoicing round, some morfel to receive
(Such as the good man ever us'd to give).
Domestic thus the grizzly beasts drew near ;
They gaze with wonder, not unmix'd with fear.
Now on the threshold of the dome they stood,
And heard a voice resounding through the wood :
Plac'd at her loom within the Goddess sung ;
The vaulted roofs and solid pavement rung.
O'er the fair web the rising figures shine,
Immortal labour ! worthy hands divine.
Polites to the rest the question mov'd
(A gallant leader, and a man I lov'd) :

What voice celestial, chanting to the loom
(Or Nymph, or Goddess) echoes from the room ?
Say, shall we seek access ? With that they call ;
And wide unfold the portals of the hall.

The Goddess, rising, asks her guests to stay,
Who blindly follow where she leads the way.
Eurylochus alone of all the band,
Suspecting fraud, more prudently remain'd.
On thrones around with downy coverings grac'd,
With semblance fair, th' unhappy men she plac'd.

Milk newly press'd, the sacred flour of wheat,
And honey fresh, and Præmian wines the treat :
But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl,
With drugs of force, to darken all the soul :
Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost,
And drank oblivion of their native coast.
Instant her circling wand the Goddess waves,
To hogs transforms them, and the sty receives.
No more was seen the human form divine ;
Head, face, and members, bristle into swine :
Still curs'd with sense, their minds remain alone,
And their own voice affrights them when they groan.

Mean while the Goddess in disdain bestows
The mast and acorn, brutal food ! and strows
The fruits of cornel, as their feast, around ;
Now prone and groveling on unfavoury ground.

Eurylochus, with pensive steps and slow,
Aghast returns ; the messenger of woe,
And bitter fate. To speak he made essay,
In vain essay'd, nor would his tongue obey,
His swelling heart deny'd the words their way :
But speaking tears the want of words supply,
And the full soul lurches copious from his eye.
Affrighted, anxious for our fellows' fates,
We press to hear what sadly he relates :

We went, Ulysses ! (such was thy command)
Through the lone thicket and the desert land.
A palace in a woody vale we found,
Brown with dark forests, and with shades around.
A voice celestial echoed from the dome,
Or Nymph, or Goddess, chanting to the loom,
Accels we sought, nor was accels denied :
Radiant she came ; the portal's open'd wide :
The Goddess mild invites the guests to stay :
They blindly follow where she leads the way.
I only wait behind, of all the train ;
I waited long, and ey'd the doors in vain :
The rest are vanish'd, none repass'd the gate ;
And not a man appears to tell their fate.

I heard, and instant o'er my shoulders flung
The belt in which my weighty faulchion hung
(A beamy blade) ; then seiz'd the bended bow,
And bade him guide the way, resolv'd to go.
He, prostrate falling, with both hands embrac'd
My knees, and, weeping, thus his suit address'd :

O king, belov'd of Jove ! thy servant spare,
And ah, thyself the rash attempt forbear !
Never, alas ! thou never shalt return,
Or see the wretched for whose loss we mourn.
With what remains from certain ruin fly,
And save the few not fated yet to die.

I answer'd stern : Inglorious then remain,
Here feast and loiter, and desert thy train.
Alone, unfriended, will I tempt my way ;
The laws of Fate compel, and I obey.

This said, and scornful turning from the shore
My haughty step, I stalk'd the valley o'er.
Till now approaching nigh the magic bower ;
Where dwell th' enchantress skill'd in herbs of power,

A form divine forth issued from the wood
(Immortal Hermes with the golden rod)
In human semblance. On his bloomy face
Youth smil'd celestial, with each opening grace.
He seiz'd my hand, and gracious thus began :
Ah ! whether roam'st thou, much enduring man ?

Oh blind to fate ! what led thy steps to rove
The horrid mazes of this magic grove !
Each friend you seek in yon enclosure lies,
All lost their form, and habitants of sties.
Think'st thou by wit to model their escape ?
Sooner shalt thou, a stranger to thy shape,
Fall prone their equal : first thy danger know,
Then take the antidote the Gods bestow.
The plant I give, through all the direful bower
Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.
Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes
The bowl shall sparkle, and the banquet rise ;
Take this, nor from the faithless feast abstain,
For temper'd drugs and poisons shall be vain.
Soon as she strikes her wand, and gives the word,
Draw forth and brandish thy resolute sword,
And menace death : those menaces shall move
Her alter'd mind to blandishment and love.
Nor shun the blessing proffer'd to thy arms,
Ascend her bed, and taste celestial charms :
So shall thy tedious toils a respite find,
And thy lost friends return to human kind.
But swear her first by those dread oaths that tie
The Powers below, the Bless'd in the sky ;
Lest to thee naked secret fraud be meant,
Or magic bind thee cold and impotent. [drew

Thus while he spoke, the sovereign plant he
Where on th' all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew,
And show'd its nature and its wondrous power :
Black was the root, but misty-white the flower ;
Moly the name, to mortals hard to find,
Put all is easy to th' æthereal kind.
This Hermes gave ; then, gliding off the glade,
Shot to Olympus from the woodland shade.

While, full of thought, revolving fates to come,
I sped my passage to th' enchanted dome :
Arriv'd, before the lofty gates I stay'd ;
The lofty gates the Goddess wide display'd :
She leads before, and to the feast invites :
I follow sadly to the magic rites.
Radiant with starry studs, a silver seat
Receiv'd my limbs ; a footstool eas'd my feet.
She mix'd the potion, fraudulent of soul ;
The poison mantled in the golden bowl.
I took, and quaff'd it, confident in Heaven :
Then wav'd the wand, and then the word was giv'n
Hence to thy fellows ! (dreadful she began) [ven,
Go, be a beast !—I heard, and yet was man.

Then sudden whirling, like a waving flame,
My beamy faulchion, I assault the dame.
Struck with unusual fear, she trembling cries,
She faints, she falls ; she lifts her weeping eyes.

What art thou ? say ! from whence, from whom
you came ?

Oh more than human ! tell thy race, thy name.
Amazing strength these poisons to sustain !
Nor mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain.
Or art thou he ? the man to come (foretold
By Hermes powerful with the wand of gold)
The man from Troy, who wander'd ocean round ;
The man for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Ulysses ? oh ! thy threatening fury cease, [peace ;
Sheath thy bright sword, and join our hands in
Let mutual joys our mutual trust combine,
And love, and love-born confidence, be thine.
And how, dread Circe ! (furious I rejoice)
Can love, and love-born confidence, be mine !

Beneath thy charms when my companions groan,
 Transform'd to beasts, with accents not their own.
 O thou of fraudulent heart! shall I be led
 To share thy feast; rites, or ascend thy bed:
 That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have vent.
 And magic bind me, cold and impotent!
 Celestial as thou art, yet stand denied;
 Or swear that oath by which the Gods are tied,
 Swear, in thy soul no latent frauds remain,
 Swear by the vow which never can be vain.

The Goddess swore: then seiz'd my hand, and
 To the sweet transports of the genial bed. [led
 Ministrant to their queen, with busy care
 Four faithful handmaids the soft rites prepare;
 Nymphs sprung from fountains, or from shady
 woods,

Or the fair offspring of the sacred floods.
 One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,
 Whose purple lustre glow'd against the view:
 White linen lay beneath. Another plac'd
 The silver stands with golden flasks grac'd
 With dulcet beverage: this the beaker crown'd,
 Faint in the midst, with gilded cups around:
 That in the tyrod o'er the kindled pile
 The water powers; the bubbling waters boil:
 An ample vase receives the smoking wave;
 And, in the bath prepar'd, my limbs I lave:
 Reviving sweets repair the mind's decay,
 And take the painful senile of toil away.
 A vest and tunic o'er me next she threw,
 Fresh from the bath, and dropping balmy dew;
 Then led and plac'd me on the sovereign seat,
 With carpets spread; a footstool at my feet.
 The golden ewer a nymph obsequious brings,
 Keptinis'd from the cool translucent springs:
 With copious water the bright vase supplies
 A silver laver of capacious size.

I wash'd. The table in fair order spread,
 They heap the glittering canisters with bread!
 Vizards of various kinds allure the taste,
 Of choicest sort and flavour, rich repast!
 Circe in vain invites the feast to share:
 Absent I ponder, and absorb in care:
 While scenes of woe rise anxious in my breast,
 The queen beheld me, and those words address:

Why sits Ulysses silent and apart,
 Some hoard of grief close-harbour'd at his heart?
 Untouch'd before thee stands the cates divine,
 And unregarded laughs the rosy wine.
 Can yet a doubt or any dread remain,
 When sworn that oath which never can be vain?

I answer'd: Goddess! human is thy breast,
 By justice sway'd, by tender pity prest:
 Ill fits it me, whose friends are sunk to beasts,
 To quaff thy bowls, or riot in thy feasts.
 Me would'st thou please? For them thy cares em-
 And them to me restore, and me to joy. [pity,

With that she parted; in her potent hand
 She bore the virtue of the magic wand.
 Then hastening to the sties, set wide the door,
 Urg'd forth, and drove the bristly herd before;
 Unwieldy, out they rush'd with general cry,
 Enormous beasts dishonest to the eye.
 Now touch'd by counter charms, they change
 And stand majestic, and recall'd to men. [again,
 Those hairs, of late that bristled every part,
 Fall off; miraculous effect of art!

Till all the form in full proportion rise,
 More young, more large, more graceful to my eyes.
 They saw, they knew me, and with eager pace
 Clung to their master in a long embrace:
 Sad, pleasing sight! with tears each eye ran o'er,
 And sobs of joy re-echoed through the tower:
 Ev'n Circe wept, her adamant heart
 Felt pity enter, and sustain'd her part.

Son of Laertes! (then the queen began)
 Oh much-enduring, much-experienc'd man!
 Hasten to thy vessel on the sea-beat shore,
 Unload thy treasures, and the galley moor:
 Then bring thy friends, secure from future harms,
 And in our grottoes stow thy spoils and arms.

She said: obedient to her high command,
 I quit the place, and hasten to the strand.
 My sad companions on the beach I found,
 Their wistful eyes in floods of sorrow drown'd.
 As from fresh pastures and the dewy field
 (When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)
 The lowing herds return; around them throng
 With leaps and bounds their late-imprison'd young,
 Rush to their mothers with unruly joy,
 And echoing hills return the tender cry:
 So round me press'd, exulting at my sight,
 With cries and agonies of wild delight,
 The weeping sailors; nor less fierce their joy
 Than if return'd to Ithaca from Troy.
 Ah, master! ever honour'd, ever dear!
 (Their tender words on every side I hear)
 What other joy can equal thy return?
 Not that lov'd country for whose sight we mourn?
 The foil that nurs'd us, and that gave us breath:
 But, ah! relate our lost companions' death.

I answer'd cheerful: Hasten, your galley moor,
 And bring our treasures and our arms ashore:
 Those in yon hollow caverns let us lay;
 Then rise, and follow where I lead the way.
 Your fellows live: believe your eyes, and come
 To taste the joys of Circe's sacred dome.
 With ready speed the joyful crew obey:
 Alone Eurylochus persuades their stay.
 Whither (he cry'd) ah! whither will ye run?
 Seek ye to meet those evils ye should shun?
 Will you the terrors of the dome explore,
 In swine to grovel, or in lions roar,
 Or wolf-like howl, away the midnight hour?
 In dreadful watch around the magic bower?
 Remember Cyclop, and his bloody deed:
 The leader's rashness made the soldiers bleed.

I heard incens'd, and first resolv'd to speed
 My flying faulchion at the rebels head.
 Dear as he was, by ties of kindred bound,
 This hapd had stretch'd him breathless on the
 ground.

But all arduous my interposing train
 For mercy pleaded nor could plead in vain.
 Leave here the man who dares his prince desert,
 Leave to repentance and his own sad heart,
 To guard the ship. Seek we the sacred shades
 Of Circe's palace, where Ulysses leads.

This with one voice declar'd, the rising train
 Left the black vessel by the murmuring main.
 Shame touch'd Eurylochus's alter'd breast,
 He fear'd my threats, and follow'd with the rest.

Mean while the Goddess, with indulgent cares
 And social joys, the late transform'd repairs;

The bath, the feast, their fainting soul renews;
Rich in refulgent robes, and dropping balmy dew:
Brightening with joy their eager eyes behold
Each other's face, and each his story told;
Then gushing tears the narrative confound,
And with their sobs the vaulted roofs resound.
When hush'd their passion, thus the Goddesses }
Ulysses, taught by labours to be wise, [cries:
Let this short memory of grief suffice.
To me are known the various woes ye bore,
In storms by sea, in perils on the shore;
Forget whatever was in Fortune's power,
And share the pleasures of this genial hour.
Such be your minds as ere ye left your coast,
Or learn'd to sorrow for a country lost.
Exiles and wanderers now, where-e'er ye go
Too faithful memory renews your woe;
The cause remov'd, habitual griefs remain,
And the soul saddens by the use of pain.

Her kind entreaty mov'd the general breast;
Tir'd with long toil, we willing sunk to rest.
We ply'd the banquet, and the bowl we crown'd,
Till the full circle of the year came round.
But when the seasons, following in their train,
Brought back the months, the days, and hours
As from a lethargy at once they rise, [again;
And urge their chief with animating cries:

Is this, Ulysses, our inglorious lot?
And is the name of Ithaca forgot?
Shall never the dear land in prospect rise,
Or the lov'd palace glitter in our eyes?

Melting I heard; yet till the sun's decline
Prolong'd the feast, and quaff'd the rosy wine:
But when the shades came on at evening hour,
And all lay slumbering in the dusky bower;
I came a suppliant to fair Circe's bed,
The tender moment seiz'd, and thus I said:

Be mindful, Goddesses, of thy promise made;
Must sad Ulysses ever be delay'd?
Around their lord my sad companions mourn,
Each breast beats homeward, anxious to return:
If but a moment parted from thy eyes,
Their tears flow round me, and my heart complices.

Go then, (she cry'd) ah, go! yet think, not I,
Not Circe, but the Fates, your wish deny.
Ah, hope not yet to breathe thy native air!
Far other journey first demands thy care;
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
And view the realms of darkness and of death.
There seek the Theban bard, depriv'd of sight;
Within, irradiate with prophetic light;
To whom Persephone, entire and whole,
Gave to retain th' unseparated soul:
The rest are forms, of empty æther made;
Impassive semblance, and a sitting shade!

Struck at the word, my very heart was dead:
Pensive I sat; my tears bedew'd the bed;
To hate the light and life my soul begun,
And saw that all was grief beneath the sun.
Compos'd at length, the gushing tears suppress'd,
And my toft limbs now weary'd into rest:
How shall I tread (I cry'd) ah, Circe! say,
The dark descent, and who shall guide the way?
Can living eyes behold the realms below?
What bark to waft me, and what wind to blow?

Thy fated soad (the magic power reply'd)
Divine Ulysses! asks no mortal guide.

Rear but the mast, the spacious sail display,
The northern winds shall wing thee on thy way.
Soon shalt thou reach old Ocean's utmost ends,
Where to the main the shelving shore descends;
The barren trees of Proserpine's black woods,
Poplars and willows-trembling o'er the floods:
There fix thy vessel in the lonely bay,
And enter there the kingdoms void of day:
Where Phlegeton's loud torrents, rushing down,
His in the flaming gulf of Acheron;
And where, flow-rolling from the Stygian bed,
Cocytus' lamentable waters spread:
Where the dark rocks o'erhang th' infernal lake,
And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.
First draw thy saulchion, and on every side
Trench the black earth a cubit long and wide:
To all the shades around libations pour,
And o'er th' ingredients strow the hallow'd
flour:

New wine and milk, with honey temper'd, bring;
And living waters from the crystal spring.
Then the wan shades and feeble ghouls implore,
With promis'd offerings on thy native shore;
A barren cow, the stateliest of the isle,
And, heap'd with various wealth, a blazing pile:
These to the rest; but to the ferest must bleed
A sable ram, the pride of all thy breed.
These solemn vows and holy offerings paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead;
Be next thy care the sable sleep to place
Full o'er the pit, and hell-ward turn their face:
But from th' infernal rite thine eye withdraw,
And back to Ocean glance with reverend awe.
Sudden shall skim along the dusky glades
Thin airy shoals, and visionary shades.
Then give command the sacrifice to haste,
Let the slay'd victims in the flame be cast,
And sacred vows and mystic song apply'd
To grisly Pluto and his gloomy bride.
Wide o'er the pool, thy saulchion wav'd around
Shall drive the spectres from forbidden ground:
The sacred draught shall all the dead forbear,
Till awful from the shades arise the fear.
Let him, oraculous, the end, the way,
The turns of all thy future fate, display,
Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy }
day.

So speaking, from the ruddy orient shone
The morn, conspicuous on her golden throne.
The Goddesses with a radiant tunic dress'd
My limbs, and o'er me cast a silken vest.
Long flowing robes of purest white array
The nymph, that added lustre to the day:
A tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold;
Her waist was circled with a zone of gold.
Forth issuing then, from place to place I flew;
Rouze man by man, and animate my crew.
Rise, rise, my mates! 'tis Circe gives command:
Our journey calls us; haste, and quit the land.
All rise and follow, yet depart not all,
For Fate decreed one wretched man to fall.

A youth there was, Elpenor was he nam'd,
Not much for sense, nor much for courage fam'd:
The youngest of our band, a vulgar soul,
Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.
He, hot and careless, on a turret's height
With sleep repair'd the long debauch of night:
O iiiij

The sudden tumult stir'd him where he lay,
And down he hasten'd, but forgot the way;
Full endlong from the roof the sleeper fell,
And snapp'd the spinal joint, and wak'd in hell.

The rest crowd round me with an eager look;
I met them with a sigh, and thus bespoke:
Already, friends! ye think your toils are o'er,
Your hopes already touch your native shore:
Alas! far otherwise the nymph declares,
Far other journey first demands our cares;
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
The dreary realms of darkness and of death:
To seek Tiresias' awful shade below,
And thence our fortunes and our fates to know.

My sad companions heard in deep despair;
Frantic they tore their manly growth of hair;
To earth they fell; the tears began to rain;
But tears in mortal miseries are vain.
Sadly they far'd along the sea-beat shore;
Still heav'd their hearts, and still their eyes ran
o'er.

The ready victims at our bark we found,
The sable ewe and ram, together bound,
For swift as thought the Goddess had been there,
And thence had glided viewless as the air:
The paths of Gods what mortal can survey?
Who eyes their motion? who shall trace their
way?

B O O K XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Descent into Hell,

Ulysses continues his narration, How he arriv'd at the land of the Cimmerians, and what ceremonies he performed to invoke the dead. The manner of his descent, and the apparition of the shades: his conversation with Elpenor, and with Tiresias, who inform him in a prophetic manner of his fortunes to come. He meets his mother Anticlea, from whom he learns the state of his family. He sees the shades of the ancient heroes, afterwards of the heroes, and converses in particular with Agamemnon and Achilles. Ajax keeps at a sullen distance, and disdains to answer him. He then beholds Tityus, Tantalus, Sisyphus, Hercules; till he is deterred from further curiosity by the apparition of horrid spectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments.

Now to the shores we bend, a mournful train,
Climb the tall bark, and launch into the main:
At once the mast we rear, at once unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind:
Then pale and pensive stand, with cares oppress'd,
And solemn horror saddens every breast.

A freshening breeze the Magic Power supplied,
While the wing'd vessel flew along the tide;
Our oars we slupp'd: all day the swelling sails
Full from the guiding pilot catch'd the gales.

Now sunk the sun from his aerial height,
And o'er the shaded billows rush'd the night:
When lo! we reach'd old Ocean's utmost bounds,
Where rocky control his waves with ever-during
mounds.

There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells;
The sun ne'er views th' uncomfortable seats,
When radiant he advances, or retreats:
Unhappy race! whom endless night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in
shades.

The ship we moor on these obscure abodes;
Disbark the sheep, an offering to the Gods;
And, hell-ward bending, o'er the beach descry
The doleful passage to th' infernal sky.
The victims, vow'd to each Tartarean Power,
Eurylochus and Perimedes bore.

Here open'd hell, all hell I here implor'd,
And from the scabbard drew the shining sword;

• Circe.

And, trenching the black earth on every side,
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.
New wine, with honey temper'd milk, we bring,
Then living waters from the crystal spring;
O'er these was strew'd the consecrated flour,
And on the surface shone the holy store.

Now the wan shades we hail, th' infernal Gods,
To speed our course, and wait us o'er the floods:
So shall a barren heifer from the stall
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall;
So in our palace, at our safe return,
Rich with-unnumber'd gifts the pile shall burn;
So shall a ram the largest of the breed,
Black as these regions, to Tiresias bleed.

Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead,
Then dy'd the sheep; a purple torrent flow'd,
And all the caverns smok'd with streaming blood.
When, lo! appear'd along the dusky coasts,
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts;
Fair, pensive youths, and soft enamour'd maids;
And wither'd elders, pale and wrinkled shades;
Ghastly with wounds the forms of warriors slain
Stalk'd with majestic port, a martial train:
These, and a thousand more swarm'd o'er the
ground.

And all their dire assembly shriek'd around.
Astonish'd at the sight, aghast I stood,
And a cold fear ran shivering through my blood;
Straight I command the sacrifice to haste,
Straight the slay'd victims to the flames are cast;

And mutter'd vows, and mystic song applied
To grisly Pluto, and his gloomy bride.

Now swift I wave my faulchion o'er the blood;
Back started the pale throngs, and trembling stood.
Round the black trench the gore untasted flows,
Till awful from the shades Tiresias rose.

There wandering through the gloom I first sur-
vey'd,

New to the realms of death, Elpenor's shade:
His cold remains all naked to the sky
On distant shores unwept, unburied lie.
Sad at the sight I stand, deep fix'd in woe,
And ere I spoke the tears began to flow:

O say what angry power Elpenor led
To glide in shades, and wander with the dead?
How could thy soul, by realms and seas disjointed,
Out-fly the nimble sail, and leave the lagging
wind?

The ghost replied: To hell my doom I owe,
Dæmons accur'd, dire ministers of woe!
My feet, through wine unfaithful to their weight,
Betray'd me tumbling from a towery height,
Staggering I reel'd, and as I reel'd I fell,
Lux'd the neck-joint—my soul descends to hell.
But lend me aid, I now conjure thee lend,
By the fœt tie and sacred name of friend!
By thy fond comfort! by thy father's cares!
By lov'd Telemachus's blooming years!
For well I know that soon the heavenly Powers
Will give thee back to day, and Circe's shores:
There pious on my cold remains attend,
There call to mind thy poor departed friend.
The tribute of a tear is all I crave,
And the possession of a peaceful grave.
But if, unheard, in vain compassion plead,
Revere the Gods, the Gods avenge the dead!
A tomb along the watery margin raise,
The tomb with manly arms and trophies grace,
To shew posterity Elpenor was.
There high in air, memorial of my name,
Fix the smooth oar, and bid me live to fame.

To whom with tears: These rites, O mournful
shade,

Due to thy ghost, shall to thy ghost be paid.

Still as I spoke, the phantom seem'd to moan,
Tear follow'd tear, and groan succeeded groan.
But, as my waving sword the blood surrounds,
The shade withdrew, and mutter'd empty sounds.

There as the wondrous visions I survey'd,
All pale ascends my royal mother's shade:
A queen, to Troy she saw our legions pass;
Now a thin form is all Anticlea was!
Struck at the sight, I melt with filial woe,
And down my cheek the pious sorrows flow,
Yet as I shook my faulchion o'er the blood,
Regardless of her son the parent flood.

When lo! the mighty Theban I behold;
To guide his steps he bore a staff of gold;
Awful he trod! majestic was his look!
And from his holy lips these accents broke:

Why, mortal, wanderest thou from cheerful
day,

To tread the downward, melancholy way?
What angry Gods to these dark regions led
Thee yet alive, companion of the dead?
But sheath thy poignard, while my tongue relate
Heaven's steadfast purpose, and thy future fates.

While yet he spoke, the Prophet I obey'd,
And in the scabbard plung'd the glittering blade.
Eager he quaff'd the gore, and then express'd
Dark things to come, the counsels of his breast:

Weary of light, Ulysses here explores
A prosperous voyage to his native shores;
But know—by me unerring Fates disclose
New trains of dangers, and new scenes of woes;
I see! I see thy bark by Neptune tost,
For injur'd Cyclop, and his eye-ball lost!
Yet to thy woes the Gods decree an end,
If Heaven thou please, and how to please attend!

Where on Trinacrian rocks the ocean roars,
Aze numerous herds along the verdant shores;
Though hunger press, yet fly the dangerous prey,
The herds are sacred to the God of Day,
Who all surveys with his extensive eye
Above, below, on earth, and in the sky!
Rob not the God; and so propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails:
But, if his herds ye seize, beneath the waves
I see thy friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid graves!
The direful wreck Ulysses scarce survives!
Ulysses at his country scarce arrives!
Strangers thy guides! nor there thy labours end,
New foes arise, domestic ills attend!
There foul adulterers to thy bride resort,
And lordly gluttons riot in thy court!
But vengeance hastes amain! These eyes behold
The deathful scene, princes on princes roll'd!
That done, a people far from sea explore,
Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,
Or saw gay vessel stem the watery plain,
A painted wonder flying on the main!
Be on thy back an oar: with strange amaze
A shepherd meeting thee, the oar surveys,
And names a van: there fix it on the plain.
To calm the God that holds the watery reign;
A three-fold offering to his altar bring,
A bull, a ram, a boar; and hail the Ocean-King.
But, home return'd, to each æthereal power
Slay the due victim in the genial hour:
So peaceful shalt thou end thy blissful days,
And steal thyself from life by slow decays:
Unknown to pain, in age resign thy breath,
When late stern Neptune points the shaft with
death:

To the dark grave retiring as to rest,
Thy people blessing, by thy people blest!
Unerring truths, O man, my lips relate;
This is thy life to come, and this is fate.
To whom unmov'd: If this the Gods prepare;
What Heaven ordains, the wife with courage bear.
But say, why yonder on the lonely strands,
Unmindful of her son, Anticlea stands?
Why to the ground she bends her downcast eye?
Why is she silent, while her son is nigh?
The latent cause, O sacred seer, reveal!
Nor this, replies the seer, will I conceal.
Know, to the spectres, that thy beverage taste,
The scenes of life recur, and actions past:
They, seal'd with truth, return the sure reply;
The rest, repell'd, a train oblivious fly.

The phantom-prophet ceas'd, and sunk from
To the black palace of eternal night. [sight
Still in the dark abodes of death I stood,
When near Anticlea mov'd, and drank the blood,

Straight all the mother in her soul awakes,
And, owning her Ulysses, thus she speaks:
Com'it thou, my son, alive, to realms beneath,
The doleful realms of darkness and of death:
Com'it thou alive from pure, æthereal day?
Dire is the region, dismal is the way!
Here lakes profound, there floods oppose their
waves,

There the wide sea with all his billows raves!
Or (since to dust proud Troy submits her towers)
Com'it thou a wanderer from the Phrygian shores?
Or say, since honour call'd thee to the field,
Hast thou thy Ithaca, thy bride beheld;

Source of my life, I cry'd, from earth I fly,
To seek fires in the nether sky,
To learn my doom; for, tost from woe to woe,
In every land Ulysses finds a foe:
Nor have these eyes beheld my native shores,
Since in the dust proud Troy submits her towers.

But, when thy soul from her sweet mansion fled,
Say what distemper gave thee to the dead?
Has life's fair lamp declin'd by slow desays,
Or swift expir'd it in a sudden blaze?
Say if my sire, good old Laertes, lives?
If yet Telemachus, my son, survives?
Say by his rule is my dominion aw'd,
Or crush'd by traitors with an iron rod?
Say if my spouse maintains her royal trust;
Though tempted, chaste, and obstinately just!
Or it no more her absent lord she wails,
But the false woman o'er the wife prevails?

Thus I, and thus the parent-shade returns:
Thee, ever thee, thy faithful consort mourns:
Whether the night descends, or day prevails,
Thee she by night, and thee by day bewails,
Thee in Telemachus thy realm obeys;
In sacred groves celestial rites he pays,
And shares the banquet in superior state;
Grac'd with such honours as become the great.
Thy sire in solitude foment his care:
The court is joyless, for thou art not there!
No costly carpets raise his hoary head,
No rich embroidery thins to grace his bed:
E'en when keen winter freezes in the skies,
Rank'd with his slaves, on earth the monarch lies
Deep are his sighs, his visage pale, his dress
The garb of woe, and habit of distress.

And when the autumn takes his annual round,
The leafy honours scattering on the ground;
Regardless of his years, abroad he lies,
His bed the leaves, his canopy the skies.
Thus cares on cares his painful days consume,
And bow his age with sorrow to the tomb!

For thee, my son, I wept my life away;
For thee through hell's eternal dungeons stray;
Nor came my fate by lingering pains and slow,
Nor bent the silver-shafted Queen her bow;
No dire disease bereav'd me of my breath;
Thou, thou, my son, wert my disease and death;
Unkindly with my love my son conspir'd,
For thee I liv'd, for absent thee expir'd.

Thrice in my arms I strove her shade to bind,
Thrice through my arms she slipp'd like empty
wind,

Or dreams, the vain illusions of the mind.
Wild with despair, I shed a copious tide
Of flowing tears, and thus with sighs reply'd:

Fly'st thou, lov'd shade, while I thus fondly
mourn?

Turn to my arms, to my embraces turn!
Is it, ye powers that smile at human harms?
Too great a bliss to weep within her arms?
Or has hell's Queen an empty image sent,
That wretched I might ev'n my joys lament?

O son of woe, the pensive shade rejoind,
Oh most inur'd to grief of all mankind!
'Tis not the Queen of hell who thee deceives:
All, all are such, when life the body leaves;
No more the substance of the man remains,
Nor bounds the blood along the purple veins:
These the funeral flames in atoms bear,
To wander with the wind in empty air;
While the impassive soul reluctant flies,
Like a vain dream to these infernal skies.
But from the dark dominions speed thy way,
And climb the steep ascent to upper day;
To thy chaste bride the wondrous story tell,
The woes, the horrors, and the laws of hell.

Thus while she spoke, in swarms hell's Empress
brings

Daughters and wives of heroes and of kings;
Thick and more thick they gather round the blood,
Ghost throng'd on ghost (a due assembly) stood!
Dauntless my sword I seize: the airy crew,
Swift as it flash'd along the gloom, withdrew:
Thee shade to shade in mutual forms succeeds,
Her race recounts, and their illustrious deeds.

Tyro began, whom great Salmoëus bred;
The royal partner of fam'd Cretheus' bed.
For fair Enipeus, as from fruitful urns
He pour'd his watery store, the virgin burns;
Smooth flows the gentle stream with wanton pride,
And in soft mazes rolls a silver tide.
As on his banks the maid enanour'd roves,
The monarch of the deep beholds and loves!
In her Enipeus' form and borrow'd charms,
The amorous God descends into her arms:
Around, a spacious arch of waves he throws,
And high in air the liquid mountain rols;
Thus in surrounding floods conceal'd he proves
The pleasing transport, and completes his loves.
Then, softly sighing, he the fair address'd,
And as he spoke her tender hand he press'd:
Hail, happy nymph! no vulgar birth, are ow'd
To the prolific raptures of a God:

Lo! when nine times the moon renews her horn,
Two brother heroes shall from thee be born;
Thy early care the future worthies claim,
To point them to the arduous paths of fame;
But in thy breast th' important truth conceal,
Nor dare the secret of a God reveal:

For know, thou Neptune view'st! and at my nod
Earth trembles, and the waves confess their God.

He added not, but mounting spurn'd the plain,
Then plung'd into the chambers of the main.

Now in the time's full process forth he brings
Jove's dread vicegerents, in two future kings;
O'er proud Icolos Pelias stretch'd his reign,
And godlike Neleus rul'd the Pylian plain:
Then, fruitful, to her Cretheus' royal bed
She gallant Phères and fam'd Æëon bred:
From the same fountain Amythaon rose,
Pleas'd with the din of war, and noble shout
of foes.

. There mov'd Antiope with haughty charms,
Who blest th' Almighty Thunderer in her arms :
Hence sprung Amphiion, hence brave Zethus came,
Founders of Thebes, and men of mighty name ;
Though bold in open field, they yet surround
The town with walls, and mound inject on mound ;
Here ramparts stood, there towers rose high in air,
And here through seven wide portals rush'd the war.

There with soft step the fair Alcmena trod,
Who bore Alcides to the Thundering God :
And Megara, who charm'd the son of Jove,
And soften'd his stern soul to tender love.

Sullen and frow'd with discontented mien
Jocasta frown'd, th' incestuous Theban queen ;
With her own son she join'd in nuptial bands,
Though father's blood imbrued his murderous hands :

The Gods and men the dire offence detest,
The Gods with all their furies rend his breast :
In lofty Thebes he wore th' imperial crown,
A pompous wretch ! accurs'd upon a throne.
The wife self-murder'd from a beam depends ;
And her foul soul to blackest hell descends ;
Thence to her son the choicest plagues she brings,
And his fiends haunt him with a thousand stings.

And now the beauteous Chloris I descry,
A lovely shade, Amphiion's youngest joy !
With gifts unnumber'd Neleus fought her arms,
Nor paid too dearly for unequal'd charms ;
Great in Orchomenos, in Pylos great,
He sway'd the sceptre with imperial state.
Three gallant sons the joyful monarch told,
Sage Nestor, Periclimenus the bold,
And Chromius last ; but of the softer race,
One nymph alone, a miracle of grace
Kings on their thrones for lovely Pero burn ;
The fire denies, and kings reject'd mourn.
To him alone the beauteous prize he yields,
Whose arm should ravish from Phylacian fields
The herds of Iphycus, detain'd in wrong ;
Wild, furious herds, unconquerably strong !
This dares a seer, but nought the seer prevails,
In beauty's cause illustrious he fails ;
Twelve moons the foe the captive youth detains
In painful dungeons, and coercive chains ;
The foe at last, from durance where he lay,
His art reversing, gave him back to day ;
Won by prophetic knowledge, to fulfil
The steadfast purpose of th' Almighty will.

With grateful port advancing now I spy'd
Leda the fair, the godlike Tyndar's bride :
Hence Pollux sprung, who wields with furious sway
The deathful gauntlet matchless in the fray ;
And Castor glorious on th' embattled plain
Curbs the proud steed, reluctant to the rein :
By turns they visit this æthereal sky,
And live alternate, and alternate die :
In hell beneath, on earth, in heaven above,
Reign the Twin-gods, the favourite sons of Jove.

There Ephimedia trod the gloomy plain,
Who charm'd the Monarch of the boundless main ;
Hence Ephialtes, hence stern Otus sprung,
More fierce than giants, more than giants strong ;
The earth o'erburthen'd groan'd beneath their weight,

None but Orion e'er surpass'd their height :

The wonderful youths had scarce nine winters told,
When high in air, tremendous to behold,
Nine ells aloft they rear'd their towering head,
And full nine cubits broad their shoulders spread.
Proud of their strength and more than mortal size,
The Gods they challenge, and affect the skies :
Heavy'd on Olympus tottering Ossa stood ;
On Ossa, Pelion nods with all his wood :
Such were they youths ! had they to manhood grown,

Almighty Jove had trembled on his throne.
But, ere the harvest of the beard began
To bristle on the chin, and promise man,
His shafts Apollo aim'd ; at once they found,
And stretch the giant-monsters o'er the ground.

There mournful Phædra with sad Procris moves,
Both beauteous shades, both hapless in their loves ;
And near them walk'd, with solemn pace and slow,
Sad Ariadne, partner of their woe ;
The royal Minos Ariadne bred,
She Theseus lov'd ; from Crete with Theseus fled ;
Swift to the Dian isle the hero flies,
And tow'rd's his Athens bears the lovely prize ;
There Bacchus with fierce rage Diana fires,
The Goddess aims her shaft, the nymph expires.

There Clymenè and Mera I behold ;
These Epiphyle weeps, who loosely fold
Her loir, her honour, for the lust of gold.
But should I all recount, the night would fail,
Unequal to the melancholy tale :
And all-composing rest my nature craves,
Here in the court, or yonder on the waves ;
In you I trust, and in the heavenly powers,
To land Ulysses on his native shores.

He ceas'd - but left so charming on their ear
His voice, that listening still they seem'd to hear.
Till, rising up, Arete silence broke,
Stretch'd out her snowy hand, and thus she spoke :

What wonderful man Heaven sends us in our quest !

Through all his woes the hero shines confest ;
His comely port, his ample frame, express
A manly air, majestic in distress.
He, as my guest, is my peculiar care,
You share the pleasure, then in bounty share ;
To worth in misery a reverence pay,
And with a generous hand reward his stay ;
For, since kind Heaven with wealth our realm
has blest,

Give it to Heaven, by aiding the distress.

Then sage Echeneus, whose grave reverend brow
The hand of time had silver'd o'er with snow,
Mature in wisdom rose : Your words, he cries,
Demand obedience, for your words are wise.

But let our king direct the glorious way
To generous act ; our part is to obey. [ply'd]

While life informs these limbs, (the king re-
Well to deserve be all my cares employ'd :
But here this night the royal guest detain,
Till the sun flames along th' æthereal plain :
Be it my task to lend with ample stores
The stranger from our hospitable shores :
Tread you my steps ! 'Tis mine to lead the race,
The first in glory as the first in place.

To whom the prince : This night with joy I
stay,

O, monarch great in virtue as in sway !

If thou the circling year my stay control,
To raise a bounty noble as thy soul;
The circling year I wait, with ampler stores
And sifter pomp to hail my native shores;
Then by my realms due homage would be paid;
For wealthy kings are loyally obey'd!

O king! for such thou art, and sure thy blood
Through veins (he cry'd) of royal fathers flow'd;
Unlike those vagrants who on falsehood live,
Skill'd in smooth tales, and artful to deceive;
Thy better soul abhors the liar's part,
Wife is thy voice, and noble is thy heart;
Thy words like music every breast control,
Steal through the ear, and win upon the soul;
Soft, as some song divine, thy story flows,
Nor better could the Muse record thy woes.

But say, upon the dark and dismal coast,
Saw'st thou the worthies of the Grecian host?
The godlike leaders who, in battle slain,
Fell before Troy, and nobly prest the plain?
And, lo! a length of night behind remains,
The evening stars still mount th' æthereal plains.
Thy tale with raptures I could hear thee tell,
Thy woes on earth, the wondrous scenes in hell,
Till in the vault of heaven the stars decay,
And the sky reddens with the rising day.

O worthy of the power the Gods assign'd,
(Ulysses thus replies) a king in mind!
Since yet the early hour of night allows
Time for discourse, and time for soft repose,
If scenes of misery can entertain,
Woes I unfold, of woes a dismal train.
Prepare to hear of murder and of blood:
Of godlike heroes who uninjur'd stood
Amidst a war of spears in foreign lands,
Yet bled at home, and bled by female hands.

Now summon'd Proserpine to hell's black
hall

The heroine shades; they vanquish'd at her call.

When, lo! advanc'd the forms of heroes slain
By stern Ægythus, a majestic train;
And high above the rest, Atreides prest the plain.
He quail'd the gods, and straight his soldier
knew,

And from his eyes pour'd down the tender dew;
His arms he stretch'd; his arms the touch deceive,
Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give:
His substance vanish'd, and his strength decay'd,
Now all Atreides is an empty shade.

Mov'd at the sight, I for a space resign'd
To soft affliction all my manly mind;
At last with tears—O what relentless doom,
Imperial phantom, bow'd thee to the tomb?
Say while the sea, and while the tempest raves,
Has Fate oppress'd thee in the roaring waves,
Or nobly seiz'd thee in the dire alarms

Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms?
The ghost returns: O chief of human-kind
For active courage and a patient mind;
Nor while the sea, nor while the tempest raves,
Has Fate oppress'd me on the roaring waves!
Nor nobly seiz'd me in the dire alarms
Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms.
Stabb'd by a murderous hand Atreides dy'd,
A foul adulterer, and a faithless bride;
Ev'n in my mirth and at the friendly feast,
O'er the full bowl, the traitor stabb'd his guest;

Thus by the gory arm of slaughter falls
The stately ox, and bleeds within the stalls.
But not with me the direful murder ends,
These, these expir'd! their crime, they were my
friends!

Thick as the boars, which some luxurious lord
Kills for the feast, to crown the nuptial board,
When war has thunder'd with its loudest storms,
Death thou hast seen in all her ghastly forms;
In duel, met her, on the lifted ground,
When hand to hand they wound return for wound;
But never have thy eyes astonish'd view'd
So vile a deed, so dire a scene of blood.

Ev'n in the flow of joy, when now the bowl
Glow's in our veins, and opens every soul, {dy'd,
We groan, we faint; with blood the dome is
And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful tide—
Her breast all gore, with lamentable cries,
The bleeding innocent Cassandra dies!
Then though pale death froze cold in every vein,
My sword I strive to wield, but strive in vain;
Nor did my traitress wife these eye-lids close,
Or decently in death my limbs compose.

O woman, woman, when to ill thy mind
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend: {sword
And such was mine! who basely plung'd her
Thro' the fond bosom where she reign'd ador'd!
Alas! I hop'd, the toils of war o'ercome,
To meet soft quiet and repose at home;
Delusive Hope! O wife, thy deeds disgrace
The perjurd sex, and blacken all the race;
And should posterity one virtuous find,
Name Clytemnestra, they will curse the kind.

O injur'd shade, I cry'd, what mighty woes
To thy imperial race from woman rose!
By woman here thou tread'st this mournful strand.
And Greece by woman lies a desert land.

Warn'd by my ills beware, the shade replies,
Nor trust the sex that is so rarely wise;
When earnest to explore thy secret breast,
Unfold some trifle, but conceal the rest.
But in thy comfort cease to fear a foe,
For thee she feels sincerity of woe:
When Troy first bled beneath the Grecian arms,
She shone unrival'd with a blaze of charms;
Thy infant son her fragrant bosom prest'd,
Hung at her knee, or wanton'd at her breast;
But now the years a numerous train have ran;
The blooming boy is ripen'd into man;
Thy eyes shall see him burn with noble fire,
The fire shall bless his son, the son his sire;
But my Orestes never met these eyes,
Without one look the murder'd father dies;
Thence from a wretched friend this wisdom learn,
Ev'n to thy queen disguis'd, unknown, return;
For since of womankind so few are just,
Think all are false, not ev'n the faithful trust.

But say, resides my son in royal port,
In rich Orchomenus, or Sparta's court?
Or say in Pyle? for yet he views the light,
Nor glides a phantom thro' the realms of night.

Then I: thy suit is vain, nor can I say
If yet he breathes in realms of cheerful day;
Or pale or wan beholds these nether skies:
Truth I revere: for Wisdom never lies.

Thus in a tide of tears our sorrows flow,
And add new horror to the realms of woe;

Till side by side along the dreary coast
 Advanc'd Achilles' and Patroclus' ghost,
 A friendly pair ! near these the † Pylian stray'd,
 And towering Ajax, an illustrious shade !
 War was his joy, and pleas'd with loud alarms,
 None but Pelides brighter shone in arms.

Thro' the thick gloom his friend Achilles knew,
 And as he speaks the tears descend in dew.

Com'st thou alive to view the Stygian bounds,
 Where the van spectres walk eternal rounds ;
 Nor fear'st the dark and dismal waste to tread,
 Throng'd with pale ghosts familiar with the dead ?

To whom with sighs : I pass these dreadful gates
 To seek the Theban, and consult the Fates :
 For still, distressed, I rove from coast to coast,
 Lost to my friends, and to my country lost,
 But sure the eye of Time beholds no name
 So blest as thine in all the rolls of fame ;
 Alive we hail'd thee with our guardian Gods,
 And dead, thou rul'st a king in these abodes.

Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloom,
 Nor think vain words (he cried) can ease my doom.
 Rather I choose laboriously to bear

A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
 A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread ;
 Than reign the sceptred monarch of the dead.
 But say, if in my steps my son proceeds,
 And emulates his godlike father's deeds ?
 If at the clash of arms, and shout of foes,
 Swells his bold heart, his bosom nobly glows ?
 Say, if my fire, the reverend Peleus, reigns,
 Great in his Pthia, and his throne maintains :
 Or, weak and old, my youthful arm demands,
 To fix the sceptre steadfast in his hands ?

Oh might the lamp of life rekindled burn,
 And death release me from the silent urn !
 This arm, that thunder'd o'er the Phrygian plain,
 And swell'd the ground with mountains of the slain,
 Should vindicate my injur'd father's fame, [slain,
 Crush the proud rebel, and assert his claim.

Illustrious shade, (I cried) of Pelus' fates
 No circumstance the voice of Fame relates :
 But hear with pleas'd attention the renown,
 The wars and wisdom of thy gallant son ;
 With me from Scyros to the field of fame
 Radiant in arms the blooming hero came.
 When Greece assembled all her hundred states,
 To ripen counsels, and decide debates ;
 Heaven's ! how he charm'd us with a flow of
 sense,

And won the heart with manly eloquence !
 He first was seen of all the peers to rise,
 The third in wisdom where they all were wise ;
 But when, to try the fortune of the day,
 Host mov'd tow'rd host in terrible array,
 Before the van, impatient for the fight,
 With martial port he strode, and stern delight ;
 Heaps strew'd on heaps, beneath his faulchion
 groan'd,

And monuments of dead deform'd the ground.
 The time would fail, should I in order tell
 What foes were vanquish'd, and what numbers
 How, lost thro' love, Euryppylus was slain, [fell
 And round him bled his bold Ceteæan train.
 To Troy no hero came of nobler line ;
 Or if of nobler, Memnon, it was thine.

† Antiochus, •

When Ilion in the horse receiv'd her doom,
 And unseen armies ambush'd in its womb ;
 Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
 'Twas mine on Troy to pour th' imprison'd war ;
 Then when the boldest bosom beat with fear,
 When the stern eyes of heroes dropp'd a tear ;
 Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,
 Flush'd in his cheek, or fallied in his blood ;
 Indignant in the dark recess he stands,
 Pants for the battle, and the war demands ;
 His voice breath'd death, and with a martial air
 He grasp'd his sword, and shook his glittering
 spear,

And when the Gods our arms with conquest
 When Troy's proud bulwarks smok'd upon the
 ground,

Greece to reward her soldier's gallant toils,
 Heap high his navy with unnumber'd spoils.

Thus great in glory from the din of war
 Safe he return'd without one hostile scar ;
 Though spears in iron tempest rain'd around,
 Yet innocent they play'd, and guiltless of a wound.

While yet I spoke, the shade with transport
 glow'd,
 Rose in his majesty, and nobler trod ;
 With haughty stalk he sought the distant glades
 Of warrior kings, and join'd th' illustrious shades.

Now without number ghost by ghost arose,
 All wailing with unutterable woes.
 Alone, apart, in discontented mood,
 A gloomy shade, the fallen Ajax stood ;
 For ever sad with proud disdain he pin'd,
 And the lost arms for ever stung his mind ;
 Though on the contest Thetis gave the laws,
 And Pallas, by the Trojans, judg'd the cause.
 O why was I victorious in the strife ;
 O dear-bought honour with so brave a life !
 With him the strength of war, the soldier's pride,
 Our second hope to great Achilles died !
 Touch'd at the sight, from tears I scarce refrain,
 And tender sorrow thrills in every vein ;
 Pensive and sad I stand, at length accost
 With accents mild th' inexorable ghost.
 Still burns thy rage ? and can brave souls resent
 Ev'n after death ? Relent, great shade, relent !
 Perish those arms which by the Gods decree
 Accurs'd our army with the loss of thee !
 With thee we fell ; Greece wept thy hapless fates ;
 And shook astonish'd through her hundred states ;
 Not more, when great Achilles press'd the ground,
 And breath'd his manly spirit thro' the wound.
 Oh, deem thy fall not ow'd to man's decree,
 Jove hated Greece, and punish'd Greece in thee !
 Turn then, oh ! peaceful turn, thy wrath control,
 And calm the raging tempest of thy soul.

While yet I speak, the shade disdains to stay,
 In silence turns, and fallen stalks away.

Touch'd at his four retreat, thro' deepest night,
 Thro' hell's black bounds I had pursued his flight,
 And forc'd the stubborn spectre to reply ;
 But wondrous visions drew my curious eye.
 High on a throne, tremendous to behold,
 Stern Minos waves a mace of burnish'd gold ;
 Around ten thousand thousand spectres stand
 Thro' the wide doom of Dis, a trembling band,
 Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rolls,
 Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls,

There huge Orion, of portentous size,
Swift through the gloom a giant-hunger flies;
A ponderous mace of brais with direful sway
Aloft he whirls, to-crush the savage prey;
Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheon fell,
Now grisly forms, shoot o'er the lawns of hell.

There Tityus large and long, in fetters bound,
O'ercries nine acres of infernal ground;
Two ravenous vultures, furious for their food,
Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,
Incessant gore the liver in his breast, [feast.
Th' immortal liver grows, and gives th' immortal
For as o'er Panope's enamel'd plains,
Latona journey'd to the Pythian fanes,
With haughty love th' audacious monster strove
To force the Goddess, and to rival Jove.

There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds
Pours out deep groans (with groans all hell re-
found.)

Ev'n in the circling floods refreshment craves,
And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves:
When to the water he his lip applies,
Back from his lip the treacherous water flies.
Above, beneath, around his hapless head,
Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread;
There figs sky-dyed, a purple hue disclose,
Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,
There dangling pears exalted scents unfold,
And yellow apples ripen into gold;
The fruit he strives to seize: but blasts arise,
Toss it on high, and whirl it to the skies.

I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd
A mournful vision! the Sisyphian shade;
With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone, recoiling with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the
Again the restless orb his toil renews, [ground.
Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends in dews.

Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
A towering spectre of gigantic mould.
A shadowy form! for high in heaven's abodes
Himself resides, a God among the Gods;
There, in the bright assemblies of the skies,
He nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.
Here hovering ghosts, like fowl, his shade sur-
round,
And clang their pinions with terrific sound!

Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw
Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow.
Around his breast a wonderous zone is roll'd,
Where woodland monsters grin in fretted gold,
There sullen lions sternly seem to roar,
The bear to growl, to foam the tusked boar,
There war and havoc and destruction stood,
And vengeful murder red with human blood.
Thus terribly adorn'd the figures shine,
Inimitably wrought with skill divine.
The mighty ghost advanc'd with awful look,
And, turning his grim visage, sternly spake:
O exercis'd in grief! by arts refin'd!
O taught to bear the wrongs of base mankind!
Such, such was I! still tost from care to care,
While in your world I drew the vital air!
Ev'n I, who from the Lord of Thunders rose,
Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes;
To a bale monarch still a slave confin'd,
(The hardest bondage to a generous mind?)
Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way,
And dragg'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper day;
Ev'n he! I conquer'd, through the friendly aid
Of Maia's offspring and the Martial Maid.

Thus he, nor dign'd for our reply to stay,
But, turning, stalk'd with giant strides away,
Curious to view the kings of ancient days,
The mighty dead that live in endless praise,
Resolv'd I stand; and haply had survey'd
The godlike Theseus, and Perithous' shade;
But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell,
With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell,
They scream, they shriek; sad groans and dismal
sounds [bounds.
Stun my fear'd ears, and pierce hell's utmost
No more my heart the dismal din sustains,
And my cold blood hangs shivering in my veins;
Left Gorgon, rising from th' infernal lakes,
With horrors arm'd, and curls of hissing snakes,
Should fix me, stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,
A stony image, in eternal night!
Straight from the direful coast to purer air
I speed my flight, and to my mates repair.
My mates ascend the ship; they strike their oars;
The mountains lessen, and retreat the shores;
Swift o'er the waves we fly; the freshening gales
Sing through the thruds, and stretch the swelling
sails.

B O O K, XII.

THE ARGUMENT

The Sirens, Scylla, and Charybdis.

He relates, how, after his return from the shades, he was sent by Circe on his voyage, by the coast of the Sirens, and by the Strait of Scylla and Charybdis: the manner in which he escaped those dangers: how, being cast on the island Trinacria, his companions destroyed the oxen of the Sun: the vengeance that followed; how all perish'd by shipwreck except himself, who, swimming on the mast of the ship, arriv'd on the island of Calypso. With which his relation concludes.

Thus o'er the rolling surge the vessel flies,
Till from th' waves th' Ægean hills arise.
Here the gay morn resides in radiant bowers,
Here keeps her revels with the dancing Hours;
Here Phœbus rising in th' ætherial way,
Through heavens bright portals pours the beamy day.

At once we fix our halbers on the sand,
At once descend, and press the desert land;
There, worn and wasted, lose our cares in sleep,
To the hoarse murmurs of the rolling deep.

Soon as the morn reſtor'd the day, we pay'd
Sepulchral honours to Elpenor's ſhade.
Now by the axe the ruſſing foreſt bends,
And the huge pile along the ſhore aſcends.
Around we ſtand a melancholy train,
And a loud groan re-echoes from the main.
Fierce o'er the pyre, by fanning breezes ſpread,
The hungry flame devours the ſilent dead.
A riſing tomb, the ſilent dead to graze,
Paſt by the roarings of the main we place;
The riſing tomb a lofty column bore,
And high above it roſe the tapering oar.

Mean time the † Goddeſs our return ſurvey'd
From the pale ghosſts, and hell's tremendous ſhade.
Swift theſe deſcends: A train of nymphs divine
Bear the rich viands and the generous wine:
In act to ſpeak the † Power of Magic ſtands,
And graceful thus accoſts the liſtening bands:

O ſons of woe! decreed by adverſe fates
Alive to paſs through hell's eternal gates!
All, ſoon or late, are doom'd that path to tread;
More wretched you! twice number'd with the dead!

This day adjourn your cares, exalt your ſouls,
Indulge the taſte, and drain the ſparkling bowls:
And when the morn unveils her ſaffron ray,
Spread your broad ſails, and plough the liquid way;

Lo! I this night, your faithful guide, explain
Your woes by land, your dangers on the main.

The Goddeſs ſpoke: in feaſts we waſte the day,
Till Phœbus downward plung'd his burning ray;
Then ſable night aſcends, and balmy reſt
Seals every eye, and calms the troubled breaſt.
Then curious the commands me to relate
The dreadful ſcenes of Pluto's dreary ſtate:
She ſat in ſilence while the tale I tell,
The wondrous viſions, and the laws of hell.

Then thus: The lot of man the Gods diſpoſe;
Theſe ills are paſt: now hear thy future woes.
O prince, attend! ſome favouring Power be kind,
And print th' important ſtory on thy mind!

Next, where the Sirens dwell, you plough the ſeas;

Their ſong is death, and makes deſtruction pleaſe.
Unbleſt the man, whom muſic wins to ſtay
Nigh the curſt ſhore, and liſten to the lay;
No more that wretch ſhall view the joys of life,
His blooming off-ſpring, or his beauteous wife!
In verdant meads they ſpot; and wide around
Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
The ground polluted floats with human gore,
And human carnage taints the dreadful ſhore.
Fly ſwift the dangerous coaſt: let every ear
Be ſtopp'd againſt the ſong: 'tis death to hear!

† Circe.

Firm to the maſt with chains thyſelf be bound,
Nor truſt thy virtue to th' enchanting ſound.
If, mad with tranſport, freedom thou demand,
Be every fetter ſtrain'd, and added band to band.

Theſe ſeas o'erpaſt, be wiſe! but I refrain
To mark diſtinct thy voyage o'er the main:
New horrors riſe! let prudence be thy guide,
And guard thy various paſſage through the tide.

High o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thundering roll below;
Through the vaſt waves the dreadful wonders
move,

Hence nam'd Erratic by the Gods above.
No bird of air, no dove of ſwifteſt wing,
That bears ambroſia to th' ætherial King,
Shuns the dire rocks: in vain ſhe cuts the ſkies,
The dire rocks meet, and crush her as ſhe flies:
Not the fleet bark, when proſperous breezes play,
Ploughs o'er that roaring ſurge its deſperate way;
O'erwhelm'd it ſinks: while round a ſmoke ex-
pires,

And the waves flaſhing ſeem to burn with fires.
Scarce the ſam'd Argo paſs'd theſe raging floods,
The ſacred Argo fill'd with demigods!

Ev'n ſhe had ſunk, but Jove's imperial bride
Wing'd her fleet ſail, and puſh'd her o'er the tide.

High in the air the rock its ſummit ſhrouds,
In brooding tempeſts, and in rolling clouds;
Loud ſtorms around, and miſts eternal riſe,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the ſkies.
When all the broad expanſion bright with day
Glow with th' autumnal or the ſummer ray,
The ſummer and the autumn glow in vain,
The ſky for ever lours, for ever clouds remain.
Impervious to the ſtep of man it ſtands,
Though born by twenty feet, though arm'd with
twenty hands;

Smooth as the poliſh of the mirror riſe
The ſlippery ſides, and ſhoot into the ſkies.
Full in the centre of this rock diſplay'd,
A yawning cavern caſts a dreadful ſhade:
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
Sent with full force, could reach the depth below.
Wide to the weſt the horrid gulf extends,
And the dire paſſage down to hell deſcends.
O fly the dreadful ſight! expand thy ſails,
Ply the ſtrong oar, and catch the nimble gales;
Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,
Tremendous peſt! abhorr'd by men and gods!
Hideous her voice, and with leſs terrors roar
The whelps of lions in the midnight hour.
Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiends diſpreads;
Six horrid necks the rears, and ſix terrific heads;
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of
teeth;

Jaggy they ſtand, the gaping den of death;
Her parts obſcene the raging billows hide;
Her boſom terribly o'erlooks the tide.
When ſtung with hunger ſhe embroils the flood,
The ſea-dog and the dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge leviathan her prey,
And all the monſters of the watery way;
The ſwifteſt racer of the azure plain
Here fills her ſails and ſpreads her oars in vain;
Fell Scylla riſes, in her fury roars,
At once fix mouths expands, at once fix men de-
vours.

Close by, a rock of less enormous height
Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dangerous
straight:

Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,
And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;
Beneath Charybdis holds her boisterous reign
Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main;
Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.
Oh, if thy vessel plough the direful waves
When seas retreating roar within her caves,
Ye perish all! though he who rules the main
Lend his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
Ah, shun the horrid gulf! by Scylla fly.
'Tis better fix to lose, than all to die.

I, then: O nymph propitious to my prayer,
Goddess divine! my guardian power, declare,
Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
Or, if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed?

Then she: O worn by toils, O broke in fight;
Still are new toils and war thy due delight?
Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind,
And never, never be to Heaven resign'd?
How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong!
Deathless the pest! impenetrably strong!
Furious and fell, tremendous to behold!
Ev'n with a look she withers all the bold!
She mocks the weak attempts of human might;
Oh fly her rage! thy conquest is thy flight.
If but to seize thy arms thou make delay,
Again the fury vindicates her prey,
Her fix mouths yawn, and fix are snatch'd a-
way,

From her foul womb Crataeis gave to air
This dreadful pest! To her direct thy prayer,
To curb the monster in her dire abodes,
And guard thee through the tumult of the floods.
Thence to Trinacria's shore you bend your
way, [Day!
Where graze thy herds, illustrious Source of
Seven herds, seven flocks, enrich the sacred
plains;

Each herd, each flock, full fifty heads contains:
The wondrous kind a length of age survey,
By breed increase not, nor by death decay,
Two sister Goddesses possess the plain,
The constant guardians of the woolly train;
Lampetie fair, and Phæthusa young,
From Phœbus and the bright Næara sprung:
Here, watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bowers
And flowery meads they waste the joyous hours.
Not the God! and so propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails;
But if thy impious hands the flocks destroy,
The Gods, the Gods avenge it, and ye die!
'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy lost)
Through tedious toils to view thy native coast.

She ceas'd: and now arose the morning ray;
Swift to her dome the Goddess held her way.
Then to my mates I measur'd back the plain,
Climb'd the tall bark, and rush'd into the main;
Then bending to the stroke, their oars they drew
To their broad breasts, and swift the galley flew.
Up-sprung a brisker breeze; with freshening gales,
The friendly Goddess stretch'd the swelling sails;
We drop our oars; at ease the pilot guides;
The vessel light along the level glides.

When, rising sad and slow, with pensive look
Thus to the melancholy train I spoke:

O friends, Oh ever partners of my woes,
Attend while I what Heaven foredooms disclose;
Hear all! Fate hangs o'er all: on you it lies
To live, or perish! to be safe, be wise!

In flowery meads the sportive Sirens play,
Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay;
Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
The Gods allow to hear the dangerous sound.
Hear and obey: if freedom I demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.

While yet I speak the winged galley flies,
And, lo! the Siren shores like mists arise.
Sunk were at once the winds; the air above,
And waves below, at once forgot to move!
Some dæmon calm'd the air, and smooth'd the deep,

Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to
Now every sail we furl, each oar we ply; [sleep.
Lash'd by the stroke, the frothy waters fly.
The ductile wax with busy hands I mould,
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd:
Th' aerial region now grew warm with day,
The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray!
Then every ear I barr'd against the strain,
And from accents of phrenzy lock'd the brain.
Now round the mast my mates the fetters roll'd,
And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold.
Then, bending to the stroke, the active train
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.

While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
Our swift approach the Siren quire descries;
Celestial music warbles from their tongue,
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song:

Oh stay, O pride of Greece! Ulysses, stay!
Oh cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wife!
We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
Achiev'd at Ilion in the field of fame;
Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies,
Oh stay and learn new wisdom from the wife!

Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the
main;

My soul takes wing to meet the heavenly strain;
I give the sign, and struggle to be free;
Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea:
New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,
Till, dying off, the distant sounds decay:
Then, scudding swiftly from the dangerous ground,
The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.

Now all at once tremendous scenes unfold;
Thunder'd the deeps, the smoking billows roll'd!
Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing flood,
All trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we stood!
No more the vessel plough'd the dreadful wave,
Fear seiz'd the mighty, and unnerv'd the brave;
Each dropp'd his oar: but swift from man to
man

With looks serene I turn'd, and thus began:
O friends! Oh often tried in adverse storms!
With ill's familiar in more dreadful forms!
Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay,
Yet safe return'd—Ulysses led the way.

Learn courage hence! and in my care confide:

Lo! still the same Ulysses is your guide!

Attend my words! your oars incessant ply;

Strain every nerve, and bid the vessel fly.

If from yon jutting rocks and wavy war

Jove safety grants; he grants it to your care.

And thou whose guiding hand directs our way,
Pilot, attentive listen and obey! [waves

Bear wide thy course, nor plough those angry
Where rolls yon smoke, yon tumbling ocean raves;
Steer by the higher rock; left whirl'd around
We sink, beneath the circling eddy down'd.

While yet I speak, at once their oars they seize,
Stretch to the stroke, and brush the working seas.
Cautious the name of Scylla I suppress;
That dreadful sound had chill'd the boldest breast.

Mean time, forgetful of the voice divine,
All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine;
High on the deck I take my dangerous stand;
Two glittering javelins lighten in my hand:

Prepar'd to whirl the whizzing spear I stay,
Till the fell fiend arise to seize her prey.

Around the dungeon, studious to behold

The hideous pest! my labouring eyes I roll'd;

In vain! the dismal dungeon dark as night

Veils the dire monster, and confounds the sight.

Now through the rocks, apall'd with deep dis-
may,

We bend our course, and stem the desperate way;

Dire Scylla there a scene of horror forms,

And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms.

When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves

The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;

They toils, they foam, a wild confusion raise,

Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze;

Eternal mists obscure th' ærial plain,

And high above the rock the spouts the main!

When in her gulfs the rushing sea subsides,

She drains the ocean with the reflux tides:

The rock rebellows with a thundering sound;

Deep, wondrous deep below, appears the ground.

Struck with despair, with trembling hearts we
view'd

The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling flood:

When, lo! fierce Scylla stoop'd to seize her prey,

Stretch'd her dire jaws, and swept fix men away;

Chiefs of renown! loud-echoing shrieks arise:

I turn and view them quivering in the skies;

They call, and aid with out-stretch'd arms im-
plore: [more.

In vain they call; those arms are stretch'd no

As, from some rock that over-hangs the flood,

The silent sister calls th' insidious food,

With fraudulent care he waits the snny prize,

And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies;

So the foul monster lifts her prey on high,

So pant the wretches, struggling in the sky;

In the wide dungeon the devout her food,

And the flesh trembles while she churns the blood.

Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd;

Never, I never, scene so dire survey'd;

My shivering blood, congeal'd, forgot to flow;

Aghast I stood, a monument of woe!

Now from the rocks the rapid vessel flies,

And the hoarse din like distant thunder dies;

To Sol's bright ile our voyage we pursue,

And now the glittering mountains rise to view.

TRANS.

There sacred to the radiant God of day,
Grazed the fair herds, the flocks promiscuous fray;
Then suddenly was heard along the main
To low the ox, to bleat the woolly train, [vey'd
Straight to my anxious thoughts the found con-
The words of Circe and the Theban shade;
Warn'd by their awful voice these shores to shun,
With cautious fears oppress'd, I thus begun:

O friends! Oh ever exercis'd in care!

Hear Heaven's commands, and reverence what ye
hear!

To fly these shores the prescient Theban shade,

And Circe warns! O be their voice obey'd:

Some mighty woe relentless Heaven forbodes:

Fly the dire regions, and reverse the Gods!

While yet I spoke, a sudden sorrow ran

Through every breast, and spread from man to }

Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began: [man,

O cruel thou! some fury fure has steel'd

That stubborn soul, by toil untaught to yield!

From sleep debarr'd, we sink from woes to woes!

And cruel envious thou a short repose?

Still must we restless rove, new seas explore,

The sun descending, and so near the shore?

And, lo! the night begins her gloomy reign,

And doubles all the terrors of the main.

Oft in the dead of night loud winds arise,

Last the wild surge, and bluster in the skies;

Oh! should the fierce south-west his rage display,

And toils with rising storms the watery way,

Though Gods descend from Heaven's ærial plain

To lend us aid, the Gods descend in vain:

Then while the night displays her awful shade,

Sweet time of slumber! be the night obey'd?

Haste ye to land! and when the morning ray

Sheds her bright beam, pursue the destin'd way.

A sudden joy in every bosom rose:

So will'd some demon, minister of woes;

To whom with grief—Oh! swift to be undone,

Constrain'd I at what wisdom bids me thun.

But yonder herds and yonder flocks forbear;

Attest the heavens, and call the Gods to hear:

Content an innocent repast display,

By Circe given, and fly the dangerous prey.

Thus I: and while to shore the vessel flies,

With hands uplifted they attest the skies;

Then, where a fountain gurgling waters play,

They rush to land, and end in feasts the day:

They feed; they quaff; and now (their hunger
fed) [dead.

Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the

Nor cease the tears, till each in slumber shares

A sweet forgetfulness of human cares.

Now far the night advance'd her gloomy reign,

And setting stars roll'd down the azure plain:

When, at the voice of Jove, wild whirlwinds rise,

And clouds and double darkness veil the skies;

The moon, the stars, the bright ætherial host

Seem as extinct, and all their splendors lost;

The furious tempest roars with dreadful sound:

Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.

All night it rag'd: when morning rose, to land

We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the strand,

Where in a beauteous grotto's cool recess

Dance the green Nereids of the neighbouring seas.

There while the wild winds whistled o'er the

Thus careful I address the listening train: [maie

P

O friends, be wise, nor dare the flocks destroy
Of these fair pastures: if ye touch, ye die.
Warn'd by the high command of Heaven, be aw'd;
Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the God!
That God who spreads the radiant beams of light,
And views wide earth and heaven's unmeasur'd
height.

And now the moon had run her monthly round,
The south-east blustering with a dreadful sound;
Unhurt the bees, untouch'd the woolly train
Low through the grove, or range the flowery plain:
Then fail'd our food; then fish we make our prey,
Or fowl that screaming hunt the watery way.
Till now, from sea or flood no succour found,
Famine and meagre want besieg'd us round.
Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd,
From the loud 'torms to find a sylvan shade;
There o'er my hands the living wave I pour;
And Heaven and Heaven's immortal thrones a-
dore,

To calm the roarings of the stormy main,
And grant me peaceful to my realms again.
Then o'er my eyes the Gods soft slumber shed,
While thus Eurylochus arising said:

O friends, a thousand ways frail mortals lead
To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;
But dreadful not, when by a slow decay
Pale hunger wastes the manly strength away.
Why cease ye then t' implore the Powers above,
And offer hecatombs to thundering Jove!
Why seize ye not yon bees, and fleecy prey?
Arise unanimous; arise and slay!
And, if the Gods ordain a safe return,
To Phœbus shrines shall rise, and altars burn.
But, should the Powers that o'er mankind pre-
side

Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,
Better to rush at once to shades below,
Than linger life away, and nourish woe!

Thus he: the bees around securely stray,
When swift to ruin they invade the prey;
They seize, they kill!—but for the rite divine,
The barley fail'd, and for libations wine.
Swift from the oak they strip the shady pride;
And verdant leaves the flowery cake supply'd.

With prayer they now address th' æthereal train,
Slay the selected bees, and slay the slain:
The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art,
Strew'd o'er with morsels cut from every part.
Water, instead of wine, is brought in urns,
And pour'd profanely as the victim burns.
The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails drest,
They roast the fragments, and prepare the feast.

'Twas then soft slumber fled my troubled brain;
Back to the bark I sped along the main.
When, lo! an odour from the least exhales,
Spreads o'er the coast, and scents the tainted gales;
A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood,
And thus obsteign'd Heaven I mourn'd aloud:

O Sire of men and gods, immortal Jove!
Oh, all ye blissful Powers that reign above!
Why were my cares beguil'd in short repose?
O fatal slumber paid with lasting woes:
A deed so dreadful all the Gods alarms,
Vengeance is on the wing, and Heaven in arms!

Mean time Lampetie mounts th' aerial way,
And kindles into rage the God of Day;

Vengeance, ye powers, (he cries) and thou
whose hand

Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writen band!
Slain are those herds which I with pride survey,
When through the ports of Heaven I pour the
day.

Or deep in Ocean plunge the burning ray.
Vengeance, ye Gods! or I the skies forego,
And bear the lamp of Heaven to shades below.

To whom the Thundering Power: O Source of
Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way, [Day!
Still may thy beams through heaven's bright por-
tals rise,

The joy of earth, and glory of the skies;
Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,
To dash th' offenders in the whelming tide.

To fair Calypso, from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey'd these councils of the Gods.

Mean time from man to man my tongue ex-
claims,

My wrath is kindled, and my soul in flames.
In vain! I view perform'd the direful deed,
Bees, slain by heaps, along the ocean bleed.

Now Heaven gave signs of wrath; along the
ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound
Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrails
groan'd.

Six guilty days my wretched mates employ
In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy;
The seventh arose, and now the Sire of Gods
Rein'd the rough storms, and calm'd the tossing
floods:

With speed the bark we climb; the spacious sails
Loos'd from the yards invite th' impelling gales.
Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound,
And all above is sky, and ocean all around!
When, lo! a murky cloud the Thunderer forms
Full o'er our heads, and blackens heaven with
storms.

Night dwells o'er all the deep: and now outflies
The gloomy West, and whistles in the skies.
The mountain-billows roar! the furious blast
Howls o'er the shroud, and rends it from the mast:
The mast gives way, and, crackling as it bends,
Tears up the deck; then all at once descends;
I he pilot by the tumbling ruin slain,
Dash'd from the helm, falls headlong in the main.
Then Jove in anger bids his thunders roll,
And foxy lightnings flash from pole to pole.
Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,
Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flames:
Full on the bark it fell; now high now low:
Toss'd and retoss'd, it reel'd beneath the blow;
At once into the main the crew it shook:
Sulphurous odours rose, and smouldering smoke.
Like fowl that haunt the floods, they sink, they
rise, [cries;

Now lost, now seen, with shriek's and dreadful
And strive to gain the bark; but Jove denies.
Firm at the helm I stand, when fierce the main
Rush'd with dire noise, and dash'd the sides in
Again impetuous drove the furious blast, [twain;
Snap the strong helm, and bore to sea the mast.
Firm to the mast with cords the helm I bind,
And ride aloft, to Providence resign'd,
Through tumbling billows, and a war of wind.

Now sunk the West, and now a Southern breeze
More dreadful than the tempest, lash'd the seas;
For on the rocks it bore where Scylla raves,
And dire Charybdis rolls her thundering waves.
All night I drove; And at the dawn of day;
Fast by the rocks beheld the desperate way:
Just when the sea within her gulfs subsides,
And in the roaring whirlpools rush the tides,
Swift from the float I vaulted with a bound,
The lofty fig-tree seiz'd, and clung around.
So to the beam the bat tenacious clings,
And pendant round it clasps his leathern wings.
High in the air the tree its boughs display'd,
And o'er the dungeon cast a dreadful shade,
All unobtain'd between the wave and sky,
Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly,
What-time the judge forsakes the noisy bar
To take repast, and stills the wordy war;

Charybdis rumbling from her inmost caves,
The mast refunded on her reflux waves.
Swift from the tree, the floating mast to gain,
Sudden I dropt amidst the flashing main;
Once more undaunted on the ruin rode.
And oar'd with labouring arms along the flood.
Unseen I pass'd by Scylla's dire abodes:
So Jove decreed (dread Sire of men and gods).
Then nine long days I plough'd the calmer seas,
Heav'd by the surge, and wafted by the breeze.
Weary and wet th' Ogygian shores I gain,
When the tenth sun descended to the main.
There, in Calypso's ever-fragrant bowers,
Refresh'd I lay, and joy beguil'd the hours.
My following fates to thee, O King, are known,
And the bright partner of thy royal throne.
Enough: in misery can words avail?
And what so tedious as a twice told tale?

B O O K XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Arrival of Ulysses in Ithaca.

Ulysses takes his leave of Alcinous and Arete, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ship arrives at Ithaca; where the sailors, as Ulysses is yet sleeping, lay him on the shore with all his treasures. On their return, Neptune changes their ship into a rock. In the mean time Ulysses, awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, by reason of a mist which Pallas had cast round him. He breaks into loud lamentations; till the Goddess, appearing to him in the form of a shepherd, discovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then tells a feigned story of his adventures, upon which she manifests herself, and they consult together of the measures to be taken to destroy the suitors. To conceal his return, and disguise his person the more effectually, she changes him into the figure of an old beggar.

He ceas'd; but left so pleasing on their ear
His voice, that listening still they seem'd to hear.
A pause of silence hush'd the shady rooms:
The grateful conference then the king resumes:
Whatever toils the great Ulysses past,
Beneath this happy roof they end at last;
No longer now from shore to shore to roam,
Smooth seas and gentle winds invite him home.
But hear me, princes! whom these walls enclose,
For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows
With wines unmix'd (an honour due to age,
To cheer the grave, and warm the poet's rage);
Though labour'd gold and many a dazzling vest
Lie heap'd already for our godlike guest;
Without new treasures let him not remove,
Large, and expressive of the public love,
Each peer a tripod, each peer a vase bestow,
A general tribute, which the state shall owe.

This sentence pleas'd: then all their steps address
To separate mansions, and retir'd to rest.

Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies.
Down to the haven and the ships in haste
They bore the treasures, and in safety plac'd.
The king himself the vases rang'd with care:
They bade his followers to the feast repair.

A victim ox beneath the sacred hand
Of great Alcinous falls, and stains the sand.
To Jove th' Eternal (Power above all Powers!)
Who wings the winds, and darkens Heaven with
showers)

The flames ascend: till evening they prolong
Thy rites, more sacred made by heavenly song:
For in the midst, with public honours grac'd,
The lyre divine, Demodocus! was plac'd;
All, but Ulysses, heard with fix'd delight:
He sate, and ey'd the sun, and wish'd the night;
Slow seem'd the sun to move, the hours to roll,
His native home deep-imag'd in his soul.
As the tir'd ploughman pent with stubborn toil,
Whole oxen long have torn the furrow'd soil,
Sees with delight the sun's declining ray,
When home with feeble knees he bends his way
To late repast (the day's hard labour done):
So to Ulysses welcome set the sun.

Then instant to Alcinous and the rest
(The Scherian itates) he turn'd, and thus address'd:
O thou, the first in merit and command!
And you the peers and princes of the land!
May every joy be yours! nor this the least,
When due libation shall have crown'd the feast,
Safe to my home to send your happy guest.

Complete are now the bounties you have given,
 Be all those bounties but confirm'd by Heaven!
 So may I find, when all my wanderings cease,
 My comfort blameless, and my friends in peace.
 On you be every bliss; and every day,
 In home-felt joys delighted, roll away:
 Yourself, your wives, your long-descending
 race,
 May every God enrich with every grace!
 Sure fix'd on virtue may your nation stand,
 And public evil never touch the land!
 His words, well weigh'd, the general voice ap-
 prov'd

Benign, and instant his dismissal mov'd.
 The monarch to Pontonous gave the sign,
 To fill the goblet high with rosy wine:
 Great Jove the Father first (he cry'd) implore;
 Then lend the stranger to his native shore.

The luscious wine th' obedient herald brought;
 Around the mansion flow'd the purple draught:
 Each from his feat to each immortal pours,
 Whom glory circles in th' Olympian bowers.
 Ulysses sole with air majestic stands,
 The bowl presenting to Arete's hands;
 Then thus: O Queen, farewell! be still possessor
 Of dear remembrance, blessing still and blest!
 Till age and death shall gently call thee hence,
 (Sure fate of every mortal excellence!)
 Farewell! and joys successive ever spring
 To thee, to thine, the people, and the king!

Thus he; then parting prints the sandy shore
 "To the fair port: a herald march'd before,
 Sent by Alcinous; of Arete's train
 Three chosen maids attend him to the main;
 This does a tunic and white vest convey,
 A various casket that, of rich inlay,
 And bread and wine the third. The cheerful
 mates

Safe in the hollow poop dispose the cates:
 Upon the deck soft painted robes they spread,
 With linen cover'd for the hero's bed.
 He climb'd the lofty stern! then gently prest
 The swelling couch, and lay compos'd to rest.

Now plac'd in order, the Phæacian train
 Their cables loose, and launch into the main:
 At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,
 And leave the sinking hills, and lessening shores.
 While on the deck the chief in silence lies,
 And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.
 As fiery couriers in the rapid race
 Urg'd by fierce drivers through the dusty space,
 Toils their high heads, and scour along the plain;
 So mount the bounding vessel o'er the main.
 Back to the stern the parted billows flow,
 And the black ocean foams and roars below.

Thus with spread sails the winged galley flies;
 Lest swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies;
 Divine Ulysses was her sacred load,
 A man, in wisdom equal to a God!
 Much danger, long and mighty toils, he bore,
 In storms by sea, and combats on the shore:
 All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast,
 Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.

But when the morning star with early ray
 Flam'd in the front of heaven, and promis'd day;
 Like distant clouds the mariner descries
 Fair Ithaca's emerging hills arise.

Far from the town a spacious port appears,
 Sacred to Phorcys' power, whose name it bears:
 Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
 The roaring wind's tempestuous rage refrain;
 Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
 And ships secure without their haliars ride;
 High at the head a branching olive grows,
 And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.
 Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool recess
 Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring seas,
 Where bowls and urns were form'd of living stone,
 And massy beams in native marble shone;
 On which the labours of the nymph were roll'd,
 Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
 Within the cave the clustering bees attend
 Their waxen works, or from the roof depend,
 Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;
 Two marble doors unfold on either side;
 Sacred the south, by which the Gods descend;
 But mortals enter at the northern end.
 Thither they bent, and haul'd their ship to
 land;

(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand);
 Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,
 And gently plac'd him on the rocky shore.
 His treasures next, Alcinous' gifts, they laid
 In the wild olive's unfrequented shade,
 Secure from theft: then launch'd the bark again,
 Resum'd their oars, and measur'd back the main.
 Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread supreme
 The vengeance vow'd for eyesless Polypheme.
 Before the throne of mighty Jove he stood;
 And fought the secret council of the God:

Shall then no more, O Sire of Gods, be mine
 The rights and honours of a Power divine?
 Scorn'd ev'n by man, and (oh! severe disgrace!)
 By soft Phæacians, my degenerate race!
 Against yon destin'd head in vain I swore,
 And menac'd vengeance, ere he reach'd his shore;
 To reach his natal shore was thy decree;
 Mild I obey'd, for who shall war with thee?
 Behold him eluded, careless and asleep,
 From all th' eluded dangers of the deep!
 Lo! where he lies, amidst a shining store
 Of brafs, rich garments, and refulgent ore:
 And bears triumphant to his native isle
 A prize more worth than Ilion's noble spoil.

To whom the Father of th' immortal Powers,
 Who swells the clouds, and gladdens earth with
 showers:

Can mighty Neptune thus of man complain!
 Neptune, tremendous o'er the boundless main!
 Rever'd and awful ev'n in heaven's abodes,
 Ancient and great! a God above the Gods!
 If that slow race offend thy power divine,
 Weak, daring creatures! is not vengeance thine?
 Go then, the guilty at thy will chastise.
 He said: the Shaker of the earth replies:

This then I doom; to fix the gallant ship
 A mark of vengeance on the sable deep:
 To warn the thoughtless self-confiding train,
 No more unlicens'd thus to brave the main.
 Full in their port a shady hill shall rise.
 If such thy will—We will it, Jove replies:
 Even when, with transport blackening all the
 strand,

The swarming people hail their ship to land,

Fix her for ever, a memorial stone:
Still let her seem to fail, and seem alone;
The trembling crowds shall see the sudden shade,
Ofwhelming mountains overhang their head!

With that the God, whose earthquakes rock
the ground,

Fierce to Phæacia cross'd the vast profound.
Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,
The winged pinnace shot along the sea.
The God arrests her with a sudden stroke,
And roots her down an everlasting rock.
Aghast the Scherians stand in deep surprise;
All press to speak, all question with their eyes.
What hands unseen the rapid bark restrain!
And yet it swims, or seems to swim, the main!
Thus they, unconscious of the deed divine:
Till great Alcinous rising own'd the sign.

Behold the long predestin'd day! (he cries)
Oh! certain faith of ancient prophecies!
These ears have heard my royal fire disclose
A dreadful story, big with future woes;
How mov'd with wrath, that careless ye convey
Promiscuous every guest to every bay,
Stern Neptune rag'd; and how by his command
Firm rooted in the surge a ship should stand
(A monument of wrath); and mound on mound
Should hide our walls, or whelm beneath the
ground.

The Fates have follow'd as declar'd the fear.
Be humbled, nations! and your monarch hear.
No more unlicens'd brave the deeps, no more
With every stranger pass from shore to shore;
On angry Neptune now for mercy call:
To his high name let twelve black oxen fall.
So may the God reverse his purpos'd will,
Nor o'er our city hang the dreadful hill.

The monarch spoke: they trembl'd and obey'd:
Forth on the sands the victim oxen led:
The gather'd tribes before the altar stand,
And chiefs and rulers, a majestic band.
The King of Ocean all the tribes implore;
The blazing altars reddens all the shore.

Mean while Ulysses in his country lay,
Releas'd from sleep, and round him might survey }
The solitary shore, and rolling sea.
Yet had his mind through tedious absence lost
The dear remembrance of his native coast;
Besides, Minerva, to secure her care,
Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air:
For so the Gods ordain'd, to keep unseen
His royal person from his friends and queen;
Till the proud suitors for their crimes afford
An ample vengeance to their injur'd lord.

Now all the land another prospect bore,
Another port appear'd, another shore,
And long-continued ways, and winding floods,
And unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown
Pensive and slow with sudden grief oppress'd woods.
The king arose, and beat his careful breast,
Cast a long look o'er all the coast and main,
And sought around, his native realm in vain:
Then with erected eyes stood fix'd in woe,
And, as he spake, the tears began to flow:

Ye Gods! he cry'd, upon what barren coast,
In what new region, is Ulysses tost?
Possess'd by wild barbarians, fierce in arms?
Or men whose bosom tender pity warms?

Where shall this treasure now in safety lie?
And whither, whither, its sad owner fly?
Ah! why did I Alcinous' grace implore?
Ah! why forfame Phæacia's happy shore?
Some juster prince perhaps had entertain'd,
And safe restor'd me to my native land.

Is this the promis'd long-expected coast,
And this the faith Phæacia's rulers boast?
O righteous Gods! of all the great how few
Are just to Heaven, and to their promise true!
But he, the Power to whose all-seeing eyes
The deeds of men appear without disguise.

'Tis his alone t' avenge the wrongs I bear:
For still th' oppress'd are his peculiar care.
To count these presents, and from thence to prove
Their faith, is mine: the rest belongs to Jove.

Then on the sands he rang'd his wealthy store,
The gold, the vests, the tripods, number'd o'er:
All these he found, but still in error lost
Disconsolate he wanders on the coast,
Sighs for his country, and laments again
To the deaf rocks, and hoarse-responding main.
When, lo! the guardian Goddess of the wife,
Celestial Pallas, stood before his eyes;
In show a youthful swain, of form divine,
Who seem'd descended from some princely line,
A graceful robe her slender body dress'd,
Around her shoulders sew the waving vest,
Her decent hand a shining javelin bore,
And painted sandals on her feet she wore.
To whom the king: Whoe'er of human race
Thou art, that wander'st in this desert place!
With joy to thee, as to some God, I bend,
To thee my treasures and myself commend.
Oh! tell a wretch in exile doom'd to stray,
What air I breathe, what country I survey?
The fruitful continent's extremest bound,
Or some fair isle which Neptune's arms sur-
round! [same]

From what fair clime (said she) remote from
Arriv'st thou here a stranger to our name?
Thou seest an island, not to those unknown
Whose hills are brighten'd by the rising sun,
Nor those that plac'd beneath his utmost reign
Behold him sinking in the western main.
The rugged soil allows no level space
For flying chariots, or the rapid race;
Yet, not ungrateful to the peasant's pain,
Suffices fulnels to the swelling grain:
The loaded trees their various fruits produce,
And clustering grapes afford a generous juice:
Woods crown our mountains, and in every grove,
The bounding goats and frisking heifers rove:
Soft rains and kindly dews refresh the field,
And rising springs eternal verdure yield.
Ev'n to those shores is Ithaca renown'd,
Where Troy's majestic ruins strow the ground.

At this the chief with transport was possess'd,
His panting heart exulting in his breast:
Yet, well dissembling his untimely joy,
And veiling truth in plausible disguise,
Thus, with an air sincere, in fiction bold,
His ready tale th' inventive hero told:

Oft have I heard in Crete this island's name;
For 'twas from Crete my native soil I came,
Self-banish'd thence. I sail'd before the wind,
And left my children and my friends behind.

From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
 Whose son, the swift Orilochus, I flew,
 (With brutal force he seiz'd my Trojan prey,
 Due to the toils of many a bloody day).
 Unseen I 'scap'd; and, favour'd by the night,
 In a Phœnician vessel took my flight,
 For Pyle or Elis bound: but tempests tost
 And raging billows drove us on your coast.
 In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,
 Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land.
 But here the rosy morn renew'd the day,
 While in th' embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,
 Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,
 They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails.
 Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore,
 A hapless exile on a foreign shore.

Thus while he spoke, the blue-ey'd Maid began
 With pleasing smiles to view the godlike man:
 Then chang'd her form: and now, divinely
 bright,

Jove's heavenly daughter stood confes'd to fight;
 Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,
 Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.

Oh, still the same Ulysses! she rejoic'd,
 In useful craft successfully refin'd;
 Artful in speech, in action, and in mind!
 Suffic'd it not, that, thy long labours past,
 Secure thou seest thy native shore at last?
 But this to me? who, like thyself, excel
 In arts of counsel, and dissembling well;
 To me, whose wit exceeds the powers divine,
 No less than mortals are surpass'd by thine.
 Know'st thou not me? who made thy life my
 care, [years war]

Through ten years wandering, and through ten
 Who taught thee arts, Alcmous to persuade,
 'To raise his wonder, and engage his aid:
 And now appear thy treasures to protect,
 Conceal thy poison, thy designs direct,
 And tell what more thou must from fate expect.
 Domestic woes far heavier to be borne!
 The pride of fools, and slaves' insulting scorn.
 But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state;
 Yield to the force of unresisted fate,
 And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base man-
 kind,

The last, and hardest, conquest of the mind.

Goddess of Wisdom! Ithacus replies,
 He who discerns thee must be truly wise,
 So seldom view'd, and ever in disguise!
 When the bold Argives led their warring powers,
 Against proud Ilium's well-defended towers;
 Ulysses was thy care, celestial Maid!
 Grac'd with thy sight, and favour'd with thy aid.
 But when the Trojan piles in ashes lay,
 And bound for Greece we plough'd the watery
 way;

Our fleet dispers'd and driven from coast to coast,
 Thy sacred presence from that hour I lost:
 Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,
 And heard thy counsels on Phœacia's shore.
 But, by th' almighty author of thy race,
 Tell me, oh tell! is this my native place?
 For much I fear, long tracts of land and sea
 Divide this coast from distant Ithaca;
 The sweet delusion kindly you impose,
 To soothe my hopes, and mitigate my woes.

Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddess thus re-
 plies:

How prone to doubt, how cautious, are the wife!
 Who, vers'd in fortune, fear the flattering show,
 And taste not half the bliss the Gods bestow.
 The more shall Pallas aid thy just desires,
 And guard the wisdom which herself inspires.
 Others, long absent from their native place,
 Straight seek their home, and fly with eager
 pace [brace.]

To their wives' arms, and children's dear em-
 brace.
 Not thus Ulysses: he decrees to prove
 His subjects' faith, and queen's suspected love:
 Who mourn'd her lord twice ten revolving years,
 And wastes the days in grief, the nights in tears.
 But Pallas knew (thy friends and navy lost)
 Once more 'twas given thee to behold thy coast:
 Yet how could I with adverse Fate engage,
 And mighty Neptune's unrelenting rage?
 Now list thy longing eyes, while I restore
 The pleasing prospect of thy native shore:
 Behold the port of Phœcyas! fenc'd around
 With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd.
 Behold the gloomy grot! whose cool recess
 Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring seas!
 Whose now neglected altars in thy reign
 Blush'd with the blood of sheep and oxen slain,
 Behold! where Neritus the clouds divides,
 And shakes the waving forests on his sides.

So spake the Goddess; and the prospect clear'd,
 The mists dispers'd, and all the coast appear'd.
 The king with joy confes'd his place of birth,
 And on his knees salutes his mother earth:
 Then, with his suppliant hands upheld in air,
 Thus to the sea-green Sisters sends his prayer:

All hail! ye virgin-daughters of the main!
 Ye streams, beyond my hopes beheld again!
 To you once more your own Ulysses bows;
 Attend his transports, and receive his vows!
 If Jove prolong my days, and Pallas crown
 The growing virtues of my youthful son,
 To you shall rites divine be ever paid,
 And grateful offerings on your altars laid.

Then thus Minerva: From that anxious breast
 Dismiss those cares, and leave to Heaven the rest.
 Our task be now thy treasure'd stores to save,
 Deep in the close recesses of the cave:
 Then future means consult—she spoke, and trod
 The shady grot that brighten'd with the God.
 The closet caverns of the grot she sought;
 The gold, the brass, the robes, Ulysses brought;
 These in the secret gloom the chief dispos'd;
 The entrance with a rock the Goddess clos'd.

Now, seated in the olive's sacred shade,
 Confer the hero and the Martial Maid.
 The Goddess of the azure eyes began:
 Son of Laertes! much-experienc'd man!
 The suitor-train thy earliest care demind,
 Of that luxurious race to rid the land:
 Three years thy house their lawless rule has seen,
 And proud addresses to the matchless queen.
 But she thy absence mourns from day to day,
 And inly bleeds, and silent wastes away:
 Elusive of the bridal hour, she gives
 Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.
 To this Ulysses! O, celestial maid!
 Prais'd be thy counsel, and thy timely aid:

Else had I seen my native walls in vain,
Like great Atrides just restor'd and slain.
Vouchsafe the means of vengeance to debate,
And plan with all thy arts the scene of fate.
Then, then be present, and my soul inspire,
As when we wrapp'd Troy's heaven-built walls
in fire.

Though leagued against me hundred heroes
Hundreds shall fall, if Pallas aid my hand.

She answer'd : In the dreadful day of fight
Know, I am with thee, strong in all my might.
If thou but equal to thyself be found,
What gasping numbers then shall press the
ground?

What human victims stain the feastful floor !
How wide the pavements float with guilty gore !
It fits thee now to wear a dark disguise,
And secret walk unknown to mortal eyes.
For this, my hand shall wither every grace,
And every elegance of form and face,
O'er thy smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
Turn hoar the auburn honours of thy head,
Disfigure every limb with coarse attire,
And in thy eyes extinguish all the fire ;
Add all the wants and the decays of life ;
Estrange thee from thy own ; thy son, thy
wife ;

From the loath'd object every sight shall turn,
And the blind suitors their destruction scorn.

Go first the master of thy herds to find,
True to his charge, a loyal swain and kind :
For thee he sighs ; and to the royal heir
And chaste Penelope extends his care.
At the Coracian rock he now resides,
Where Arethusa's sable water glides ;
The sable water and the copious mast
Swell the fat herd ; luxuriant, large repast !
With him, rest peaceful in the rural cell,
And all you ask his faithful tongue shall tell ;

Me into other realms my cares convey,
To Sparta, still with female beauty gay :
For know, to Sparta thy lov'd offspring came,
To learn thy fortunes from the voice of Fame.

At this the father, with a father's care.
Must he too suffer ? he, O Goddess ! bear
Of wanderings and of woes a wretched share ?
Through the wild ocean plough the dangerous
way,

And leave his fortunes and his house a prey ?
Why would'st not thou, O all enlighten'd Mind !
Inform him certain, and protect him, kind ?

To whom Minerva : Be thy soul at rest ;
And know, whatever Heaven ordains, is best.
To fame I sent him, to acquire renown :
To other regions is his virtue known :
Secure he sits, near great Atrides plac'd !
With friendships strengthened, and with honours
But lo ! an ambush waits his passage o'er ; [grac'd.
Fierce foes insidious intercept the shore :
In vain ! for looner all the murderous brood
This injur'd land shall fatten with their blood.

She spake, then touch'd him with her power-
ful wand :

The skin shrunk up, and wither'd at her hand :
A swift old age o'er all his members spread ;
A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head ;
Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind,
His robe, which spots indelible befear,
In rags dishonest flutters with the air :
A stag's torn hide is lapp'd around his reins ;
A rugged staff his trembling hand sustains ;
And at his side a wretched scrip was hung,
Wide-patch'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
So look'd the chief, so mov'd, to mortal eyes
Object uncouth ! a man of miseries !
While Pallas, cleaving the wide field of air,
To Sparta flies, Telemachus her care.

B O O K XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Conversation with Eumæus.

Ulysses arrives in disguise at the house of Eumæus, where he is received, entertained, and lodged, with the utmost hospitality. The several discourses of that faithful old servant, with the feigned story told by Ulysses to conceal himself, and other conversations on various subjects, take up this entire Book.

But he, deep-musing, o'er the mountains stray'd
Through mazy thickets of the woodland shade,
And cavern'd ways, the shaggy coat along,
With cliffs and nodding forests over-hung.
Eumæus at his sylvan lodge he sought,
A faithful servant, and without a fault.
Ulysses found him busied, as he sat
Before the threshold of his rustic gate ;
Around the mansion in a circle shone
A rural portico of rugged stone.
(In absence of his Lord, with honest toil
His own industrious hands had rais'd the pile).

The wall was stone from neighbouring quarries
borne,
Encircled with a fence of native thorn,
And strong with pales, by many a weary stroke
Of stubborn labour hewn from heart of oak ;
Frequent and thick. Within the space w
rear'd

Twelve ample cells, the lodgment of his herd,
Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd ;
The males without (a smaller race) remain ;
Doom'd to supply the suitors' wasteful feast,
A stock by daily luxury decreas'd !

Now scarce four hundred left. These to defend,
Four savage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.
Here fate Eumæus, and his cares apply'd
To form strong bulwarks of well-season'd hide.
Of four assistants who his labour share,
Three now were absent on the rural care;
The fourth drove victims to the suitor train:
But he, of ancient faith, a simple swain,
Sigh'd, while he furnish'd the luxurious board,
And weary'd Heaven with wishes for his lord.

Soon as Ulysses near th' enclosure drew,
With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew:
Down fate the sage, and cautious to withstand,
Let fall th' offensive truncheon from his hand.
Sudden, the master runs; aloud he calls;
And from his hasty hand the leather falls;
With showers of stones he drives them far away;
The scattering dogs around at distance bay.

Unhappy stranger! (thus the faithful swain
Began with accent gracious and humane)
What sorrow had been mine, if at my gate
Thy reverend age had met a shameful fate!
Enough of woes already have I known;
Enough my master's sorrows and my own.
While here (ungrateful talk!) his herds I feed,
Ordain'd for lawless rioters to bleed;
Perhaps, supported at another's board,
Far from his country roams my hapless lord!
Or sigh'd in exile forth his latest breath,
Now cover'd with th' eternal shade of death!

But enter this my homely roof, and see
Our woods not void of hospitality.
Then tell me whence thou art, and what the
share

Of woes and wanderings thou wert born to bear?

He said, and, seconding the kind request,
With friendly step precedes his unknown guest.
A shaggy goat's left hide beneath him spread,
And with fresh rushes heap'd an ample bed:
Joy touch'd the hero's tender soul, to find
So just reception from a heart so kind:
And oh, ye Gods! with all your blessings grace
(He thus broke forth) this friend of human race!

The swain reply'd: It never was our guise
To slight the poor, or aught humane despise;
For Jove unfolds our hospitable door,
'Tis Jove that sends the stranger and the poor.
Little, alas! is all the good I can;
A man oppress'd, dependent, yet a man:
Accept such treatment as a swain affords,
Slave to the insolence of youthful lords!
Far hence is by unequal Gods remov'd
That man of bounties, loving and lov'd!
To whom whate'er his slave enjoys is ow'd,
And more, had Fate allow'd, had been bestow'd:
But Fate condemns him to a foreign shore;
Much have I sorrow'd, but my master more.
Now cold he lies, to death's embrace resign'd:
Ah, perish Helen! perish all her kind!
For whose curs'd cause, in Agamemnon's name,
He trod so fatally the paths of Fame.

His vest fuccinct then girding round his waist,
Forth rush'd the swain with hospitable haste,
Straight to the lodgements of his herd he run,
Where the fat porkers slept beneath the sun;
Of tye, his cutlars launch'd the spouting blood;
These quarter'd, sing'd, and fix'd on forks of wood,

All hasty on the hissing coals he threw;
And smoking back the tasteful viands drew,
Broachers and all; then on the board display'd
The ready meal, before Ulysses laid
With flour imbrown'd; next mingled wine yet
And luscious as the bees nectareous dew: [new,
Then fate companion of the friendly feast,
With open look; and thus bespoke his guest:

Take with free welcome what our hands pre-
Such food as falls to simple servants share; [pare,
The best our Lords consume; those thoughtless
peers,

Rich without bounty, guilty without fears!
Yet sure the Gods then impious acts detest,
And honour justice and the righteous breast.
Pirates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,
The foes of peace, and scourges of mankind,
To whom offending men are made a prey
When Jove in vengeance gives a land away;
Even these, when of their ill-got spoils possess'd,
Find sure tormentors in the guilty breast:
Some voice of God close whispering from within,
"Wretch! this is vilany, and this is sin."

But these, no doubt, some oracle explore,
That tells, the great Ulysses is no more.
Hence springs their confidence, and from our sighs
Their rapine strengthens, and their riots rise:
Constant as Jove the night and day bestows,
Bleeds a whole hecatomb, a vintage flows.
None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign
O'er the fair islands of the neighbouring main.
Nor all the monarchs whose far-dreaded sway
The wide extended continents obey:
First, on the main land, of Ulysses' breed
Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on ocean's margin
feed;

As many stails for shaggy goats are rear'd;
As many lodgements for the tusk'd herd;
Those foreign keepers guard: and here are seen
Twelve herds of goats that graze our utmost green;
To native pastors is their charge assign'd;
And mine the care to feed the bristly kind:
Each day the fattest bleeds of either herd,
All to the suitors wasteful board prefer'd.

Thus he, benevolent: his unknown guest
With hunger keen devours the savoury feast;
While schemes of vengeance ripen in his breast.
Silent and thoughtful while the board he ey'd,
Eumæus pours on high the purple tide;
The king with smiling looks his joy express'd,
And thus the kind inviting host address'd:

Say now, what man is he, the man deplor'd
So rich, so potent, whom you style your lord;
Late with such affluence and possessions blest,
And now in honour's glory's bed at rest?
Whoever was the warrior, he must be
To Fame no stranger, nor perhaps to me;
Who (so the Gods, and so the Fates ordain'd)
Have wander'd many a sea, and many a land.

Small is the faith, the prince and queen ascribe
(Reply'd Eumæus) to the wandering tribe.
For needy strangers still to flattery fly,
And want too oft betrays the tongue to lie.
Each vagrant traveller that touches here,
Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,
To dear remembrance makes his image rise
And calls the springing sorrows from her eyes.

Such thou may'st be. But he whose name you
Moulders in earth, or welters on the wave, [crave
Or food for fish or dogs his relics lie,
Or torn by birds are scatter'd through the sky.
So perish'd he : and left (for ever lost)
Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.
So mild a master never shall I find ;
Lest dear the parents whom I left behind,
Lest lost my mother, lest my father kind. }
Not with such transport would my eyes run o'er,
Again to hail them in their native shore ;
As lov'd Ulysses once more to embrace,
Restor'd and breathing in his natal place.
That name for ever dread, yet ever dear,
Even in his absence I pronounce with fear ;
In my respect, he bears a prince's part ;
But lives a very brother in my heart.

Thus spake the faithful swain ; and thus re-
join'd

The master of his grief, the man of patient mind :
Ulysses, friend ! shall view his old abodes
(Distrustful as thou art) ; nor doubt the Gods.
Nor speak I rashly, but with faith averr'd,
And what I speak, attesting Heaven has heard.
If so, a cloak and vesture be my need ;
Till his return, no title shall I plead,
Tho' certain be my news, and great my need. }
Whom want itself can force untruths to tell,
My soul detests him as the gates of hell.

Thou first be witness, hospitable Jove !
And every God inspiring social love ;
And witness every household power that waits
Guards of these fires, and angel of these gates !
Ere the next moon increase, or this decay,
His ancient realms Ulysses shall survey,
In blood and dust each proud oppressor mourn,
And the lost glories of his house return.

Nor shall that need be thine, nor ever more
Shall lov'd Ulysses hail this happy shore
(Replied Eumæus) : to the present hour
Now turn thy thoughts, and joys within our
From sad reflection let my soul repose : [power.
The name of him awakes a thousand woes.
But guard him, Gods ! and to these arms restore !
Not his true consort can desire him more ;
Not old Laertes, broken with despair :
Not young Telemachus, his blooming heir.
Alas, Telemachus ! my sorrows flow
Atræus for thee, my second cause of woe !
Like some fair plant set by a heavenly hand,
He grew, he flourish'd, and he blest the land ;
In all the youth the father's image shin'd,
Bright in his person, brighter in his mind.
What man, or God, deceiv'd his better sense,
Far on the swelling seas to wander hence ?
To distant Pylos hapless is he gone,
To seek his father's fate and find his own !
For traitors wait his way, with dire design
To end at once the great Arcæian line.
But let us leave him to their wills above ;
The fates of men are in the hand of Jove.
And now, my venerable guest ! declare
Your name, your parents, and your native air.
Sincere from whence begun your course relate,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight ?

Thus he : and thus (with prompt invention
The cautious chief his ready story told : [bold)

On dark reserve what better can prevail,
Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,
Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place }
Confer, and wines and cates the table grace ;
But most, the kind inviter's cheerful face ? }
Thus might we sit, with social goblets crown'd,
Till the whole circle of the year goes round :
Not the whole circle of the year would close
My long narration of a life of woes.
But such was Heaven's high will ! Know then, I
came

From sacred Crete, and from a fire of fame :
Castor Hylacides (that name he bore) }
Belov'd and honour'd in his native shore ;
Blest in his riches, in his children more. }
Sprung from a handmaid, from a bought embrace,
I shar'd his kindness with his lawful race :
But when that fate, which all must undergo,
From earth remov'd him to the shades below ;
The large domain his greedy sons divide,
And each was portion'd as the lots decide.
Little, alas ; was left my wretched share,
Except a house, a covert from the air :
But what by niggard fortune was denied,
A willing widow's copious wealth supplied.
My valour was my plea, a gallant mind }
That, true to honour, never lagg'd behind
(The sex is ever to a soldier kind).

Now wasting years my former strength confound,
And added woes have bow'd me to the ground ;
Yet by the stubble you may guess the grain,
And mark the ruins of no vulgar man.
Me, Pallas gave to lead the martial storm,
And the fair ranks of battle to deform :
Me, Mars inspir'd to turn the foe to flight,
And tempt the secret ambush of the night.
Let ghastly death in all his forms appear,
I saw him not, it was not mine to fear.
Before the rest I rais'd my ready steel ;
The first I met, he yielded, or he fell.
But works of peace my soul disdain'd to bear,
The rural labour, or domestic care.
To raise the mast, the missile dart to wing,
And send swift arrows from the bounding string,
Were arts the Gods made grateful to my mind ; }
Those Gods, who turn (to various ends design'd }
The various thoughts and talents of mankind.
Before the Grecians touch'd the Trojan plain,
Nine times commander or by land or main,
In foreign fields I spread my glory far,
Great in the praise, rich in the spoils of war :
Thence charg'd with riches as increas'd in fame,
To Crete return'd, an honourable name.
But when great Jove that direful war decreed,
Which rous'd all Greece, and made the mighty
Our states myself and Idomen employ [bleed ;
To lead their fleets, and carry death to Troy.
Nine years we war'd ; the tenth saw Ilion fall ;
Homeward we sail'd, but Heaven dispers'd us all.
One only month my wife enjoy'd my stay ;
So will'd the God who gives and takes away.
Nine ships I mann'd, equip'd with ready stores,
Intent to voyage to th' Ægyptian shores ;
In feast and sacrifice my chosen train
Six days consum'd ; the seventh we plough'd the
Crete's ample fields diminish to our eye ; [main.
Before the Boreal blasts the vessels fly ;

Safe through the level seas we sweep our way :
The steer-man governs, and the ships obey.
'The fifth fair morn we stem th' Egyptian tide :
And tilting o'er the bay the vessels ride :

To anchor there my fellows I command,
And spies commission to explore the land.
But, sway'd by lust of gain, and headlong will,
The coasts they ravage, and the natives kill.
The spreading clamour to their city flies,
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise.
The reddening dawn reveals the circling fields,
Horrid with busy spears, and glancing shields.
Jove thunder'd on their side. Our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance
spread } [dead.

On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie
I then explor'd my thought, what course to prove ;
(And sure the thought was dictated by Jove,
Oh ! had he left me to that happier doom,
And sav'd a life of miseries to come !)
The radiant helmet from my brows unlac'd,
And low on earth my shield and javelin cast,
I met the monarch with a suppliant's face,
Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.
He heard, he sav'd, he plac'd me at his side ;
My state he pity'd, and my tears he dried,
Restrain'd the rage the vengeful foe express'd,
And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breast.
Pious ! to guard the hospitable rite,
And leaning Jove, whom mercy's works delight.

In Egypt thus with peace and plenty blest,
I liv'd (and happy still had liv'd) a guest,
On seven bright years successful blessings wait ;
The next chang'd all the colour of my fate.
A subtle Phœnician, of insidious mind,
Vers'd in vile arts, and to human kind,
With countenance fair invites me to his home ;
I seiz'd the proffer (ever fond to roam)
Domestic in his faithless roof I stay'd,
Till the ivy sun his annual circle made.
To Lybia then he meditates the way ;
With guileful art a stranger to betray,
And sell to bondage in a foreign land :
Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the strand.
Through the mid seas the nimble pinnace sails,
Aloof of Cete, from the northern gales :
But when remote her chalky cliffs we lost,
And far from ken of any other coast,
When all was wild expanse of sea and air ;
Then doom'd high Jove due vengeance to pre-
pare.

He hung a night of horrors o'er their head
(The shaded ocean blacken'd as it spread) ;
He launch'd the fiery bolt ; from pole to pole
Broad burst the lightnings, deep the thunders roll ;
In giddy rounds the whirling ship is tost,
And all in clouds of smothering sulphur lost.
As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,
The fable crows with intercepted flight [hue :
Drop headlong : scarr'd and black with sulph'rous
So from the deck are hurl'd the ghastly crew.
Such end the wicked found ! but Jove's intent
Was yet to save th' oppress'd and innocent
Plac'd on the mast (the last recourse of life)
With winds and waves I held unequal strife ;
For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,
The tenth soft wafts me to Thesprotia's shore.

The monarch's son a shipwreck'd wretch reliev'd,
The fire with hospitable rites receiv'd,
And in his palace like a brother plac'd,
With gifts of price and gorgeous garments grac'd,
While here I sojourn'd, oft I heard the fame
How late Ulysses to the country came,
How lov'd, how honour'd, in this court he stay'd,
And here his whole collected treasure lay'd ;
I saw myself the vast unnumber'd store
Of steel elaborate, and resplendent ore,
And brass high heap'd amidst the regal dome ;
Immense supplies for ages yet to come !
Mean time he voyag'd to explore the will
Of Jove, on high Dodona's holy hill,
What means might best his safe return avail,
To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail !
Full oft has Phidou, whilst he pour'd the wine,
Attesting solemn all the Powers divine,
That soon Ulysses would return, declar'd,
The sailors waiting, and the ships prepar'd,
But first the king dismiss'd me from his shores,
For fair Dulichium crown'd with fruitful stores ;
To good Acastus' friendly care consign'd :
But other counsels pleas'd the sailors mind :
New frauds were plotted by the faithless train,
And misery demands me once again.
Soon as remote from shore they plough the wave,
With ready hands they rush to seize their slave ;
Then with tatter'd rags they wrapp'd me
round,

(Stripp'd of my own) and to the vessel bound.
At eve, at Ithaca's delightful land
The ship arriv'd : forth issuing on the sand
They sought repast ; while to th' unhappy kind,
The pitying Gods themselves my chains unbind.
Soft I descended, to the sea applied
My naked breast, and shot along the tide.
Soon pass'd beyond their sight, I left the flood,
And took the spreading shelter of the wood.
Their prize escap'd the faithless pirates mourn'd ;
But deem'd inquiry vain, and to their ship re-
turn'd.

Screen'd by protecting Gods from hostile eyes,
They led me to a good man and a wife,
To live beneath thy hospitable care,
And wait the woes Heaven dooms me yet to bear.

Unhappy guest ! whole sorrows touch my mind !
(Thus good Eumæus with a sigh rejoind'd)
For real sufferings since I grieve sincere,
Check not with fallacies the springing tear ;
Nor turn the passion into groundless joy
For him, whom Heaven has destin'd to destroy.
Oh ! had he perish'd on some well-fought day,
Or in his friend's embraces died away !
That grateful Greece with streaming eyes might
raise

Historic marbles, to record his praise :
His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,
Had with transmissive honours grac'd his son.
Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost !
While pensive in this solitary den,
Far from gay cities and the ways of men,
I linger life ; nor to the court repair,
But when the constant queen commands my care ;
Or when, to taste her hospitable board,
Some guest arrives, with rumours of her lord ;

And these indulge their want, and those their woe,

And here the tears, and there the goblets flow.
By many such I have been warn'd; but chief
By one Ætolian robb'd of all belief,
Whose hap it was this our roof to roam,
For murder banish'd from his native home.
He swore, Ulysses on the coast of Crete
Staid but a season to refit his fleet;
A few revolving months should wait him o'er,
Fraught with bold warriors, and a boundless store.
O thou! whom age has taught to understand,
And Heaven has guided with a favouring hand!
On God or mortal to obtrude a lie
Forbear, and dread to flatter as to die.
Not for such ends my house and heart are free,
But dear respect to Jove, and charity.

And why, O swain of unbelieving mind!
(Thus quick reply'd the wisest of mankind)
Doubt you my oath? yet more my faith to try,
A solemn compact let us ratify,
And witness every Power that rules the sky! }
If here Ulysses from his labours rest,
Be then my prize a tunic and a vest;
And, where my hopes invite me, straight transport
In safety to Dulichium's friendly court.
But, if he greets not thy desiring eye,
Hurl me from yon dread precipice on high; }
The due reward of fraud and perjury
Doubtle's, O guest! great laud and praise
were mine

(Reply'd the swain for spotless faith divine)
If, after social rites and gifts bestow'd,
I stand my hospitable hearth with blood,
How would the Gods my righteous toils succeed,
And bless the hand that made a stranger bleed?
No more—th' approaching hours of silent night
First claim refection, then to rest invite;
Beneath our humble cottage let us haste,
And here, unenvy'd, rural dainties taste.

Thus commun'd these; while to their lowly dome

The full-fed swine return'd with evening home;
Compell'd, reluctant, to the several sties,
With din obstreperous, and ungrateful cries.
Then to the slaves—Now from the herd the best
Select, in honour of our foreign guest:
With him let us the genial banquet share,
For great and many are the griefs we bear:
While those who from our labours heap their
board,

Blaspheame their feeder, and forget their lord.

Thus speaking, with dispassionate hand he took
A weighty axe, and cleft the solid oak;
This on the earth he pil'd; a boar full fed,
Of five years age, before the pile was led:
The swain, whom acts of piety delight,
Observant of the Gods, begins the rite;
First shears the forehead of the bristly boar,
And suppliant stands, invoking every Power }
To speed Ulysses to his native shore.
A knotty stake then aiming at his head,
Down dropp'd he groaning, and the spirit fled.
The scorching flames climb round on every side:
Then the sing'd members they with skill divide;
On these, in rolls of fat involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.

Some in the flames, bestow'd with flour, they threw:

Some cut in fragments, from the forks they drew:
These while on several tables they dispose,
As priest himself the blameless rustic rose;
Expert the destin'd victim to dispart
In seven just portions, pure of hand and heart,
One sacred to the nymphs apart they lay;
Another to the winged son of May:
The rural tribe in common share the rest,
The king the chine, the honour of the feast,
Who fate delighted at his servant's board;
The faithful servant joy'd his unknown lord.
Oh! be thou dear (Ulysses cry'd) to Jove,
As well thou claim'st a grateful stranger's love!
Be then thy thanks (the bounteous swain re-
ply'd)

Enjoyment of the good the Gods provide.
From God's own hand descend our joys and woes;
These he decrees, and he but suffers those:
All power is his, and whatsoever he wills,
The will itself, omnipotent, fulfils.
Thus said, the first fruits to the Gods he gave;
Then pour'd of offer'd wine the sable wave:
In great Ulysses' hand he plac'd the bowl,
He sat, and sweet refection cheer'd his soul.
The bread from canisters Mevaulius gave,
Lumæus proper treasure bought this slave,
And led from Taphos, to attend his board,
A servant added to his absent lord)
His talk it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
And from the banquet take the bowls away.
And now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
And each betaketh him to his couch to rest.

Now came the night, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things; the winds began to roar:
The driving storm the watery west wind pours,
And Jove descends in deluges of showers.
Studious of rest and warmth, Ulysses lies,
Foreseeing from the first the storm would rise;
In mere necessity of coat and cloak,
With artful preface to his host he spoke:

Hear me, my friends! who this good banquet
grace;

'Tis sweet to play the fool in time and place,
And wine can of their wits the wile beguile,
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile,
The grave in merriment measures trike about,
And many a long-repent word bring out.
Since to be talkative I now commence,
Let wit cast off the fullen yoke of sense. [days!
Once I was strong (would Heaven restore those
And with my betters claim'd my share of praise.
Ulysses, Menelaus, led forth a band,
And join'd me with them ('twas their own com-
mand);

A deathful ambush for the foe to lay,
Beneath Troy's walls by night we took our way:
I here clad in arms, along the marshes spread,
We made the ozier-fringed bank our bed.
Full soon th' inclemency of Heaven I feel,
Nor had these shoulders covering but of steel,
Sharp blew the north; snow whitening all the
fields. [shields.
Froze with the blast, and gathering glaz'd our
There all but I, well sens'd with cloak and vest,
Lay cover'd by their ample shields at rest.

Fool that I was ! I left behind my own ;
 The skill of weather and of winds unknown,
 And trusted to my coat and shield alone !
 When now was wasted more than half the night,
 And the stars faded at approaching light ;
 Sudden I jogg'd Ulysses, who was laid
 Fast by my side, and shivering thus I said :

Here longer in this field I cannot lie ;
 The winter pinches, and with cold I die,
 And die asham'd (O wisest of mankind)
 The only fool who left his cloak behind.

He thought, and answer'd : hardly waking yet,
 Sprung in his mind the momentary wit
 (That wit, which, or in council or in fight,
 Still met th' emergence, and determin'd right).
 Hush thee, he cry'd, (soft-whispering in my ear)
 Speak not a word, lest any Greek may hear---
 And then (supporting on his arm his head)
 Hear me, companions ? (thus aloud he said)
 Methinks too distant from the fleet we lie :
 Ev'n now a vision flood before my eye,
 And sure the warning vision was from high :
 Let from among us some swift courier rise,
 Haste to the general, and demand supplies.

Upstart'd Thoas straight, Andræmon's son,
 Nimble he rose, and cast his garment down ;
 Instant, the racer vanish'd off the ground ;
 That instant in his cloak I wrapp'd me round :
 And safe I slept, till brightly dawning shone
 The morn conspicuous on her golden throne.

Oh, were my strength as then, as then my age !
 Some friend would fence me from the winter's
 rage.

Yet, tatter'd as I look, I challeng'd then
 The honours and the offices of men :
 Some master, or some servant, would allow
 A cloak and vest---but I am nothing now !
 Well hast thou spoke (rejoin'd th' attentive
 swain)

Thy lips let fall no idle word or vain !
 Nor garment shalt thou want, nor aught beside,
 Meet for the wandering suppliant to provide.
 But in the morning take thy clothes again,
 For here one vest suffices every swain ;
 No change of garments to our hinds is known :
 But, when return'd, the good Ulysses' son
 With better hand shall grace with fit attires
 His guest, and send thee where thy soul desires.

The honest herdsmen rose, as this he said,
 And drew before the hearth the stranger's bed :
 The fleecy spoils of sheep, a goat's rough hide
 He spreads ; and adds a mantle thick and wide ;
 With store to heap above him, and below,
 And guard each quarter as the tempests blow.
 There lay the king and all the rest supine ;
 All, but the careful master of the swine :
 Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care :
 Well arm'd, and fenc'd against nocturnal air ;
 His weighty Faulchion o'er his shoulder tied :
 His shaggy cloak a mountain goat supplied :
 With his broad spear, the dread of dogs and men,
 He ticks his lodging in the rocky den.
 There to the tusk herd he bends his way.
 Where, screen'd from Boreas, high o'er-arch'd
 they lay.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Return of Telemachus.

The Goddess Minerva commands Telemachus in a vision to return to Ithaca. Pisistratus and he take leave of Menelaus, and arrive at Pylos, where they part ; and Telemachus sets sail, after having received on board Theoclymenus the soothsayer. The scene then changes to the cottage of Eumæus, who entertains Ulysses with a recital of his adventures. In the mean time Telemachus arrives on the coast, and, sending the vessel to the town, proceeds by himself to the lodge of Eumæus.

Now had Minerva reach'd those ample plains,
 Fam'd for the dance, where Menelaus reigns ;
 Anxious she flies to great Ulysses' heir,
 His infant voyage challeng'd all her care.
 Beneath the royal portico display'd,
 With Nestor's son, Telemachus was lay'd ;
 In sleep profound the son of Nestor lies ;
 Not thine, Ulysses ! Care unseal'd his eyes :
 Restless he griev'd, with various fears oppress'd,
 And all thy fortunes roll'd within his breast.
 When, O Telemachus ! (the Goddess said)
 Too long in vain, too widely hast thou stray'd.
 Thus leaving careless thy paternal right
 The robber's prize, the prey to lawless might.
 On fond pursuits neglectful while you roam,
 Ev'n now the hand of rapine sacks the dome.

Hence to Atrides ; and his leave implore
 To launch thy vessel for thy natal shore ;
 Fly, whilst thy mother virtuous yet withstands
 Her kindred's wishes, and her fire's commands ;
 Through both Eurymachus pursues the dame,
 And with the noblest gifts asserts his claim.
 Hence, therefore, while thy stores thy own remain ;
 Thou know'st the practice of the female train :
 Lost in the children of the present spouse
 They slight the pledges of their former vows ;
 Their love is always with the lover past ;
 Still the succeeding flame expels the last.
 Let o'er thy house some chosen maid preside,
 Till Heaven decrees to bliss thee in a bride.
 But now thy more attentive ears incline,
 Observe the warnings of a Power divine !

For thee their snares the suitor lords shall lay
In Samos' sands, or straits of Ithaca :
To seize thy life shall lurk the murderous band,
Ere yet thy footsteps prefs thy native land.
No--sooner far the riot and their lust
All-covering earth shall bury deep in dust !
Then distant from the scatter'd islands steer,
Nor let the night retard thy full career ;
Thy heavenly guardian shall instruct the gales,
To smoothe thy passage, and supply thy sails :
And when at Ithaca thy labour ends,
Send to the town thy vessel with thy friends ;
But seek thou first the master of thy swine
(For still to thee his loyal thoughts incline):
There pass the night : while he his course pursues
To bring Penelope the wish'd-for news,
That thou, safe sailing from the Pylian strand,
Art come to bless her in thy native land.

Thus spoke the Goddess, and resum'd her flight,
To the pure regions of eternal light.
Mean while Pisistratus he gently shakes, [wakes :
And with these words the slumbering youth a-

Rise, son of Nestor ! for the road prepare,
And join the harness'd couriers to the car.

What cause, he cried, can justify our flight,
To tempt the dangers of forbidden night ?
Here wait we rather, till approaching day
Shall prompt our speed, and point the ready way.
Nor think of flight, before the Spartan king
Shall bid farewell, and bounteous presents bring ;
Gifts, which, to distant ages safely stor'd,
The sacred act of friendship shall record. [east,

Thus he. But when the dawn bestrak'd the
The king from Helen rose, and sought his guest.
As soon as his approach the hero knew,
The splendend mantle round him first he threw,
Then o'er his ample shoulders whirl'd the cloak,
Respectful met the monarch, and bespoke :

Hail great Atrides, favour'd of high Jove !
Let not thy friends in vain for licence move.
Swift let us measure back the watery way,
Nor check our speed, impatient of delay.

If with desire to strong thy bosom glows,
Ill, said the king, should I thy wish oppose ;
For oft in others freely I reprove
The ill-tim'd efforts of officious love ;
Who love too much, hate in the like extreme,
And both the golden mean alike condemn.
Alike he thwarts the hospitable end,
Who drives the free, or stays the hasty friend ;
True friendship's laws are by this rule express'd,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
Yet stay, my friends, and in your chariot take
The noblest presents that our love can make :
Mean time commit we to our women's care,
Some choice domestic viands to prepare ;
The traveller, rising from the banquet gay,
Eludes the labours of the tedious way.
Then if a wider course shall rather please
Through spacious Argos, and the realms of Greece,
Atrides in his chariot shall attend ;
Himself thy convoy to each royal friend.
No prince will let Ulysses' heir remove
Without some pledge, some monument of love ;
These will the caldron, these the tripod give,
From those the well-pair'd mules we shall receive,
Or bowl emboss'd whose golden figures live. }

To whom the youth, forprudence fam'd, replied :
O monarch, care of Heaven ! thy people's pride !
No friend in Ithaca my place supplies,
No powerful hands are there, no watchful eyes :
My stores expos'd and fenceless house demand
The speediest succour from my guardian hand ;
Left, in a search too anxious and too vain
Of one lost joy, I lose what yet remain.

His purpose when the generous warrior heard,
He charg'd the household cates to be prepar'd.
Now with the dawn, from his adjoining home,
Was Boethoëdes Eteonous come ;
Swift as the word he forms the rising blaze,
And o'er the coals the smoking fragments lays.
Mean time the king, his son, and Helen, went
Where the rich wardrobe breath'd a costly scent.
The king selected from the glittering rows
A bowl ; the prince a silver beaker chose.
The beauteous queen revolv'd with careful eyes
Her fairest textures of unnumber'd dyes,
And chose the largest : with no vulgar art
Her own fair hands embroider'd every part :
Beneath the rest it lay divinely bright,
Like radiant Hesper o'er the gems of night.
Then with each gift they hasten'd to their guest,
And thus the king Ulysses' heir address'd :

Since fix'd are thy resolves, may thundering Jove
With happiest omens thy desires approve !
This silver bowl, whose costly margins shine
Enchas'd with gold, this valued gift be thine ;
To me this present of Vulcanian frame,
From Sidon's hospitable monarch came ;
To thee we now consign the precious load,
The pride of kings and labour of a God.

Then gave the cup ; while Megapenthe brought
The silver vase with living sculpture wrought.
The beauteous queen, advancing next, display'd
The shining veil, and thus endearing said :

Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,
Long since, in better days, by Helen wove :
Safe in thy mother's care the vesture lay,
To deck thy bride, and grace thy nuptial day.
Mean time may'st thou with happiest speed regain
Thy stately palace, and thy wide domain.

She said, and gave the veil ; with grateful look
The prince the variegated present took.
And now, when through the royal dome they
pass'd,

High on a throne the king each stranger plac'd.
A golden ewer th' attendant damsel brings,
Replete with water from the crystal springs :
With copious streams the shining vase supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
They wash. The tables in fair order spread,
The glittering canisters are crown'd with bread ;
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and flavour ; rich repast !
Whilst Eteonous portions out the shares,
Atrides' son the purple draught prepares.
And now (each sated with the genial feast,
And the short rage of thirst and hunger ceas'd)
Ulysses' son, with his illustrious friend,
The horses join'd, the polish'd car ascend.
Along the court the fiery steeds rebound,
And the wide portal echoes to the sound.
The king precedes ; a bowl with fragrant wine
(Libation destin'd to the powers divine)

His right-hand held : before the steeds he stands,
Then, mix'd with prayers, he utters these com-
mands

Farewell, and prosper, youths ! let Nestor know
What grateful thoughts still in this bosom glow,
For all the proofs of his paternal care,
Through the long dangers of the ten years war.
Ah ! doubt not our report (the prince rejoind)
Of all the virtues of thy generous mind.
And oh ! return'd might we Ulysses meet !
To him thy presents show, thy words repeat :
How will each speech his grateful wonder raise !
How will each gift indulge us in thy praise !

Scarce ended thus the prince, when on the right
Advanc'd the bird of Jove : auspicious light !
A milk-white fowl his clenching talons bore,
With care domestic pamper'd at the floor.
Peasants in vain with threatening cries pursue,
In solemn speed the bird majestic flew
Full dexter to the car : the prosperous fight
Till'd every breast with wonder and delight.

But Nestor's son the cheerful silence broke,
And in these words the Spartan chief bespoke.
Say, if to us the Gods these omens send,
Or fates peculiar to thyself portend ?

Whilst yet the monarch paus'd with doubt : op-
press'd,

The beauteous queen reliev'd his labouring breast.
Hear me, she cried, to whom the Gods have gi-
ven

To read this sign, and mystic sense of Heaven.
As thus the plumed sovereign of the air
Left on the mountain's brow his callow care,
And wander'd through the wide æthereal way
To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey ;
So shall thy godlike father to'st'd in vain
Through all the dangers of the boundless main,
Arrive (or is perchance already come)
From slaughter'd gluttons to release the dome.

Oh ! if this promis'd bliss by thundering Jove
(The prince replied) stand fix'd in fate above ;
To thee, as to some God, I'll temples raise,
And crown thy alters with the costly blaze.

He said ; and, bending o'er his chariot, slung
A'hwart the fiery steeds the smarting thong ;
The bounding shafts upon the harness play,
Till night descending intercepts the way.
To Diocles, at Phœæ, they repair,
Whose boistered fire was sacred Alpheus' heir ;
With him all night the youthful strangers stay'd,
Nor found the hospitable rites unpay'd.
But soon as morning from her orient bed
Had tug'd the mountains with her earliest red,
They join'd the steeds, and on the chariot sprung ;
The brazen portals in their passage rung.

To Pylos soon they came ; when thus begun
To Nestor's heir Ulysses' godlike son :
Let not Pisistratus in vain be prest,
Nor unconsenting hear his friend's request ;
His friend by long hereditary claim,
In toils his equal, and in years the same.
No farther from our vessel, I implore,
The couriers drive : but lash them to the shore.
Too long thy father would his friends detain ;
I dread his proffer'd kindness urg'd in vain.

The hero paus'd, and ponder'd this request,
While love and duty war'd within his breast.

At length resolv'd, he turn'd his ready hand,
And lash'd his panting couriers to the strand.
There, while within the poop with care he stor'd
The regal presents of the Spartan lord ;
With speed begone (said he) : call every mate,
Ere yet to Nestor I the tale relate :

'Tis true, the fervour of his generous heart
Brooks no repulse, nor could thou soon depart ;
Himself will seek thee here, nor wilt thou find,
In word alone, the Pylian monarch kind.
But when, arriv'd, he thy return shall know,
How will his breast with honest fury glow !
This said, the founding strokes his horses fire,
And soon he reach'd the palace of his fire.

Now (cried Telemachus) with speedy care
Hoist every sail, and every oar prepare.
Swift as the word his willing mates obey,
And seize their seats, impatient for the sea.

Mean time the prince with sacrifice adores
Minerva, and her guardian aid implores ;
When, lo ! a wretch ran breathless to the shore,
New from his crime, and reeking yet with gore.
A steer he was, from great Melampus sprung,
Melampus, who in Pylos flourish'd long,
Till, urg'd by wrongs, a foreign realm he chose,
Far from the hateful cause of all his woes.
Neleus his treasures one long year detains ;
As long, he groan'd in Philacus's chains :
Meantime, what anguish, and what rage, combin'd,
For lovely Pero rack'd his labouring mind !
Yet 'scap'd the death ; and vengeful of his wrong
To Pylos drove the lowing herds along :
Then (Neleus vanquish'd, and consign'd the Fair
To Bias' arms) he sought a foreign air ;
Argos the rich for his retreat he chose,
There form'd his empire ; there his palace rose.
From him Antiphates and Mantius came :
The first begot Oïlus great in fame,
And he Amphiaræus, immortal name !
The people's saviour, and divinely wise,
Belov'd by Jove, and him who gilds the skies,
Yet short his date of life ! by female pride he died.

From Mantius Clitus, whom Aurora's love
Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above :
And Polyphides on whom Phœbus shone
With fullest rays, Amphiaræus now gone ;
In Hypercſia's groves he made abode,
And taught mankind the counsels of the God.
From him sprung Theoclymenus, who found
(The sacred wine yet foaming on the ground)
Telemachus : whom, as to Heaven he press'd
His arduous vows, the stranger thus address'd :

O thou : that dost thy happy course prepare
With pure libations, and with solemn prayer ;
By that dread Power to whom thy vows are
paid :

By all the lives of these ; thy own dear head,
Declare sincerely to no foe's demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land.

Prepare then, said Telemachus, to know
A tale from falsehood free, not free from woe,
From Ithaca, of royal birth, I came,
And great Ulysses (ever honour'd name !)
Was once my fire : though now for ever lost
In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost !
Whole fate inquiring through the world we rove ;
The last, the wretched, proof of filial love.

The stranger then : Nor shall I aught conceal,
But the dire secret of my fate reveal.
Of my own tribe an Argive wretch I flew ;
Whole powerful friends the luckless deed pursue
With unrelenting rage, and force from home
The blood-stain'd exile, ever doom'd to roam.
But bear, O bear me o'er yon azure flood ;
Receive the suppliant ! spare my destin'd blood !

Stranger (replied the prince) securely rest
Affianc'd in our faith ; henceforth our guest.
Thus affable, Ulysses' godlike heir
Takes from the stranger's hand the glittering spear :
He climbs the ship, ascends the stern with haste,
And by his side the guest accepted plac'd.
The chief his orders gives : th' obedient band
With due observance o'er the chief's command ;
With speed the mast they rear, with speed unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind.
Minerva calls ; the ready gales obey
With rapid speed to whirl them o'er the sea.
Cranus they pass'd, next Chalcis roll'd away,
When thickening darkness clos'd the doubtful day ;
The silver Phœa's glittering rills they lost,
And skium'd along by Elis' sacred coast.
Then cautious through the rocky reaches wind,
And, turning sudden, shun the death design'd.

Mean time the king, Eumæus, and the rest,
Sate in the cottage, at their rural feast :
The banquet past, and satiate every man,
To try his host, Ulysses thus began :

Yet one night more, my friends indulge your
guest ;

The last I purpose in your walls to rest
To-morrow for myself I must provide,
And only ask your counsel, and a guide :
Patient to roam the street, by hunger led,
And bless the friendly hand that gives me bread.
'There in Ulysses' roof I may relate
Ulysses' wanderings to his royal mate ;
Or, mingling with the suitors' haughty train,
Not underserving some support obtain.
Hermes to me his various gifts imparts,
Patron of industry and manual arts :
Few can with me in dextrous works contend,
The pyre to build, the stubborn oak to rend ;
To turn the tasteful viand o'er the flame ;
Or foam the goblet with a purple stream.
Such are the talks of men of mean estate,
Whom fortune dooms to serve the rich and great.

Alas ! (Eumæus with a sigh rejoin'd)
How sprung a thought so monstrous in thy mind !
If on that godless race thou would'st attend,
Fate owes thee sure a miserable end !
Their wrongs and blasphemies ascend the sky,
And pull descending vengeance from on high.
Not such, my friend, the servants of their feast ;
A blooming train in rich embroidery dress'd,
With earth's whole tribute the bright table bends,
And smiling round celestial youth attends.
Stay then : no eye a glance beholds thee here :
Sweet is thy converse to each social ear ;
Well-pleas'd, and pleasing, in our cottage rest,
Till good Telamachus accepts his guest
With genial gifts, and change of fair attires,
And safe conveys thee where thy soul desires.

To him the man of woes : O gracious Jove !
Reward this stranger's hospitable love !

Who knows the son of sorrow to relieve,
Cheers the sad heart, nor lets affliction grieve.
Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
A life of wanderings is the greatest woe :
On all their weary paths wait care and pain,
And pine and penury, a meagre train.
To such a man since harbour you afford,
Relate the farther fortunes of your lord ;
What cares his mother's tender breast engage,
And fire forsaken on the verge of age ;
Beneath the sun prolong they yet their breath,
Or range the house of darkness and of death ?
To whom the swain : Attend what you inquire ;
Laertes lives, the miserable fire
Lives, but implotes of every Power to lay
The burden down, and wishes for the day.
Torn from his offspring in the eve of life,
Torn from th' embraces of his tender wife,
Sole, and all comfortless, he waits away
Old age, untimely posting ere his day.
She too, sad mother ! for Ulysses lost
Pin'd out her bloom, and vanish'd to a ghost.
(So dire a fate, ye righteous Gods ! avert,
From every friendly, every feeling heart !)
While yet she was, tho' clouded o'er with grief,
Her pleasing converse minister'd relief :
With Ctimene, her youngest daughter, bred,
One roof contain'd us, and one table fed.
But when the softly-stealing pace of time
Crept on from childhood into youthful prime,
To Samos' isle she sent the wedded fair ;
Me to the fields, to tend the rural care ;
Array'd in garments her own hands had wove,
Nor less the darling object of her love.
Her hapless death my brighter days o'ercast,
Yet Providence deserts me not at last ;
My present labours food and drink procure,
And more, the pleasure to relieve the poor.
Small is the comfort from the queen to hear
Unwelcome news, or vex the royal ear ;
Black and discountenanc'd the servants stand,
Nor dare to question where the proud command :
No profit springs beneath usurping powers :
Want feeds not there, where luxury devours,
Nor harbours charity where riot reigns :
Proud are the lords, and wretched are the swains.

The suffering chief at this began to melt ;
And, O Eumæus ! thou (he cries) hast felt
The spite of fortune too ! her cruel hand
Snatch'd thee an infant from thy native land !
Snatch'd from thy parent's arms, thy parents' eyes,
To early wants ! a man of miseries !
'Thy whole sad story, from its first, declare
Sunk the fair city by the rage of war,
Where once thy parents dwelt ? or did they keep,
In humbler life, the lowing herds and sheep ?
So left perhaps to tend the fleecy train,
Rude pirates seiz'd, and shipp'd thee o'er the
main ?

Doom'd a fair prize to grace some prince's board,
The worthy purchase of a foreign lord.

If then my fortunes can delight my friend,
A story fruitful of events attend :
Another's sorrows may thy ear enjoy,
And wine the lengthen'd intervals employ.
Long nights the now declining year bestows ;
A part we consecrate to rest repose,

A part in pleasing talk we entertain;
For too much rest itself becomes a pain.
Let those, whom sleep invites, the call obey,
Their cares resuming with the dawning day:
Here let us feast, and to the feast be join'd
Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind;
Review the series of our lives, and taste
The melancholy joy of evils past:
For he who much has suffer'd, much will know;
And pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.

Above Ortygia lies an isle of fame,
Far hence remote, and Syria is the name
(There curious eyes inscrib'd with wonder trace
The sun's diurnal, and his annual race);
Not large, but fruitful; stor'd with grafs, to keep
The bellowing oxen, and the bleating sheep;
Her sloping hills the mantling vines adorn,
And her rich valleys wave with golden corn.
No want, no famine, the glad natives know,
Nor sink by sickness to the shades below;
But when a length of years unnerves the strong,
Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along.
They bend the silver bow with tender skill,
And, void of pain, the silent arrows kill.
Two equal tribes this fertile land divide,
Where two fair cities rise with equal pride.
But both in constant peace one prince obey,
And Ctefius there, my father, holds the sway.
Freighted, it seems, with toys of every sort
A ship of Sidon anchor'd in our port;
What time it chanc'd the palace entertain'd,
Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land:
This nymph, where anchor'd the Phœnician train
To wash her robes descending to the main,
A smoooth-tongued sailor won her to his mind,
(For love derives the best of woman-kind).
A sudden trust from sudden liking grew;
She told her name, her race, and all she knew.
I too (she cried) from glorious Sidon came,
My father Arybas, of wealthy fame;
But, snatch'd by pirates from my native place,
The Taphian's fold me to this man's embrace.

Haste then (the false designing youth reply'd)
Haste to thy country; love shall be thy guide;
Haste to thy father's house, thy father's breast,
For still he lives, and lives with riches blest,

"Swear first (she cry'd) ye sailors! to restore
"A wretch in safety to her native shore."
Swift as the ask'd, the ready sailors swore.
She then proceeds: Now let our compact made
Be nor by signal nor by word betray'd,
Nor near me any of your crew descried
By road frequented, nor by fountain side.
Be silence still our guard. The monarch's spies
(For watchful age is ready to surmise)
Are still at hand; and this, reveal'd, must be
Death to yourselves, eternal chains to me.
Your vessel loaded, and your traffic past,
Dispatch a wary messenger with haste:
Then gold and costly treasures will I bring,
And more, the infant offspring of the king.
Him, child-like wandering forth, I'll lead away,
(A noble prize!) and to your ship convey.

Thus spake the dame, and homeward took the
A year they traffic, and their vessel load, [road.
Their stores complete, and ready now to weigh,
A spy was sent their summons to convey:

An artist to my father's palace came,
With gold and amber chains, elaborate frame;
Each female eye the glittering links employ,
They turn, review, and cheapen every toy.
He took th' occasion as they stood intent,
Gave her the sign, and to his vessel went.
She straight pursued, and seiz'd my willing arm;
I follow'd smiling, innocent of harm.
Three golden goblets in the porch she found
(The guests not enter'd, but the table crown'd);
Hid in her fraudulent bosom, these she bore:
Now set the sun, and darkened all the shore,
Arriving then, where tilting on the tides
Prepar'd to launch the freighted vessel rides;
Aboard they heave us, mount their decks, and sweep

With level oar along the glassy deep.
Six calm days and six smooth nights we sail,
And constant Jove supplied the gentle gale.
The seventh, the fraudulent wretch, (no cause de-
cried

Touch'd by Diana's vengeful arrow, died.
Down dropp'd the caitiff-corse, a worthless load,
Down to the deep; there roll'd, the future food
Of fierce sea-wolves, and monsters of the flood.
An helpless infant, I remain'd behind;
Thence borne to Ithaca by wave and wind;
So'd to Laertes by divine command,
And now adopted to a foreign land.

To him the king: Reciting thus thy cares,
My secret soul in all thy sorrows shares:
But one choice blessing (such is Jove's high will)
Has sweeten'd all thy bitter draught of ill:
Torn from thy country to no hapless end,
The Gods have, in a master, given a friend.
Whatever frugal nature needs is thine,
(For she needs little) daily bread and wine.
While I, so many wanderings past and woes,
Live but on what thy poverty bestows.

So pass'd in pleasing dialogue away
The night; then down to short repose they lay;
Till radiant rose the messenger of day,
While in the port of Ithaca, the band
Of young Telemachus approach'd the land;
Their sails they loos'd, they lash'd the mast
aside,

And cast their anchors, and the cables tied:
Then on the breezy shore descending join
In grateful banquet o'er the rosy wine.
When thus the prince: Now ease your course pur-
I to the fields, and to the city you. [sue;
Long absent hence, I dedicate this day
My swains to visit, and the works survey.
Expect me with the morn, to pay the skies
Our debt of safe return, in feast and sacrifice.
Then Theoclymenus: But who shall lend,
Mean time, protection to thy stranger-friend?
Straight to the queen and palace shall I fly,
Or, yet more distant, to some lord ally?

The prince return'd: Renown'd in days of yore
Has stood our father's hospitable door;
No other roof a stranger should receive,
No other hands than ours the welcome give.
But in my absence riot fills the place,
Nor bears the modest queen a stranger's face;
From noiseful revel far remote the flies,
But rarely seen, or seen with weeping eyes.

No---let Eurymachus receive my guest,
Of nature courteous, and by far the best ;
He wooes the queen with more respectful flame,
And emulates her former husband's fame :
With what success, 'tis Jove's alone to know,
And the hop'd nuptials turn to joy or woe.

Thus speaking, on the right up-soar'd in air
The hawk, Apollo's swift-wing'd messenger ;
His deathful pounces tore a trembling dove ;
The clotted feathers, scatter'd from above,
Between the hero and the vessel pour
Thick plumage, mingled with a sanguine shower.

'Th' observing augur took the prince aside,
Seiz'd by the hand, and thus prophetic cried :
Yon bird that dexter cuts th' aerial road,
Rose ominous, nor flies without a God ;
No race but thine shall Ithaca obey,
To thine, for ages, Heaven decrees the sway.
Succeed the omen, Gods ! (the youth rejoin'd)
Soon shall my bounties speak a grateful mind,

And soon each envied happiness attend
The man, who calls Telemachus his friend.
Then to Peiræus---Thou whom time has prov'd
A faithful servant, by thy prince belov'd !
Till we returning shall our guest demand,
Accept this charge with honour at our hand.

To this Peiræus : Joyful I obey,
Well pleas'd the hospitable rites to pay,
The presence of thy guest shall best reward
(if long thy stay) the absence of my lord.

With that their anchors he commands to weigh,
Mount the tall bark, and launch into the sea.
All with obedient haste forsake the shores,
And, plac'd in order, spread their equal oars.
Then from the deck the prince his sandals takes ;
Pois'd in his hand the pointed javelin slakes.
They part ; while lessening from the hero's view,
Swift to the town the well-row'd galley flew :
The hero trod the margin of the main,
And reach'd the mansion of his faithful swain.

B O O K XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Discovery of Ulysses to Telemachus.

Telemachus arriving at the lodge of Eumæus sends him to carry Penelope the news of his return. Minerva appearing to Ulysses, commands him to discover himself to his son. The princes, who had lain in ambush to intercept Telemachus in his way, their project being defeated, return to Ithaca.

Soon as the morning blush'd along the plains
Ulysses and the monarch of the swains
Awake the sleeping fires, their meal prepare,
And forth to pasture send the briskly care.
The princes near approach the dogs decry,
And fawning round his feet confess their joy.
Their gentle blandishment the king survey'd,
Heard his resounding step, and instant said :
Some well known friend, Eumæus, bends this
His steps I hear ; the dogs familiar play. [way ;

While yet he spoke, the prince advancing drew
Nigh to the lodge, and now appear'd in view.
Transported from his seat Eumæus sprung,
Dropp'd the full bowl, and round his bosom hung ;
Kissing his cheek, his hand, while from his eye
The tears rain'd copious in a shower of joy.
As some fond fire, who ten long winters grieves,
From foreign climes an only son receives,
(Child of his age) with strong paternal joy
Forward he springs, and clasps the favourite boy :
So round the youth his arms Eumæus spread,
As if the grave had given him from the dead.

And is it thou ! my ever-dear delight !
Oh, art thou come to bless my longing sight !
Never, I never ho, y'd to view this day,
When o'er the waves you plough'd the desperate
way.

Enter, my child ! beyond my hopes restor'd,
Oh give these eyes to feast upon their lord !
Enter, oh freedom seen ! for lawless powers
Too much detain thee from thy sylvan bowers.

T TANS.

The prince replied : Eumæus, I obey ;
To seek thee, friend, I hither took my way.
But say, if in the court the queen reside,
Severely chaste, or if commenc'd a bride ?

Thus he : and thus the monarch of the swains :
Severely chaste Penelope remains ;
But, lost to every joy, she wastes the day
In tedious cares, and weeps the night away.

He ended ; and (receiving as they pass
The javelin, pointed with a star of brass)
They reach'd the dome ; the dome with marble
His seat Ulysses to the prince resign'd. [shin'd.
Not so---(exclaim'd the prince with decent grace)
For me, this house shall find an humbler place :
T' usurp the honours due to silver hairs
And reverend strangers, modest youth forbears.
Instant the swain the spoils of beasts supplies,
And bids the rural throne with osiers rise.
There sate the prince : the least Eumæus spread,
And heap'd the shining canisters with bread.
Thick o'er the board the plenteous v'nd lay,
The fragrant remnants of the former day.
Then in a bowl he tempers generous wines,
Around whose verge a mimic ivy twines.
And now, the rage of thirst and hunger fled,
Thus young Ulysses to Eumæus said :

Whence, father, from what shore this stranger,
What vessel bore him o'er the watery way ?
To human step our land impervious lies,
And round the coast circumfluent oceans rise.

Q

The swain returns : A tale of sorrows hear :
In spacious Crete he drew his natal air,
Long doom'd to wander o'er the land and main,
For Heaven has wove his thread of life with pain.
Half-breathless 'scaping to the land he flew
From Thesprot mariners, a murderous crew.
To thee, my son, the suppliant I resign,
I gave him my protection, grant him thine.

Hard task, he cries, thy virtue gives thy friend,
Willing to aid, unable to defend.

Can strangers safely in the court reside,
'Midst the swell'd insolence of lust and pride ?
Ev'n I unsafe : the queen in doubt to wed,
Or pay due honours to the nuptial bed :
Perhaps she weds regardless of her fame,
Deaf to the mighty Ulyssæan name.

However, stranger, from our grace receive
Such honours as besit a prince to give ;
Sandals, a sword, and robes, respect to prove,
And safe to sail with ornaments of love.
Till then, thy guest amid the rural train,
Far from the court, from danger far, detain.
'Tis mine with food the hungry to supply,
And clothe the naked from th' inclement sky.
Here dwell in safety from the suitors wrongs,
And the rude insults of ungovern'd tongues.
For shouldst thou suffer, powerless to relieve,
I must behold it, and can only grieve.
The brave encompass'd by an hostile train,
O'erpower'd by numbers, is but brave in vain.

To whom, while anger in his bosom glows,
With warmth replies the man of mighty woes :
Since audience mild is deign'd, permit my tongue
At once to pity and resent thy wrong.

My heart weeps blood to see a soul so brave
Live to bate insolence of power a slave.
But tell me, dost thou, prince, dost thou behold,
And hear, their midnight revels uncontrol'd ?
Say, do thy subjects in bold faction rise,
Or priests in fabled oracles advise ?

Or are thy brothers, who should aid thy power,
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour ?
Oh ! that I were from great Ulysses sprung,
Or that these wither'd nerves like thine were
strung ;

Or, Heavens ! might he return ! (and soon appear
He shall, I trust : a hero scorns despair !)
Might he return, I yield my life a prey
To my worst foe, if that avenging day
Be not their last : but should I lose my life
Oppress'd by numbers in the glorious strife,
I choose the nobler part, and yield my breath,
Rather than bear dishonour, worse than death ;
Than see the hand of violence invade
The reverend stranger, and the spotless maid ;
Than see the wealth of kings consum'd in waste,
The durnard revel, and the gluttons feast.

'Tis he, with anger flashing from his eye ;
Sincere the youthful hero made reply :
Nor leagu'd in factious arms my subjects rise,
Nor priests in fabled oracles advise ;
Nor are my brothers who should aid my power
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour.
Ah me ! I boast no brother ; Heaven's dread King
Gives from our stock an only branch to spring,
Alone Laertes reign'd Arcefius' heir,
Alone Ulysses drew the vital air,

And I alone the bed connubial grac'd,
An unblest offspring of a sire unblest !
Each neighbouring realm, conducive to our woe,
Sends forth her peers, and every peer a foe :
The court proud Samos and Dulichium fills,
And lofty Zacynth crown'd with shady hills,
Ev'n Ithaca and all her lords invade
Th' imperial sceptre, and the regal bed :
The queen, averse to love, yet aw'd by power,
Seems half to yield, yet flies the bridal hour !
Mean time their licence uncontrol'd I bear ;
Ev'n now they envy me the vital air : }
But Heaven will sure revenge, and Gods there }

But go, Læmæus ! to the queen impart
Our safe return, and ease a mother's heart.
Yet secret go ; for numerous are my foes,
And here at least I may in peace repose.

To whom the swain : I hear, and I obey :
But old Laertes weeps his life away,
And deems thee lost : shall I my speed employ
To bless his age ; a messenger of joy ?
The mournful hour that tore his son away
Sent the sad fire in solitude to stray ;
Yet, busied with his slaves to ease his woe,
He dress'd the vine, and bade the garden blow,
Nor food nor wine refus'd : but since the day
That you to Pylos plough'd the watery way,
Nor wine nor food he tastes ; but sunk in woes,
Wild springs the vine, no more the garden
blows :

Shut from the walks of men, to pleasure lost,
Pensive and pale he wanders, half a ghost.

Wretched old man ! (with tears the prince re-
turns)

Yet cease to go—what man so blest but mourns ?
Were every wish indulg'd by favouring skies,
'This hour should give Ulysses to my eyes.
But to the queen with speed dispatchful bear
Our safe return, and back with speed repair :
And let some handmaid of her train resort
To good Laertes in his rural court.

While yet he spoke, impatient of delay,
He brac'd his sandals on, and strode away :
Then from the Heavens the Martial Goddess flies
Through the wide fields of air, and cleaves the
In form a virgin in soft beauty's bloom, [skies ;
Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.
Alone to Ithacus she stood display'd,
But unapparent as a viewless shade
Escap'd Telemachus (the Powers above,
Seen or unseen, o'er earth at pleasure move) :
The dogs intelligent confess the tread
Of power divine ; and, howling, trembling, fled.
The Goddess, beckoning, waves her deathless
hands ;

Dauntless the king before the Goddess stands.

Then why (she said) O favour'd of the skies !
Why to thy godlike son this long disguise ?
Stand forth reveal'd : with him thy cares employ
Against thy foes ; be valiant, and destroy !
Lo ! I descend in that avenging hour,
To combat by thy side, thy guardian Power.

She said, and o'er him waves her wand of
gold ;

Imperial robes his manly limbs infold ;
At once with grace divine his frame improves ;
At once with majesty enlarg'd he moves :

Youth flush'd his reddening cheek, and from his brows

A length of hair in sable ringlets flows ;
His blackening chin receives a deeper shade ;
Then from his eyes sprang the Warrior Maid.

The hero re-ascends : the prince o'er-aw'd
Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows as to a God.
Then with surprise (surprise chafis'd by fears)
How art thou chang'd ! (he cry'd) a God appears !
Far other vests thy limbs majestic grace,
Far other glories lighten from thy face !
If Heaven be thy abode, with pious care
Lo ! I the ready sacrifice prepare :

Lo ! gifts of labour'd gold adorn thy shrine,
To win thy grace : Oh save us, Power Divine !

Few are my days, Ulysses made reply,
Nor I, alas ! descendant of the sky.
I am thy father. Oh my son ! my son !
That father, for whose sake thy days have run
One scene of woe ; to endless cares consign'd,
And outrag'd by the wrongs of base mankind.

Then rushing to his arms, he kiss'd his boy
With the strong raptures of a parent's joy.
Tears bathe his cheek, and tears the ground be-
dew :

He strain'd him close, as to his breast he grew.

Ah me ! (exclaims the prince with fond desire)

Thou art---no, thou can'st not be my fire.

Heaven such illusion only can impose,

By the false joy to aggravate my woes.

Who but a God can change the general doom,

And give to wither'd age a youthful bloom ?

Late, worn with years, in weeds obscene you
trod ;

Now, cloth'd in majesty, you move a God !

Forbear, he cry'd ; for Heaven reserve that

Give to thy father, but a father's claim : [name,

Other Ulysses shalt thou never see,

I am Ulysses, I (my son) am he.

Twice ten sad years o'er earth and ocean tost,

'Tis given at length to view my native coast.

Pallas, unconquer'd Maid, my frame surrounds

With grace divine ; her power admits no bounds :

She o'er my limbs old age and wrinkles shed ;

Now, strong as youth, magnificent I tread.

The Gods with ease frail man depress or raise,

Exalt the lowly, or the proud debase.

He spoke, and sate. The prince with transport
flew, [dew :

Hung round his neck, while tears his cheek be-
Nor less the father pour'd a social flood !

They wept abundant, and they wept aloud.

As the bold eagle with fierce sorrow stung,

Or parent vulture, mourns her ravish'd young ;

They cry, they scream, their unsledg'd brood a
prey

To some rude churl, and borne by stealth away ;

So they aloud : and tears in tides had run,

Their grief unfinish'd with the setting sun :

But checking the full torrent in its flow,

The prince thus interrupts the solemn woe.

What ship transported thee, O father, say,

And what blest'd hands have oar'd thee on the

All, all (Ulysses instant made reply) [way ?

I tell thee all, my child, my only joy !

Phæacians bore me to the port assign'd,

A nation ever to the stranger kind ;

Wrapp'd in th' embrace of sleep, the faithful train

O'er seas convey'd me to my native reign :

Embroider'd vestures, gold, and brass, are laid

Conceal'd in caverns in the sylvan shade.

Hither, intent the rival rout to slay,

And plan the scene of death, I bend my way :

So Pallas wills---but thou, my son, explain

The names and numbers of th' audacious train ;

'Tis mine to judge if better to employ

Assistiant force, or singly to destroy. [name,

O'er earth (returns the prince) refunds thy

Thy well-tried wisdom, and thy martial fame,

Yet at thy words I start, in wonder lost ;

Can we engage, not decades, but an host ?

Can we alone in furious battle stand,

Against that numerous and determin'd band ?

Hear then their numbers : from Dulichium came

Twice twenty-six, all peers of mighty name,

Six are their menial train : twice twelve the boast

Of Samos ; twenty from Zacynthus' coast :

And twelve our country's pride : to these belong

Medon and Phemius skill'd in heavenly song.

Two sewers from day to day the revels wait,

Exact of taste, and serve the feast in state.

With such a foe th' unequal fight to try,

Were by false courage unreveng'd to die.

Then what assistiant powers your boast, relate,

Ere yet we mingle in the stern debate.

Mark well my voice, Ulysses straight replies :

What need of aids, if favour'd by the skies ?

If shielded to the dreadful fight we move,

By mighty Pallas, and by thundering Jove.

Sufficient they (Telemachus rejoind)

Against the banded powers of all mankind :

They, high enthron'd above the rolling clouds ;

With'der the strength of man, and awe the Gods.

Such aids expect, he cries, when strong in might

We rise terrific to the task of fight.

But thou, when morn salutes th' aerial plain,

The court revisit and the lawless train :

Me thither in disguise Eumæus leads,

An aged mendicant in tatter'd weeds.

There, if base scorn insult my reverend age ;

Bear it, my son ! repress thy rising rage.

If outrag'd, cease that outrage to repel ;

Bear it, my son ! howe'er thy heart rebel.

Yet strive, by prayer and counsel to restrain

Their lawless insults, though thou strive in vain ;

For wicked cars are deaf to Witdom's call,

And vengeance strikes whom heaven has doom'd
to fall. [spires

Once more attend : When † the whose power in-

The thinking mind, my soul to vengeance fires ;

I give the sign : that instant, from beneath,

Aloft convey the instruments of death,

Armour and arms ; and if mistrust arise,

Thus veil the truth in plausible disguise :

" These glittering weapons, ere he sail'd to

" Troy,

" Ulysses view'd with stern heroic joy : [shone :

" Then, beaming o'er th' illum'd wall they

" Now dust dishonours, all their lustre gone.

" I bear them hence (so Jove my soul inspires)

" From the pollution of the fuming fires ;

" Left, when the bowl inflames, in vengeful mood

" Ye rush to arms, and stain the feast with blood :

† Minerva,

Q j

" Oft ready swords in luckless hour incite
" The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight."

Such be the plea, and by the plea deceive :
For Jove infatuates all, and all believe.
Yet leave for each of us a sword to wield,
A pointed javelin, and a fencible shield,
But by my blood that in thy bosom glows,
By that regard, a son his father owes ;
The secret, that thy father lives, retain
Lock'd in thy bosom from the household train ;
Hide it from all ; even from Eumæus hide,
From my dear father, and my dearer bride.
One care remains, to note the loyal few
Whose faith yet lasts among the menial crew ;
And, noting, ere we rise in vengeance, prove
Who loves his prince ; for sure you merit love.

To whom the youth : To emulate I aim
The brave and wife, and my great father's fame.
But re-consider, since the wisest err,
Vengeance resolv'd, 'tis dangerous to defer.
What length of time must we consume in vain,
Too curious to explore the menial train ?
While the proud foes, industrious to destroy
Thy wealth in riot, the delay enjoy.
Suffice it in this exigence alone
To mark the damsels that attend the throne :
Dispers'd the youth refides ; their faith to prove
Jove grants henceforth, if thou hast spoke from
Jove.

While in debate they waste the hours away,
Th' associates of the prince repass'd the bay ;
With speed they guide the vessel to the shores ;
With speed debarking land the naval stores ;
Then, faithful to their charge, to Clytus bear,
And trust the presents to his friendly care.
Swift to the queen a herald flies to impart
Her son's return, and ease a parent's heart ;
Left, a sad prey to ever-musing cares,
Pale grief destroy what time a while forbears.

Th' uncautious herald with impatience burns,
And cries aloud : Thy son, O Queen, returns :
Eumæus sage approach'd th' imperial throne,
And breath'd his mandate to her ear alone,
Then measur'd back the way.—The suitor band,
Stung to the soul, abask'd, confounded, stand ;
And issuing from the dome, before the gate,
With clouded looks, a pale assembly sate.

At length Eurymachus : Our hopes are vain ;
Telemachus in triumph fails the main.
Haste, rear the mast, the swelling shroud dis-
play ;

Haste, to our ambush'd friends the news convey.
Scarce had he spoke, when, turning to the
strand,

Amphinomus survey'd th' associate band ;
Full to the bay within the winding shores
With gather'd sails they stood, and lifted oars.
O friends ! he cry'd, elate with rising joy,
See to the port secure the vessel fly !
Some God has told them, or themselves survey
The bark escap'd ; and measure back their way.

Swift at the word descending to the shores,
They moor the vessel and unlade the stores :
Then mooring from the strand, apart they sate,
And full and frequent, form'd a dire debate.

Lives then the boy ? he lives (Antinous cries)
The care of Gods and favourite of the skies.

All night we watch'd, till with her orient
wheels

Aurora flam'd above the eastern hills,
And from the lofty brow of rocks by day
Took in the ocean with a broad survey :
Yet safe he sails ! the Powers celestial give
To shun the hidden snares of death, and live.
But die he shall, and thus condemn'd to bleed.
Be now the scene of instant death decreed :
Hope ye success ? undaunted crush the foe.
Is he not wife ? know this, and strike the blow.
Wait ye, till he to arms in council draws
The Greeks, averie too justly to our cause ?
Strike ere, the states conven'd, the foe betray
Our murderous ambush on the watery way.
Or choose ye vagrant from their rage to fly
Outcasts of earth, to breathe an unknown sky ?
The brave prevent misfortune ; then be brave,
And bury future danger in his grave.
Returns he ? ambush'd we'll his walk invade,
Or where he hides in solitude and shade :
And give the palace to the queen a dower,
Or him she blesses in the bridal hour.
But if submissive you resign the sway,
Slaves to a boy ; go, flatter and obey.
Retire we instant to our native reign,
Nor be the wealth of kings consum'd in vain ;
Then wed whom choice approves : the queen be
given [ven.

To some blest prince, the prince decreed by Hea-
Abask'd, the suitor train his voice attends ;
Till from his throne Amphinomus ascends,
Who o'er Dulicium stretch'd his spacious reign,
A land of plenty, blest with every grain :
Chief of the numbers who the queen address'd,
And though displeasing, yet displeasing least.
Soft were his words ; his actions wisdom sway'd ;
Gracelul a while he paus'd, then mildly said :
O friends, forbear ! and be the thought with-
stood :

'Tis horrible to shed imperial blood !
Consult we first th' all-seeing powers above,
And the sure oracles of righteous Jove.
If they assent, ev'n by this hand he dies ;
If they forbid, I war not with the skies.

He said : The rival train his voice approv'd,
And rising instant to the palace mov'd.
Arriv'd, with wild tumultuous noise they fate,
Recumbent on the shining thrones of state.

The Medon, conscious of their dire debates,
The murderous council to the queen relates.
Touch'd at the dreadful story she descends :
Her hasty steps a damsel-train attends.
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
Sudden before the rival powers she stands :
And, veiling decent with a modest shade
Her cheek, indignant to Antinous said :

O void of faith ! of all bad men the worst !
Renown'd for wisdom, by th' abuse accus'd !
Mistaking fame proclaims thy generous mind !
Thy deeds denote thee of the basest kind.
Wretch ! to destroy a prince that friendship gives,
While in his guest his murderer he receives :
Nor dread superior Jove, to whom belong
The cause of suppliants, and revenge of wrong.
Hast thou forgot (ingrateful as thou art)
Who sav'd thy father with a friendly part ?

Lawless he ravag'd with his martial powers
The Taphyan pirates on Threepotia's shores;
Enrag'd, his life, his treasures they demand;
Ulysses sav'd him from th' avenger's hand.
And would'st thou evil for his good repay?
His bed dishonour, and his house betray?
Afflict his queen? and with a murderous hand
Destroy his heir?—but cease, 'tis I command.

Far hence those fears, (Eurymachus reply'd)
O prudent prince! bid thy soul confide.
Breathes there a man who dares that hero slay,
While I behold the golden light of day?
No: by the righteous Powers of Heaven I swear,
His blood in vengeance smokes upon my spear.
Ulysses, when my infant days I led,
With wine suffic'd me, and with dainties fed:
My generous soul abhors th' ungrateful part,
And my friend's son lives dearest to my heart.
Then fear no mortal arm; if Heaven destroy,
We must resign: for man is born to die. [spir'd:
'Thus smooth he ended, yet his death con-
Then sorrowing, with sad step the queen retir'd,
With streaming eyes all comfortless deplor'd,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of her lord:
Nor ceas'd till Pallas bid her sorrows fly,
And in soft slumber seal'd her flowing eye.
And now Eumæus, at the evening hour,
Came late returning to his Ilyian bower.
Ulysses and his son had dress'd with art
A yearling boar, and gave the Gods their part.

Holy repast! That instant from the skies
The Martial Goddess to Ulysses flies:
She waves her golden wand, and re-assumes
From every feature every grace that blooms;
At once his vestures change; at once she sheds
Age o'er his limbs, that tremble as he treads;
Left to the queen the swain with transport fly,
Unable to contain th' unruly joy. [claim
When near he drew, the prince breaks forth: Pro-
What tidings, friend? what speaks the voice of
Fame?

Say, if the suitors measure back the main,
Or still in ambush thirst for blood in vain?
Whether, he cries, they measure back the flood,
Or still in ambush thirst in vain for blood,
E'er ap'd my care: where lawless suitors sway,
Thy mandate borne, my soul disdain'd to stay.
But from th' Hermæan height I cast a view
Where to the port a bark high bounding flew;
Her freight a shining band: with martial air
Each pois'd his shield, and each advanc'd his spear:
And, if aright these searching eyes survey,
Th' eluded suitors stem the watery way. [wiles,
'The prince, well pleas'd to disappoint their
Steals on his fire a glance, and secret smiles.
And now, a short repast prepar'd, they fed,
Till the keen rage of craving hunger fled,
Then to repose withdrawn, apart they lay,
And in soft sleep forgot the cares of day.

B O O K XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus returning to the city relates to Penelope the sum of his travels. Ulysses is conducted by Eumæus to the palace, where his old dog Argus acknowledges his master, after an absence of twenty years, and dies with joy. Eumæus returns into the country, and Ulysses remains among the suitors, whose behaviour is described.

Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roseate light the dewy lawn;
In haste the prince arose, prepar'd to part;
His hand impatient grasps the pointed dart;
Fair on his feet the polish'd sandals shine,
And thus he greets the master of the swine:
My friend, adieu; let this short stay suffice;
I haste to meet my mother's longing eyes,
And end her tears, her sorrows, and her sighs. }
But thou, attentive, what we order heed;
This hapless stranger to the city lead;
By public bounty let him there be fed,
And bless the hand that stretches forth the bread.
To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,
My will may covet, but my power denies.
If this raise anger in the stranger's thought,
The pain of anger punishes the fault:
The very truth I undisguis'd declare;
For what so easy as to be sincere?

To this Ulysses: What the prince requires
Of swift removal, seconds my desires.

To want like mine the peopled town can yield
More hopes of comfort than the lonely field
Nor fits my age to till the labour'd lands,
Or stoop to talks a rural lord demands.
Adieu! but, since this ragged garb can bear
So ill th' inclemencies of morning air,
A few hours space permit me here to stay;
My steps Eumæus shall to town convey,
With ripen beams when Phœbus warms the day. }

Thus he: nor aught Telemachus reply'd,
But left the mansion with a lofty stride:
Schemes of revenge his pondering breast elate,
Revolving deep the suitors sudden fate
Arriving now before th' imperial hall;
He props his spear against the pillar'd wall;
Then like a lion o'er the threshold bounds;
The marble pavement with his step resounds;
His eye first glanc'd where Euryclæa spreads
With furry spoils of beasts the splendid beds:
She saw, she wept, she ran with eager pace,
And reach'd her master with a long embrace.

All crowded round the family appears
 With wild entrancement, and ecstatic tears.
 Swift from above descends the royal fair
 (Her beauteous cheeks the blush of Venus wear, }
 Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air);
 Hangs o'er her son; in his embraces dies;
 Rains kisses on his neck, his face, his eyes;
 Few words she spoke, though much she had to say;
 And scarce those few, for tears, could force their way.

Light of my eyes! he comes! unhop'd-for joy!
 Has Heaven from Pylos brought my lovely boy?
 So snatch'd from all our cars!—Tell, hast thou known

Thy father's fate? and tell me all thy own.
 O dearest, most rever'd of women kind!
 Cease with those tears to melt a manly mind
 (Replied the prince): nor be our fates deplor'd,
 From death and treason to thy arms restor'd.
 Go bathe, and, robb'd in white, attend the towers;
 With all thy handmaids thank the immortal powers;
 To every God vow hecatombs to bleed,
 And call Jove's vengeance on their guilty deed.
 While to th' assembled council I repair;
 A stranger sent by Heaven attends me there;
 My new-accepted guest I haste to find,
 Now to Piræus' honour'd charge consign'd.

The matron heard, nor was his word in vain.
 She bath'd; and, robb'd in white, with all her train,

To every God vow'd hecatombs to bleed,
 And call'd Jove's vengeance on the guilty deed.
 Arriv'd with his lance, the prince then pass'd the gate;

Two dogs behind, a faithful guard, await;
 Pallas his form with grace divine improves;
 The gazing crowd admires him as he moves:
 Him, gathering round, the haughty suitors greet
 With semblance fair, but inward deep deceit.
 Their false address: generous he denied,
 Pass'd on, and fate by faithful Mentor's side;
 With Antiphus, and Halitherses sage
 (His father's counsellors, rever'd for age).
 Of his own fortunes, and Ulysses' fame,
 Much ask'd the seniors; till Piræus came.
 The stranger-guest pursued him close behind;
 Whom when Telemachus beheld, he join'd,
 He (when Piræus ask'd for slaves to bring
 The gifts and treasures of the Spartan king)
 Thus thoughtful answer'd: Those we shall not move,

Dark and unconscious of the will of Jove;
 We know not yet the full event of all:
 Stabb'd in his palace if your prince must fall,
 Us, and our house, if treason must overthrow,
 Better a friend possess them, than a foe:
 If death to these, and vengeance Heaven decree,
 Riches are welcome then, not else, to me.
 Till then retain the gifts.—The hero said,
 And in his hand the willing stranger led.
 Then disarray'd, the shining bath they sought.
 (With unguents smooth) of polish'd marble wrought;

Obedient handmaids with assistant toil
 Supply the limpid wave, and fragrant oil:
 Then o'er their limbs resplendent robes they threw,
 And tress'd from bathing to their seats withdrew,

The golden ewer a nymph attendant brings,
 Replenish'd from the pure translucent springs;
 With copious streams that golden ewer supplies
 A silver laver of capacious size:
 They wash: the table, in fair order spread,
 Is pil'd with viands and the strength of bread.
 Full opposite, before the folding gate,
 The pensive mother sits in humble state;
 Lowly she sate, and with dejected view
 The fleecy threads her ivory fingers drew.
 The prince and stranger shar'd the genial feast,
 Till now the rage of thirst and hunger ceas'd.

When thus the queen: My son! my only friend!
 Say, to my mournful couch shall I ascend?
 (The couch deserted now a length of years;
 The couch for ever water'd with my tears!)
 Say, wilt thou not (ere yet the suitor-crowd
 Return, and rattle shakes our walls anew)
 Say, wilt thou not the least account afford?
 The least glad tidings of my absent lord?

To her the youth: We reach'd the Pylian plains,
 Where Nestor, shepherd of his people, reigns.
 All arts of tenderness to him are known,
 Kind to Ulysses' race as to his own;
 No father with a sonder grasp of joy
 Strains to his bosom his long-absent boy.
 But all unknown, if yet Ulysses breathe,
 Or glide a spectre in the realms beneath;
 For farther search, his rapid steeds transport
 My lengthen'd journey to the Spartan court.
 There Argive Helen I beheld, whose charms
 (So Heaven decreed) engag'd the great in arms.
 My cause of coming told, he thus rejoind:
 And fill his words live perfect in my mind.

Heavens!—would a soft, inglorious, dastard train
 An absent hero's nuptial joys profane!
 So with her young, amid the woodland shades,
 A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
 Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,
 And climbs the cliff, or feeds along the lawns;
 Mean time returning, with remorseless sway
 The monarch savage rends the panting prey:
 With equal fury, and with equal fame,
 Shall great Ulysses re-assert his claim.
 O Jove! Supreme! whom men and Gods revere;
 And thou whose lustre gilds the rolling sphere!
 With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
 The chief adopted by the Martial-Maid!
 Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,
 As when, contending on the Lesbian shore,
 His prowess Philomelides confess'd,
 And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor bless'd:
 Then soon th' invaders of his bed and throne
 Their love presumptuous shall by death atone;
 Now what you question of my ancient friend,
 With truth I answer; thou the truth attend.
 Learn what I heard the sea-born seer relate,
 Whose eyes can pierce the dark recess of fate.
 Sole in a jail, imprison'd by the main,
 The sad survivor of his numerous train,
 Ulysses lies; detain'd by magic charms.
 And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.
 No sailors there, no vessels to convey,
 Nor oars to cut th' immeasurable way—
 This told Atides and he told no more,
 Thence late I voyag'd to my native shore.

• Proteus.

He ceas'd ; nor made the pensive queen reply,
But droop'd her head, and drew a secret sigh.
When Theoclymenus the seer began :
O suffering comfort of the suffering man !
What human knowledge could, those kings might
But I the secrets of high Heaven reveal. [tell ;
Before the first of Gods be this declar'd,
Before the board whose blessings we have shar'd :
Witness the genial rites, and witness all
This house holds sacred in her ample wall !
Ev'n now this instant, great Ulysses lay'd
At rest, or wandering in his country's shade,
Their guilty deeds, in hearing and in view,
Secret revolves ; and plans the vengeance due.
Of this sure auguries the Gods bestow'd,
When first our vessel anchor'd in your road.
Succeed those omens, Heaven ! (the queen re-
join'd)

So shall our bounties speak a grateful mind ;
And every envied happiness attend
The man, who calls Penelope his friend.

Thus commun'd they : while in the marble court
(Scene of their infolence) the lords resort ;
Athwart the spacious square each tries his art,
To whirl the disk, or aim the missile dart.

Now did the hour of sweet repast arrive,
And from the field the victim flocks they drive ;
Medon the herald (one who pleas'd them best,
And honour'd with a portion of their feast)
To bid the banquet, interrupts their play.
Swift to the hall they haste ; aside they lay
Their garments, and, lucinct, the victims slay. }
Then sheep and goats, and bristly porkers bled,
And the proud steer was o'er the marble spread.

While thus the copious banquet they provide ;
Along the road conversing side by side,
Proceed Ulysses and the faithful swain :
When thus Eumæus, generous and humane :

To town, observant of our lord's behest,
Now let us speed : my friend, no more my guest !
Yet like myself I wish'd thee here' prefer'd,
Guard of the flock or keeper of the herd.
But much to raise my master's wrath I fear ;
The wrath of princes ever is severe.
Then heed his will, and be our journey made
While the broad beams of Phœbus are display'd,
Or ere brown evening spreads her chilly shade. }

Just thy advice, (the prudent chief rejoind)
And such as suits the dictate of my mind.
Lead on : but help me to some staff, to stay
My feeble step, since rugged is the way.

Across his shoulders then the scrip he flung,
Wide-patch'd, and fasten'd by a twined thong.
A staff Eumæus gave. Along the way
Cheerly they fare : behind, the keepers stay ;
These with their watchful dogs (a constant guard)
Supply his absence, and attend the herd.
And now his city strikes the monarch's eyes,
Alas ! how chang'd ! a man of miseries ;
Propp'd on a staff, a beggar old and bare,
In rags dishonest fluttering with the air !
Now pass'd the rugged road, they journey down
The cavern'd way descending to the town,
Where, from the rock, with liquid lapse distils
A limpid fount ; that, spreads in parting rills,
Its current thence to serve the city brings :
A useful work adorn'd by ancient kings.

Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor, there,
In sculptur'd stone immortaliz'd their care,
In marble urns receiv'd it from above,
And shaded with a green, surrounding grove ;
Where silver alders, in high arches twin'd,
Drink the cold stream, and tremble to the wind,
Beneath, sequester'd to the nymphs, is seen
A mossy altar, deep embower'd in green ;
Where constant vows by travellers are paid,
And holy horrors solemnize the shade.

Here with his goats (not vow'd to sacred flame,
But pamper'd luxury) Melanthius came :
Two grooms attend him. With an envious look
He ey'd the stranger, and imperious spoke :

The good old proverb how this pair fulfil !
One rogue is usher to another still.
Heaven with a secret principle endued
Mankind, to seek their own similitude. [guest ?
Where goes the swine-herd with that ill-look'd
That giant glutton, dreadful at a feast ?
Full many a poit have those broad shoulders worn,
From every great man's gate repuls'd with scorn ;
To no brave prize aspir'd the worthless swain,
'Twas but for scraps he ask'd, and ask'd in vain.

To beg, than work, he better understands ;
Or we perhaps might take him off thy hands,
For any office could the slave be good,
To cleanse the fold, or help the kids to food ;
If any labour those big joints could learn,
Some whey, to wash his bowels, he might earn.
To cringe, to whine, his idle hands to spread,
Is all, by which that graceless maw is fed.
Yet hear me ! if thy impudence but dare
Approach yon walls, I prophecy thy fare :
Dearly, full dearly, shalt thou buy thy bread
With many a footstool thundering at thy head.

He thus : not insolent of word alone,
Spurn'd with his rustic heel his king unknown ;
Spurn'd, but not mov'd : he like a pillar stood,
Nor stir'd an inch, contemptuous, from the road :
Doubtful, or with his staff to strike him dead,
Or greet the pavement with his worthless head.
Short was that doubt ; to quell his rage injur'd,
The hero stood self-conquer'd, and endur'd.
But, hateful of the wretch, Eumæus heav'd
His hands obtesting, and this prayer conceiv'd :
Daughters of Jove ! who from th' æthereal bowers
Descend to swell the springs, and feed the flowers !
Nymphs of this fountain : to whose sacred names
Our rural victims mount in blazing flames !
To whom Ulysses' piety prefer'd

The yearly firstlings of his flock and herd ;
Succeed my wish ; your votary restore :
Oh, be some God his convoy to our shore !
Due pains shall punish then this slave's offence,
And humble all his airs of infolence,
Who, proudly stalking, leaves the herds at large,
Commences courtier, and neglects his charge.

What mutters he ? (Melanthius sharp rejoins)
This crafty miscreant big with dark designs !
The day shall come ; nay, 'tis already near,
When, slave ! to sell thee at a price too dear,
Must be my care ; and hence transport thee o'er,
(A load and scandal to this happy shore).
Oh ! that as surely great Apollo's dart,
Or some brave suitor's sword, might pierce thy

heart

Of the proud son ; as that we stand this hour
In lasting safety from the father's power !

So spoke the wretch, but, shunning farther
fray, [way.

Turn'd his proud step, and left them on their
Straight to the feastful palace he repair'd ;
Familiar enter'd, and the banquet shar'd ;
Beneath Eurymachus, his patron lord,
He took his place, and plenty heap'd the board.

Mean time they heard, soft-circling in the sky,
Sweet airs ascend, and heavenly minstrelsy
(For Phœmius to the lyre attun'd the strain) :
Ulysses hearken'd, their address'd the swain :

Well may this palace admiration claim,
Great, and respondent to the master's fame !
Stage above stage th' imperial structure stands,
Holds the chief honours, and the town commands :
High walls and battlements the courts enclose,
And the strong guests defy an host of foes.
Far other cares its dwellers now employ :
The throng'd assembly, and the feast of joy :
I see the smokes of sacrifice aspire,
And hear (what graces every feast) the lyre.

Then thus Eumæus : Judge we which were best ;
Amidst yon revellers a sudden guest
Choose you to mingle, while behind I stay ?
Or I first entering introduce the way ?
Wait for a space without, but wait not long ;
This is the house of violence and wrong :
Some rude insult thy reverend age may bear ;
For like their lawless lords the servants are.

Just is, O friend ! thy caution, and address'd
(Replied the chief) to no unheeded breath ;

The wrongs and injuries of base mankind
Fresh to my sense, and always in my mind.
The bravely-patient to no fortune yields :
On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,
Storms have I pass'd, and many a stern debate ;
And now in humbler scene submit to Fate.
What cannot Want ? The blest she will expose,
And I am learn'd in all her train of woes ;
She fills with navies, hosts, and loud alarms,
The sea, the land, and shakes the world with
arms !

Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew ;
He, not unconscious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head ;
Ered by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board,
But, ah ! not fated long to please his lord !
To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain ;
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
Till then in every sylvan chase renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around ;
With him the youth pursu'd the goat or fawn,
Or trac'd the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhous'd, neglected in the public way ;
And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,
Obscene with reptiles, took his solid bed.

He knew his lord ; he knew, and strove to
meet ;

In vain he strove to crawl, and kiss his feet ;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul ;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,

Stole unperceiv'd ; he turn'd his head, and
dry'd

The drop humane : then thus impassion'd cry'd :

What noble beast in this abandon'd state
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate ?
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise ;
If as he seems he was in better days,
Some care his age deserves : or was he priz'd
For worthless beauty ! therefore now despis'd ?
Such dogs and men there are, mere things of state,
And always cherish'd by their fiends, the Great.

Not Argus so (Eumæus thus rejoin'd)
But serv'd a master of a nobler kind,
Who never, never shall behold him more !
Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore !
Oh ! had you seen him, vigorous, bold, and young,
Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong ;
Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
None 'scap'd him, bosom'd in the gloomy wood ;
His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew !
Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast ;
Now years unnerve him, and his lord is lost !
The women keep the generous creature bare,
A sleek and idle race is all their care :
The master gone, the servants what restrains ?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns ?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.

This said, the honest herdsmen strode before ;
The muling monarch pauses at the door :
The dog, whom Fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd
Takes a last look, and, having seen him, dies ;
So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes !

And now Telemachus, the first of all,
Observ'd Eumæus entering in the hall ;
Distant he saw, across the shady dome ;
Then gave a sign, and beckon'd him to come :
There stood an empty seat, where late was plac'd,
In order due, the steward of the feast
(Who now was busied carving round the board) ;
Eumæus took, and plac'd it near his lord.
Before him instant was the banquet spread,
And the bright basket pil'd with loaves of bread.

Next came Ulysses, lowly at the door,
A figure despicable, old, and poor,
In squalid vests, with many a gaping rent,
Propp'd on a staff, and trembling as he went,
Then, resting on the threshold of the gate,
Against a cypress pillar lean'd his weight
(Smooth'd by the workman to a polish'd plain) ;
The thoughtful son beheld, and call'd his swain :

These wands, and this bread, Eumæus ! bear,
And let yon medicant our plenty share :
Then let him circle round the sutor's board,
And try the bounty of each gracious lord :
Bold let him act, encourag'd thus by me ;
How ill, alas ! do want and shame agree !

His lord's command the faithful servant bear ;
The seeming beggar answers with his prayers.
Blest be Telemachus ! in every deed
Inspire him, Jove ! in every wish succeed !
He said, the portion from his son convey'd
With smiles receiving on his scrip he lay'd.
Long as the minstrel swept the sounding wire,
He sed, and ceas'd when silence held the lyre.

Soon as the suitors from the banquet rose,
Minerva prompts the man of mighty woes
To tempt their bounties with a suppliant's art,
And learn the generous from th' ignoble heart
(Not but his soul, resentful as humane,
Dooms to full vengeance all the offending train);
With speaking eyes, and voice of plaintive sound,
Humble he moves, imploring all around.
The proud feel pity, and relief bestow,
With such an image touch'd of human woe;
Inquiring all, their wonder they confess,
And eye the man, majestic in distress.

While thus they gaze and question with their eyes,

The bold Melanthius to their thought replies:
My lords! this stranger of gigantic port
The good Eumæus usher'd to your court.
Full well I mark'd the features of his face,
Though all unknown his clime, or noble race.

And is this present, swineherd! of thy hand?
Bring'st thou these vagrants to infest the land?
(Returns Antinous with retorted eye)
Objects uncouth! to check the genial joy.
Enough of these our court already grace,
Of giant stomach, and of famish'd face.

Such guests Eumæus to his country brings,
To share our feast, and lead the life of kings.

To whom the hospitable swain rejoin'd:
Thy passion, prince, belies thy knowing mind.
Who calls, from distant nations to his own,
The poor, distinguish'd by their wants alone?
Round the wide world are sought those men di-
vine

Who public structures raise, or who design;
Those to whose eyes the gods their ways reveal,
Or bless with salutary arts to heal;
But chief to poets such respect belongs,
By rival nations courted for their songs;
These states invite, and mighty kings admire,
Wide as the sun displays his vital fire.

It is not so with want! how few that feed
A wretch unhappy, merely for his need!
Unjust to me and all that serve the state,
To love Ulysses is to raise thy hate.

For me, suffice the approbation won
Of my great mistress, and her godlike son.

To him Telemachus: No more incense
The man by nature prone to insolence:
Injurious minds just answers but provoke—
Then turning to Antinous, thus he spoke:
Thanks to thy care! whose absolute command
Thus drives the stranger from our court and land.
Heaven bless its owner with a better mind!
From envy free, to charity inclin'd.

This both Penelope and I afford:
Then, prince! be bounteous of Ulysses' board.
To give another's is thy hand so slow?
So much more sweet, to spoil, than to bestow?

Whence, great Telemachus! this lofty strain?
(Antinous cries with insolent disdain)

Portions like mine if every suitor gave, [slave.
Our walls this twelvemonth should not see th'

He spoke, and lifting high above the board
His ponderous footstool, shook it at his lord.
The rest with equal hand conferr'd the bread;
He fill'd his scrip, and to the threshold sped;
But first before Antinous stonn'd and said:

Bestow, my friend! thou dost not seem the worst
Of all the Greeks, but prince-like and the first;
Then, as in dignity, be first in worth,
And I shall praise thee through the boundless
Once I enjoy'd in luxury of state [earth!
Whate'er gives man the envied name of great;
Wealth, servants, friends, were mine in better
And hospitality was then my praise:] [days;
In every sorrowing soul I pour'd delight,
And poverty stood smiling in my sight.

But Jove, all-governing, whose only will
Determines fate, and mingles good with ill,
Sent me (to punish my pursuit of gain)
With roving pirates o'er th' Egyptian main;
By Egypt's silver flood our ships we moor;
Our spies commission'd straight the coast explore;
But, impotent of mind, with lawless will
The country ravage, and the natives kill.

The spreading clamour to their city flies,
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise:
The reddening dawn reveals the hostile fields,
Horrid with bristly spears, and gleaming shields:
Jove thunder'd on their side: our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance
spread [dead.

On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay
Some few the foes in servitude detain;
Death ill-exchang'd for bondage and for pain!
Unhappy me a Cyprian took aboard,
And gave to Demetor, Cyprus' haughty lord:
Hither, to 'scape his chains, my course I steer,
Still curs'd by fortune, and insulted here!

To whom Antinous thus his rage express'd:
What god has plagu'd us with this gormand guest?
Unless at distance, wretch! thou keep behind
Another isle, than Cyprus more unkind;
Another Egypt, shalt thou quickly find.
From all thou begg'st, a bold audacious slave;
Nor all can give to much as thou can crave.
Nor wonder I, at such profusion shown; [own.
Shameless they give, who give what's not theirs

The chief, retiring: Souls like that in thee
Ill suit such forms of grace and dignity.
Nor will that hand to utmost need afford
The smallest portion of a wasteful board,
Whole luxury whole patrimonies sweeps;
Yet starving Want, amidst the riot, weeps.
The haughty suitor with resentment burns,
And, sourly smiling, this reply returns:
Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng:
And dumb forever be thy slanderous tongue!
He said, and high the whirling tripod flung.
His shoulder-blade receiv'd th' ungentle shock;
He stood, and mov'd not, like a marble rock;
But shook his thoughtful head, nor more com-
Sedate of soul, his character sustain'd, [plain'd.
And inly form'd revenge: then back withdrew;
Before his feet the well-fill'd scrip he threw,
And thus with semblance mild address'd the
crew:

May what I speak your princely minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in this noble love!
Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cause.
If, when the sword our country's quarrel draws,
Or if, defending what is justly dear,
From Mars impartial some broad wound we
The generous motive dignifies the scar. [bear:]

But for mere want, how hard to suffer wrong !
 Want brings enough of other ills along !
 Yet, if injustice never be secure,
 If fiends revenge, and Gods assert the poor,
 Death shall lay low the proud aggressor's head,
 And make the dust Antinous' bridal bed.

Peace, wretch ! and eat thy bread without of-
 fence,

(The suitor cry'd) or force shall drag thee hence,
 Scourge thro' the public street, and cast thee there,
 A mangled carcase for the hounds to tear.

His furious deed the general anger mov'd,
 All, ev'n the worst, condemn and some reprov'd.
 Was ever chief for wars like these renown'd ?
 Ill fits the arranger and the poor to wound.
 Unblest thy hand ; if in this low disguise
 Wander, perhaps, some inmate of the skies ;
 They (curious oft' of mortal actions) deign
 In forms like these, to round the earth and main,
 Just and unjust recording in their mind,
 And with sure eyes inspecting all mankind.

Telemachus, absorb'd, in thought severe,
 Nourish'd deep anguish, though he shed no tear ;
 But the dark brow of silent sorrow shook :
 While thus his mother to her virgins spoke :
 " On him and his may the bright God of day
 " That bale, inhospitable blow repay !"
 The nurse replies : " If Jove receives my prayer,
 " Not one survives to breathe to-morrow's air."

Alas, all are too, and mischief is their end ;
 Antinous most to gloomy death a friend ;
 (Replies the queen) the stranger begg'd their
 grace,

And melting pity soften'd every face ;
 From every other hand redress he found,
 But still Antinous answer'd with a wound.
 Amidst her maids thus spoke the prudent queen,
 Then bade Eumæus call the pilgrim in.
 Much of the experienced man I long to hear,
 If or his certain eye, or listening ear,
 Have learn'd the fortunes of my wandering lord ?
 Thus she, and good Eumæus took the word

A private audience if thy grace impart,
 The stranger's words may ease thy royal heart.
 His sacred eloquence in balm distils,
 And the sooth'd heart with secret pleasure fills.
 Three days have spent their beams, three nights
 have run

Their silent journey, since his tale begun,
 Unfinish'd yet ! and yet I think to hear,
 As when some Heaven-taught poet charms the ear,
 (Suspending sorrow with celestial strain.
 Breath'd from the gods to soften human pain)
 Time steals away with unregarded wing,
 And the soul hears him, though he cease to sing.

Ulysses late he saw, on Cretan ground,
 (His father's guest) for Minos' birth renown'd.
 He now but waits the wind, to wait him o'er,
 With boundless treasure, from Thesprotia's shore.

To this the queen : The wanderer let me hear,
 While yon luxurious race indulge their cheer,
 Devour the grazing ox and browsing goat,
 And turn my generous vintage down their throat.
 For where's an arm, like thine, Ulysses ! strong,
 To curb wild riot, and to punish wrong ?

She spoke. Telemachus then sneez'd aloud ;
 Constrain'd, his nostril echo'd through the crowd.

The smiling queen the happy omen blest'd :
 " So may these impious fall, by fate oppress'd !"
 Then to Eumæus : Bring the stranger, fly !
 And if my questions meet a true reply,
 Grac'd with a decent robe he shall retire,
 A gift in season which his wants require.

Thus spoke Penelope. Eumæus flies
 In duteous haste, and to Ulysses cries :
 The Queen invites thee, venerable guest !
 A secret instinct moves her troubled breast,
 Of her long absent lord from thee to gain
 Some light, and soothe her soul's eternal pain :
 If true, if faithful thou ; her grateful mind
 Of decent robes a present has design'd :
 So finding favour in the royal eye,
 Thy other wants her subject shall supply.

Fair truth alone (the patient man reply'd)
 My words shall dictate, and my lips shall guide.
 To him, to me, one common lot was given,
 In equal woes, alas ! involv'd by Heaven.
 Much of his fates I know ; but check'd by fear
 I stand : the hand of violence is here :
 Her boundless wrongs the starry skies invade,
 And injur'd suppliants seek in vain for aid.
 Let for a space the pensive queen attend,
 Nor claim my story till the sun descend ;
 Then in such robes as suppliants may require,
 Compos'd and cheerful by the genial fire,
 When loud uproar and lawless riot cease,
 Shall her pleas'd ear receive my words in peace.

Swift to the queen returns the gentle swain :
 And say, (she cries) does fear or shame, detain
 The cautious stranger ? With the begging kind
 Shame suits but ill Eumæus thus rejoind :

He only asks a more propitious hour,
 And shuns (who would not ?) wicked men in
 power ;

At evening made (meet season to confer)
 By turns to question, and by turns to hear.
 Whoe'er this guest (the prudent queen replies)
 His every step and every thought is wife :
 For men like these on earth he shall not find
 In all the miscreant race of human kind.

Thus she : Eumæus all her words attends,
 And, parting, to the suitor powers descends ;
 There seeks Telemachus, and thus apart
 In whispers breathes the fondness of his heart :

The time, my lord, invites me to repair
 Hence to the lodge ; my charge demands my care.
 These sons of murder thirst thy life to take ;
 Oh guard it, guard it for thy servant's sake !

Thanks to my friend, he cries ; but now the
 hour

Of night draws on, go seek the rural bower :
 But first refresh : and at the dawn of day
 Hither a victim to the gods convey.
 Our life to Heaven's immortal Powers we trust,
 Safe in their care, for heaven protects the just.

Observant of his voice, Eumæus fate
 And fed recumbent on a chair of state.
 Then instant rose, and as he mov'd along
 Twas riot all amid the suitor throng.
 They feast, they dance, and raise the mirthful
 song.

Till now, declining toward the close of day,
 The sun obliquely shot his dewy ray.

B O O K XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT

The Fight of Ulysses and Irus.

The beggar Irus insults Ulysses; the suitors promote the quarrel, in which Irus is worsted, and miserably handled. Penelope descends, and receives the presents of the suitors. The dialogue of Ulysses with Eurymachus.

WHILE fix'd in thought the pensive hero fate,
A mendicant approach'd the royal gate;
A lurly vagrant of the giant kind,
The stain of manhood, of a coward mind:
From feast to feast, insatiate to devour
He flew, attendant on the genial hour.
Him on his mother's knees when babe he lay,
She nam'd Arnæus on his natal day:
But Irus his associates call'd the boy,
Practis'd the common messenger to fly;
Irus, a name expressive of th' employ.

From his own root, with meditated blows,
He strove to drive the man of mighty woes.
Hence, dotard, hence! and timely speed thy way,

Left dragg'd in vengeance thou repent thy stay;
See how with nods assent yon princely train!
But, honouring age in mercy I refrain!
In peace away! leit, if persuasions fail,
This arm with blows more eloquent prevail.

To whom, with stern regard: Oh insolence,
Indecently to rail without offence;
What bounty gives, without a rival share;
I ask, what harms not thee, to breathe this air:
Alike on alms we both precarious live:
And canst thou envy when the great relieve?
Know, from the bounteous Heavens all riches flow,

And what man gives, the Gods by man bestow;
Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be proud,
Lest I imprint my vengeance in thy blood;
Old as I am, should once my fury burn, [turn?
How would'st thou fly, nor ev'n in thought re-

More woman-glutton! (thus the churl reply'd)
A tongue to flippant, with a throat to wide!
Why cease I, Gods! to dash those teeth away,
Like some wild boar's, that, greedy of his prey,
Uproots the bearded corn? Rise, try the fight,
Gird well thy loins, approach and feel my might:
Sure of defeat, before the peers engage;
Unequal fight! when youth contends with age!

Thus in a wordy war their tongues display
More fierce intents, preluding to the fray;
Antinous hears, and, in a jovial vein,
Thus with loud laughter to the suitor-train:

This happy day in mirth, my friends, employ,
And, lo! the Gods conspire to crown our joy.
See ready for the fight, and hand to hand,
Yon surly mendicants contentious stand;
Why urge we not to blows? Well pleas'd they spring

To whom Antinous: Lo! enrich'd with blood,
A kid's well-fatted entrails (tasteful food)
On glowing embers lie; on him bestow
The choicest portion who subdues his foe;
Grant him unrivall'd in these walls to stay,
The sole attendant on the genial day.

The iords applaud: Ulysses then with art,
And tears well teign'd, disguis'd his dauntless heart:

Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe,
Say, is it baseness to decline the foe?
Hard conflict! when calamity and age
With vigorous youth, unknown to cares, engage!
Yet, fearful of disgrace, to try the day
Imperious hunger bids, and I obey;
But swear, impartial arbiters of right,
Swear to stand neutral, while we cope in fight.

The peers assent: when straight his sacred
Telemachus uprais'd, and sternly said: [head
Stranger, it prompted to chastise the wrong
Of this bold insolent; confide, be strong!
Th' injurious Greek, that dares attempt a blow,
That instant makes Telemachus his foe;
And these my friends shall guard the sacred
Of hospitality, for they are wise. [ties

Then, girding his strong loins, the king prepares
To close in combat, and his body bares;
Broad spread his shoulders, and his nervous thighs
By just degrees, like well-turn'd columns, rise:
Ample his chest, his arms are round and long,
And each strong joint Minerva knits more strong.
(Attendant on her chief): the suitor-crowd
With wonder gaze, and gazing speak aloud:
Irus! alas! shall Irus be no more?

Black fate impends, and this th' avenging hour!
Gods! how his merves a matchless strength
proclaim, [frame?
Swell o'er his well-strung limbs, and brace his
Then, pale with fears, and sickening at the
fight,

They dragg'd th' unwilling Irus to the fight;
From his blank visage fled the coward blood,
And his flesh trembled as aghast he stood.

Oh, that such baseness should disgrace the fight!
O hide it, Death, in everlasting night!
(Exclaims Antinous) can a vigorous foe
Meanly decline to combat age and woe?
But hear me, wretch! if recreant in the fray,
That huge bulk yield this ill-contested day,
Instant thou sail'st, to Echetus resign'd;
A tyrant, fiercest of the tyrant kind,

Who casts thy mangled ears and nose a prey
To hungry dogs, and lops the man away.

While with indignant scorn he sternly spoke,
In every joint the trembling Irus shook;
Now front to front each frowning champion stands,
And poises high in air his adverse hands.
The chief yet doubts, or to the shades below
To fell the giant at one vengeful blow,
Or save his life; and soon his life to save
The king resolves, for Mercy sways the brave.
That instant Irus his huge arm extends,
Full on the shoulder the rude weight descends;
The sage Ulysses, fearful to disclose
The hero latent in the man of woes,
Check'd half his might; yet rising to the stroke,
His jaw-bone dash'd, the crashing jaw-bone
broke: [wound;

Down dropp'd he stupid from the stunning
His feet, extended, quivering beat the ground;
His mouth and nostrils spout a purple flood;
His teeth, all shatter'd, rush inmix'd with blood.

The peers transported, as outstretch'd he lies,
With bursts of laughter rend the vaulted skies!
Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,
His length of carcase trailing prints the ground;
Rais'd on his feet, again he reels, he falls,
Till propp'd, reclining on the palace walls:

Then to his hand a staff the victor gave,
And thus with just reproach address'd the slave:

There, terrible, affright the dogs, and reign
A dreaded tyrant o'er the beastial train!
But mercy to the poor and stranger show,
Lest Heaven in vengeance send some mightier woe.

Scornful he spoke, and o'er his shoulder flung
The broad-patch'd scrip; the scrip in tatters
hung

Ill-join'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
Then, turning short, disdain'd a further stay;
But to the palace measur'd back the way.

There as he rested, gathering in a ring [king:
The peers with smiles address'd their unknown

Stranger, may Jove and all th' ærial Powers,
With every blessing crown thy happy hours!
Our freedom to thy prowess'd aim we owe
From bold intrusion of thy coward foe:
Instant the flying sail the slave shall wing
To Echetus, the monster of a king.

While pleas'd he hears, Antinous bears the food,
A kid's well-fatted entrails, rich with blood:
The bread from canisters of shining mold
Amphinous; and wines that laugh in gold:
And, oh! (he mildly cries) may Heaven display
A beam of glory o'er thy future day!
Alas! the brave too oft is doom'd to bear
The gripes of poverty, and stings of care.

To whom with thought mature the king re-
plies:

The tongue speaks wisely, when the soul is wise;
Such was thy father! in imperial state,
Great without vice, that oft attends the great:
Nor from the fire art thou, the son, declin'd;
Then hear my words, and, grave them in thy
mind!

Of all that breathes, or groveling creeps on earth,
Most vain is man! calamitous by birth;
To-day, with power elate, in strength he blooms;
The haughty creature on that power presumes:

Anon from Heaven a sad reverse he feels;
Untaught to bear, 'gainst Heaven the wretch re-
bels.

For man is changeful, as his bliss or woe; [low.
Too high when prosperous, when distress'd too
There was a day, when with the scornful great
I swell'd in pomp and arrogance of state;
Proud of the power that to high birth belongs;
And us'd that power to justify my wrongs.
Then let not man be proud; but, firm of mind,
Bear the best humbly, and the worst resign'd:
Be dumb when Heaven afflicts! unlike yon train
Of haughty spoilers, insolently vain;
Who make their queen and all her wealth a prey;
But vengeance and Ulysses wing their way.
Oh may'st thou, favour'd by some guardian Power,
Far, far be distant in that deathful hour!
For sure I am, if stern Ulysses breathe,
These lawless riots end in blood and death.

Then to the Gods the rosy juice he pours,
And the drain'd goblet to the chief restores.
Stung to the soul, o'ercast with holy dread,
He shook the graceful honours of his head;
His boding mind the future woe foretells;
In vain! by great Telemachus he falls,
For Pallas seals his doom: all sad he turns
To join the peers; resumes his throne, and
mourns.

Mean while Minerva with instinctive fires
Thy soul, Penelope, from Heaven inspires:
With flattering hopes the suitors to betray,
And seem to meet, yet fly, the bridal day:
Thy husband's wonder, and thy son's, to raise:
And crown the mother and the wife with praise.
Then, while the streaming sorrow dims her eyes,
Thus with a transient smile the matron cries:
Eurynomë! to go where riot reigns
I feel an impulse, though my soul disdains;
To my lov'd son the snares of death to show,
And in the traitor-friend unmask the foe;
Who, smooth of tongue, in purpose insincere,
Hides fraud in smiles, while death is ambush'd
there.

Go, warn thy son, nor be the warning vain,
(Reply'd the sagest of the royal train)
But bath'd, anointed, and adorn'd, descend;
Powerful of charms, bid every grace attend;
The tide of flowing tears awhile suppress;
Tears but indulge the sorrow, not repress.
Some joy remains: to thee a son is given,
Such as, in fondness, parents ask of Heaven.

Ah me! forbear, returns the queen, forbear;
Oh! talk not, talk not of vain beauty's care;
No more I bathe, since he no longer sees
Those charms, for whom alone I wish to please.
The day that bore Ulysses from this coast,
Blasted the little bloom these cheeks could boast.
But instant bid Autonoe descend,
Instant Hippodamë our steps attend;
Ill suits it female virtue to be seen
Alone, indecent, in the walks of men.

Then, while Eurynomë the mandate bears,
From heaven Minerva shoots with guardian cares;
O'er all her senses, as the couch she press'd,
She pours a pleasing, deep, and deathlike rest,
With every beauty every feature arms,
Bids her cheeks glow, and lights up all her charms,

In her love darting eyes awakes the fires,
(Immortal gifts ! to kindle soft desires)
From limb to limb an air majestic sheds,
And the pure ivory o'er her bosom spreads.
Such Venus shines, when with a measur'd bound
She smoothly gliding swims th' harmonious round;
When with the Graces in the dance she moves,
And fires the gazing Gods with ardent loves.

Then to the skies her flight Minerva bends,
And to the queen the damsel-train descends;
Wak'd at their steps, her flowing eyes uncloze;
The tear she wipes, and thus renews her woes:

Howe'er 'tis well; that sleep awhile can free,
With soft forgetfulness, a wretch like me;
Oh ! were it given to yield this transient breath,
Send, O Diana, send the sleep of death:
Why must I waste a tedious life in tears,
Nor bury in the silent grave my cares?
O my Ulysses ! ever honour'd name !
For thee I mourn, till death dissolves my frame.

Thus wailing, slow and sadly the descends,
On either hand a damsel-train attends;
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
Radiant before the gazing peers she stands;
A veil, translucent o'er her bosom display'd,
Her beauty seems, and only seems, to shade:
Sudden the lightens in their dazzled eyes,
And sudden flames in every bosom rise;
They send their eager souls with every look,
Till silence thus th' imperial matron broke:

Oh why ! my son, why now no more appears
That warmth of soul that urg'd thy younger
years?

Thy ripper days no growing worth impart,
A man in stature, still a boy in heart !
Thy well-knit frame unprofitably strong,
Speaks thee an hero from an hero sprung;
But the just Gods in vain those gifts bestow,
Oh wife alone in form, and brave in show !
Heavens ! could a stranger feel oppression's hand
Beneath thy roof, and could'st thou tamely stand?
If thou, the stranger's righteous cause decline,
His is the sufferance, but the shame is thine.

To whom, with filial awe, the prince returns:
That generous soul with just resentment burns;
Yet, taught by time, my heart has learn'd to
For others' good, and melt at others' woe: [glow,
But, impotent these riots to repel,
I bear their outrage, though my soul rebel:
Helpless amid the snares of death I tread,
And numbers leagued in impious union dread;
But now no crime is theirs: this wrong proceeds
From Irus, and the guilty Irus bleeds.

Oh would to Jove ! or her whose arms display
The shield of Jove, or him who rules the day !
That yon proud suitors, who licentious tread
These courts, within these courts like Irus bled:
Whose loose head tottering, as with wine op-
press'd,

Obliquely drops, and nodding knocks his breast;
Powerless to move, his staggering feet deny
The coward wretch the privilege to fly.

Then to the queen Eurymachus replies:
Oh justly lov'd, and not more fair than wife:
Should Greece through all her hundred states sur-
vey [away
Thy fault'd charms, all Greece would own thy

In rival crowds contest the glorious prize,
Dispeopling realms to gaze upon thy eyes:
O woman ! loveliest of the lovely kind,
In body perfect, and complete in mind !

Ah me ! returns the queen, when from this
shore

Ulysses fail'd, then beauty was no more !
The Gods decreed these eyes no more should keep
Their wonted grace, but only serve to weep.
Should he return, whate'er my beauties prove,
My virtues last ; my brightest charm is love.
Now, grief, thou all art mine ! the Gods o'ercast
My soul with woes, that long ! ah long must last !
Too faithfully my heart retains the day
That sadly tore my royal lord away:
He grasp'd my hand, and, O my spouse ! I leave
Thy arms, (he cried) perhaps to find a grave:
Fame speaks the Trojans bold ; they beat the shield
To give the feather'd arrow wings to sail,
To dart the spear, and guide the rushing car
With dreadful inroad through the walks of war.
My sentence is gone forth, and 'tis decreed
Perhaps by righteous Heaven that I must bleed !
My father, mother, all I trust to thee ;
To them, to them transfer the love of me:
But, when my son grows man, the royal way
Refrain, and happy be thy bridal day !
Such were his words ; and Hymen now prepares
To light his torch and give me up to cares ;
Th' afflictive hand of wrathful Jove to bear:
A wretch the most complete that breathes the air !
Fall'n ev'n below the rights to woman due !
Careless to please, with insolence ye woo !
The generous lovers, studious to succeed,
Bid their whole herds and flocks in banquets bleed;
By precious gifts the vow sincere display:
You, only you, make her ye love your prey.

Well-pleas'd Ulysses hears his queen decide
The suitor train, and raise a thirst to give:
False hopes the kindles, but those hopes betray,
And promise, yet elude, the bridal day.

While yet she speaks, the gay Antinous cries:
Offspring of kings, and more than woman wife !
'Tis right ; 'tis man's prerogative to give,
And custom bids thee without shame receive ;
Yet never, never from thy dome we move,
Till Hymen lights the torch of spousal love.

The peers dispatch their heralds, to convey
The gifts of love ; with speed they take the way.
A robe Antinous gives of shining dyes,
The varying hues in gay confusion rise
Rich from the artists hand ! Twelve claipe of gold
Close to the lessening joins the vest infold ;
Down from the swelling waist the vest unbound
Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the ground.
A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,
That shot effulgence like the solar ray,
Eurymachus presents : and ear-rings bright,
With triple stars, that cast a trembling light.
Pisander bears a necklace wrought with art:
And every peer, expressive of his heart,
A gift bestows : this done, the queen ascends,
And slow behind her damsel-train attends.

Then to the dance they form the vocal strain,
Till Hesperus leads forth the starry train ;
And now he raises, as the day-light fades,
His golden circlet in the deepening shades :

Three vases heap'd with copious fires display
O'er all the palace a fictitious day;
From space to space the torch wide-beaming
burns,

And sprightly damsels trim the rays by turns.

To whom the king: Ill suits your sex to stay

Alone with men! ye modest maids, away!

Go, with the queen the spindle guide; or cull

(The partners of her cares) the silver wool;

Be it my task the torches to supply,

Ev'n till the morning lamp adorns the sky;

Ev'n till the morning, with unwearied care,

Sleepless I watch; for I have learn'd to bear.

Scornful they heard: Melanthe, fair and
young,

(Melanthe from the loins of Dolius sprung,

Who with the queen her years an infant led,

With the soft fondness of a daughter bred)

Chiefly derides: regardless of the cares

Her queen endures, polluted joys she shares

Nocturnal with Eurymachus! With eyes

That speak disdain, the wanton thus replies:

Oh! whither wanders thy distemper'd brain

Thou bold intruder on a princely train?

Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair;

Or shun in some black forge the midnight air.

Proceeds this boldness from a turn of soul,

Or flows licentious from the copious bowl?

Is it that vanquish'd Irus swells thy mind?

A foe may meet thee of a braver kind,

Who, shortening with a storm of blows thy stay,

Shall send thee howling all in blood away!

To whom with frowns: O impudent in
wrong!

Thy loud curb that insolence of tongue;

Know, to Telemachus I tell th' offence;

The scourge, the scourge shall lash thee into
sense.

With conscious shame they hear the stern re-
buke,

Nor longer durst sustain the sovereign look.

Then to the servile task the monarch turns

His royal hands: each torch resplendent burns

With added day: mean while, in museful mood

Absorpt in thought, on vengeance fix'd he stood.

And now the Martial Maid, by deeper wrongs

To rouse Ulysses, points the suitors tongues,

Scornful of age to taunt the virtuous man;

Thoughtless and gay, Eurymachus began:

Hear me (he cries) confederates and friends!

Some God, no doubt, this stranger kindly
septs;

The shining baldness of his head survey,

It aids our torch-light and reflects the ray.—

Then to the king that level'd haughty Troy,

Say, if large hire can tempt thee to employ

Those hands in work; to tend the rural trade,

To dress the walk, and form th' embowering
shade?

So food and raiment constant will I give:

But idly thus thy soul prefers to live,

And starve by strolling, not by work to thrive.

To whom incens'd: Should we, O prince! en-
gage

In rival talks beneath the burning rage

Of summer suns; were both constrain'd to wield,

Foodless, the scythe along the burthen'd field;

Or should we labour, while the ploughshare
wounds,

With steers of equal strength, th' allotted grounds;

Beneath my labours how thy wondering eyes

Might see the sable field at once arise!

Should Jove dire war unloose; with spear and
shield,

And nodding helm, I tread th' ensanguin'd field,

Fierce in the van: then would'st thou, would'st
thou,—say,—

Misname me, glutton, in that glorious day?

No, thy ill-judging thoughts the brave disgrace;

'Tis thou injurious art, not I am base.

Proud to seem brave among a coward train!

But know, thou art not valorous, but vain.

Gods! should the stern Ulysses rise in might,

These gates would seem too narrow for thy
flight.

While yet he speaks, Eurymachus replies,

With indignation flashing from his eyes:

Slave, I with justice might deserve the wrong!

Should I not punish that opprobrious tongue,

Irreverend to the great, and uncontrol'd,

Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold?

Perhaps these outrages from Irus flow,

A worthless triumph o'er a worthless foe:

He said, and with full force a footstool threw:

Whirl'd from his arm, with erring rage it flew;

Ulysses, cautious of the vengeful foe,

Stoops to the ground, and disappoints the blow.

Not so a youth who deals the goblet round,

Full on his shoulders it inflicts a wound,

Dash'd from his hand the sounding goblet flies,

He shrieks, he reels, he falls, and breathless lies.

Then wild uproar and clamour mounts the
sky,

Till mutual thus the peers indignant cry:

Oh! had this stranger sunk to realms beneath,

To the black realms of darkness and of death,

Ere yet he trod these shores! to strife he draws

Peer against peer; and what the weighty cause?

A vagabond! for him the great destroy,

In vile ignoble jars, the feast of joy.

To whom the stern Telemachus uprose:

Gods! what wild folly from the goblet flows?

Whence this unguarded openness of soul,

But from the licence of the copious bowl?

Or Heaven delusion sends: but hence, away!

Force I forbear, and without force obey.

Silent, abash'd, they hear the stern rebuke,

Till thus Amphinomus the silence broke:

True are his words, and he whom truth of-
fends,

Not with Telemachus, but truth contends;

Let not the hand of violence invade

The reverend stranger, or the spotless maid;

Retire we hence, but crown with rosy wine

The flowing goblet to the Powers divine;

Guard he his guest beneath whose roof he stands,

This justice; this the social rite demands.

The peers assent: the goblet Mulius crown'd

With purple juice, and bore in order round;

Each peer, successive his libation pours

To the blest Gods who fill th' aerial bowers;

Then, swill'd with wine, with noise the crowds
obey,

And rushing forth tumultuous reel away.

B O O K XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Discovery of Ulysses to Euryclea.

Ulysses and his son remove the weapons out of the armoury. Ulysses, in conversation with Penelope, gives a fictitious account of his adventures; then assures her he had formerly entertained her husband in Crete; and describes exactly his person and dress, affirms to have heard of him in Phœacia and Thesprotia, and that his return is certain, and within a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Euryclea, who discovers him to be Ulysses by the scar upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnassus. The poet inserts a digression, relating that accident, with all its particulars.

CONSULTING secret with the blue-ey'd Maid,
Still in the dome divine Ulysses stay'd:
Revenge mature for act inflam'd his breast;
And thus the son the fervent fire address'd:
Instant convey those steely stores of war
To distant rooms, dispos'd with secret care:
The cause demanded by the suitor-train,
To soothe their fears, a specious reason feign:
Say, since Ulysses left his natal coast,
Obscene with smoke, their beamy lustre lost,
His arms deform'd, the roof they won't adorn:
From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.
Suggest, that Jove the peaceful thought inspir'd,
Left thee by sight of swords to fury fir'd,
Dishonest wounds, or violence of soul,
Defame the bridal feast, and friendly bowl.
The prince obedient to the sage command,
To Euryclea thus: The female hand
In their apartments keep; secure the doors:
These swarthy arms among the covert stores
Are seemlier hid; my thoughtless youth they
blame,

Imbrov'd with vapour of the smouldering flame.

In happy hour (pleas'd Euryclea cries)
Tutor'd by early woes, grow early wise!
Inspect with sharpen'd sight, and frugal care,
Your patrimonial wealth, a prudent heir.
But who the lighted taper will provide,
(The female train retir'd) your toils to guide?

Without infringing hospitable rite,
This guest (he cried) shall bear the guiding light:
I cheer no lazy vagrants with repast;
They share the meal that earn it ere they taste.

He said; from female ken the straight secures
The purpos'd deed, and guards the bolted doors:
Auxiliary to his son, Ulysses bears
The plumed crests, and pointed spears,
With shields indented deep in glorious wars.
Minerva viewless on her charge attends,
And with her golden lamp his toil befriends;
Not such the flick'ry beams, which, unsincere,
Gild the cross vapour of this nether sphere!
A present deity the prince confess'd,
And wrapt with efficacy the fire address'd:

What miracle thus dazzles with surprise!
Distinct in rows the radiant columns rise:

The walls, where'er my wondering sight I turn,
And roofs, amidst a blaze of glory burn:
Some visitant of pure ethereal race,
With his bright presence deigns the dome to grace!

Be calm, replies the fire, to none impart,
But oft revolve the vision in thy heart:
Celestials, mantled in excess of light,
Can visit unapproach'd by mortal sight.
Seek thou repose; whilst here I sole remain,
T' explore the conduct of the female train:
The pensive queen, perchance desires to know
The series of my toils, to soothe her woe.

With tapers flaming day his train attends
His bright alcove th' obsequious youth ascends:
Soft slumberous shades his drooping eye-lids close,
Till on her eastern throne Aurora glows.

Whilst, forming plans of deaths, Ulysses stay'd
In council secret with the Martial Maid;
Attendant nymphs in beauteous order wait
The queen, descending from her bower of state.
Her cheeks the warmer blush of Venus wear,
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air.
An ivory seat with silver ringlets grac'd,
By fam'd Icmalius wrought, the menials plac'd:
With ivory silver'd-thick the foot-stool shone,
O'er which the panther's various hide was thrown.
The sovereign seat with graceful air she press'd;
To different talks their toil the nymphs address'd:
The golden goblet some, and some restor'd
From stains of luxury the polish'd board:
These to remove th' expiring embers came,
While those with unctuous air foment the flame.

'Twas then Melantho with imperious mien
Renew'd th' attack, incontinent of spleen:
Avant, the cry'd, offensive to my sight!
Deem not in ambush here to lurk by night,
Into the woman-state assuant to pry;
A day-devourer, and an evening spy!
Vagrant, be gone! before this blazing brand
Shall urge—and wav'd it hissing in her hand.

Th' insulted hero rolls his wrathful eyes,
And, Why so turbulent of soul? he cries;
Can these lean shrivel'd limbs unnerv'd with age,
These poor but honest rags, enkindle rage?
In crowds we wear the badge of hungry Fate;
And beg, degraded from superior state!

Constrain'd a rent-charge on the rich I live ;
 Reduc'd to crave the good I once could give :
 A palace, wealth, and slaves, I late possess'd,
 And all that makes the great be call'd the blest'd :
 My gate, an emblem of my open soul,
 Embrac'd the poor, and dealt a bounteous dole.
 Scorn not the sad reverse, injurious maid !
 'Tis Jove's high will, and be his will obey'd !
 Nor think thyself exempt : that rosy prime
 Must share the general doom of withering time :
 To some new channel soon, the changeful tide
 Of royal grace th' offended queen may guide ;
 And her lov'd lord unplume thy towering pride.
 Or were he dead, 'tis wisdom to beware :
 Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care ;
 Your deeds with quick impartial eye surveys,
 Potent to punish what he cannot praise.

Her keen reproach had reach'd the sovereign's
 Loquacious insolent ! she cries, forbear : [ear ;
 To thee the purpose of my soul I told :
 Venial discourse, unblam'd, with him to hold :
 The storied labours of my wandering lord,
 To soothe my grief he haply may record :
 Yet him, my guest, thy venom'd rage hath stung :
 Thy head shall pay the forfeit of thy tongue !
 But thou on whom my palace cares depend,
 Eurynome, regard the stranger-friend :
 A feat, soft-spread with furry spoils, prepare ;
 Due-distant, for us both to speak, and hear.
 The menial fair obeys with dutious haste :
 A feat adorn'd with furry spoils the plac'd :
 Due-distant for discourse the hero sate ;
 When thus the sovereign from her chair of state :
 Reveal, obsequious to my first demand,
 Thy name, thy lineage, and thy native land.

He thus : O queen ! whose far resounding fame
 Is bounded only by the starry frame ;
 Consummate pattern of imperial sway,
 Whose pious rule a warlike race obey :
 In wavy gold thy summer vales are dress'd ;
 Thy autumns bend with copious fruit oppress'd ;
 With flocks and herds each grassy plain is stor'd ;
 And fish of every kin thy seas afford ;
 Their affluent joys, the grateful realms confess,
 And blest the Power that still delights to bless.
 Gracious permit this prayer, imperial dame !
 Forbear to know my lineage, or my name :
 Urge not this breast to heave, these eyes to weep ;
 In sweet oblivion let my sorrow sleep !
 My woes awak'd will violate your ear ;
 And to this gay censorious train appear
 A winy vapour melting in a tear.

Their gifts the Gods resum'd (the queen re-
 join'd)
 Exterior grace, and energy of mind :
 When the dear partner of my nuptial joy,
 Auxiliar troops combin'd, to conquer Troy.
 My lords protecting hand alone would raise
 My drooping verdure, and extend my praise !
 Peers from the distant Samian shores resort ;
 Here with Dulichians join'd, besiege the court :
 Zacynthus, green with ever-shady groves,
 And Ithaca, presumptuous boast their loves :
 Obtruding on my choice a second lord,
 They press the Hymenean rite abhor'd.
 Mis-rule thus mingling with domestic cares,
 I live regardless of my state affairs :

Receive no stranger-guest, no poor relieve ;
 But ever for my lord in secret grieve ?—
 This art, instinct by some celestial Power,
 I try'd, elusive of the bridal hour :
 " Ye peers, I cry, who press to gain a heart,
 " Where dread Ulysses claims no future part ;
 " Rebate your loves, each rival suit suspend,
 " Till this funeral web my labours end :
 " Cease, till to good Laertes I bequeath
 " A pall of state, the ornament of death.
 " For when to Fate he bows, each Grecian dame
 " With just reproach were licens'd to defame ;
 " Should he, long honour'd in supreme command,
 " Want the last duties of a daughter's hand."
 The fiction pleas'd ! their loves I long elude ;
 The night still ravel'd what the day renew'd,
 Three years successful in my art conceal'd,
 My ineffectual fraud the fourth reveal'd :
 Befriending by my own domestic spies,
 The woof unwrought the suitor-train surpris'd,
 From nuptial rites they now no more recede,
 And fear forbids to falsify the breed.
 My anxious parents urge a speedy choice,
 And to their suffrage gain the filial voice :
 For rule mature, Telemachus deplores
 His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores—
 But, stranger ! as thy days seem full of fate,
 Divide discourse, in turn thy birth relate :
 Thy port asserts thee of distinguish'd race :
 No poor unfather'd product or disgrace.

Princes ! he cries, renew'd by your command,
 The dear remembrance of my native land
 Of secret grief unseals the fruitful source ;
 And tears repeat their long forgotten course !
 So pays the wretch whom Fate constrains to
 roam !

The dues of nature to his natal home !—
 But inward on my soul let sorrow prey,
 Your sovereign will my duty bids obey.

Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil !
 And ninety cities crown the sea-born isle :
 Mix'd with her genuine sons, adopted names
 In various tongues avow their various claims :
 Cydonians dreadful with the bended yew,
 And bold Pelasgi boast a native's due :
 The Dorians, plum'd amid the files of war,
 Her foodful glebe with fierce Achæians share ;
 Cnossus, her capital of high command,
 Where scepter'd Minos with impartial hand
 Divided right ; each ninth revolving year
 By Jove receiv'd in council to confer.
 His son Deucalion bore successive sway ;
 His son, who gave me first to view the day !
 The royal bed an elder issue blest,
 Idomeneus, whom Ilian fields attest
 Of matchless deeds : untrain'd to martial toil
 I liv'd inglorious in my native isle,
 Studios of peace ; and Æthon is my name.
 'Twas then to Crete that great Ulysses came ;
 For elemental war, and wintry Jove,
 From Malea's gulfy cape his navy drove
 To bright Lucina's fane ; the shelvy coast
 Where loud Amnisus in the deep is lost.
 His vessels moor'd, (an incommodious port !)
 The hero speeded to the Cnossian court :
 Ardent the partner of his arms to find,
 In leagues of long commutual friendship join'd,

Van hope ' ten suns had warm'd the western strand,

Since my brave brother with his Cretan band
Had sail'd for Troy : but to the genial feast
My honour'd root receiv'd the royal guest :
Beeves for his train the Cnossian peers assign
A public treat, with jars of generous wine.
Twelve days, while Boreas vex'd th' aerial space,
My hospitable dome he deign'd to grace :
And, when the north had ceas'd the stormy roar,
He wing'd his voyage to the Phrygian shore.

Thus the fam'd hero, perfected in wiles,
With fair similitude of truth beguiles
The queen's attentive ear: dissolv'd in woe,
From her bright eyes the tears unbounded flow.
As snows collected on the mountain freeze,
When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze,
The fleecy pile obeys the whispering gales,
Ends in a stream, and murmurs through the vales :
So, melted with the pleasing tale he told,
Down her fair cheek the copious torrent roll'd :
She to her present lord laments him lost,
And views that object which she wants the most !
Withering at heart to see the weeping fair,
His eyes look stern, and cast a gloomy stare ;
Of horn the stiff relentless balls appear,
Or globes of iron fix'd in either sphere ;
Firm wisdom interdicts to softening tear.
A speechless interval of grief ensues,
Till thus the queen the tender theme renews :

Stranger ! that e'er thy hospitable roof
Ulysses grac'd, confirm by faithful proof ;
Delineate to my view my warlike lord,
His form, his habit, and his train record.

'Tis hard, he cries, to bring to sudden sight
Ideas that have wing'd their distant flight ;
Rare on the mind those images are trac'd,
Whose footsteps twenty winters have defac'd :
But what I can, receive.—In ample mode,
A robe of military purple flow'd
O'er all his frame : illustrious on his breast
The double clasping gold the king confest.
In the rich woof a hound, Mosaic drawn,
Bore on full-stretch, and seiz'd a dappled fawn ;
Deep in the neck his fangs indent their hold ;
They pant, and struggle in the moving gold.
Fine as a filmy web beneath it shone
A vest, that dazzled like a cloudless sun :
The female train who round him throng'd to gaze,
In silent wonder sigh'd unwilling praise.
A sabre, when the warrior press'd to part,
I gave, enamel'd with Vulcanian art :
A mantle purple-ting'd, and radiant vest,
Dimension'd equal to his size, express'd
Affection grateful to my honour'd guest.
A favourite herald in his train I knew,
His visage solemn sad, of sable hue :
Short woolly curls o'erflec'd his bending head,
O'er which a promontory-shoulder spread ;
Eurybares ! in whose large soul alone
Ulysses view'd an image of his own.

His speech the tempest of her grief restor'd,
In all he told the recogniz'd her lord,
But when the storm was spent in plentiful showers ;
A pause inspiring her languish'd powers :
Oh ! thou, the cry'd, whom first inclement fate
Made welcome to my hospitable gate ;

TRANS,

With all thy wants the name of poor shall end :
Henceforth live honour'd, my domestic friend !
The vest much envy'd on your native coast,
And regal robe with figur'd gold emboss'd,
In happier hours my artful hand employ'd,
When my lov'd lord this blissful bower enjoy'd :
The fall of Troy, erroneous and forlorn
Doom'd to survive, and never to return !

Then he, with pity touch'd : O royal dame !
Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame,
From the devouring rage of grief reclaim.
I not the fondness of your soul reprove
For such a lord ! who crown'd your virgin-love
With the dear blessing of a fair increase ;
Himself adorn'd with more than mortal grace :
Yet while I speak, the mighty woe suspend ;
Truth forms my tale ; to pleasing truth attend.
The royal object of your dearest care
Breathes in no distant clime the vital air ;
In rich Thesprotia, and the nearer bound
Of Thesfaly, his name I heard renown'd :
Without retinue, to that friendly shore
Welcom'd with gifts of price, a sumless store !
His sacrilegious train, who dar'd to prey
On heids devoted to the God of day,
Were doom'd by Jove, and Phœbus' just decree,
To perish in the rough Trinacrian sea.
To better Fate the blameless chief ordain'd,
A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,
And rode the storm ; till by the billows tost,
He landed on the fair Phœacian coast.
That race, who emulate the life of Gods,
Receive him joyous to their blest abodes :
Large gifts confer, a ready sail command,
To speed his voyage to the Grecian strand.
But your wife lord (in whose capacious soul
High schemes of power in just succession roll)
His Ithaca refus'd from favouring Fate,
Till copious wealth might guard his regal state.
Phedon the fact affirm'd, whose sovereign sway
Thesprotian tribes, a deuteous race, obey :
And bade the Gods this added truth attest,
(While pure libations crown'd the genial feast)
That anchor'd in his port the vessel stand,
To wait the hero to his natal land.

I for Dulichium urge the watery way,
But first the Ulyssean wealth survey :
So rich the value of a store so vast
Demands the pomp of centuries to waste !
The darling object of your royal love,
Was journey'd thence to Dodonean Jove ;
By the sure precept of the sylvan shrine,
To form the conduct of his great design :
Irresolute of soul, his state to shroud
In dark disguise, or come a king avow'd ?
Thus lives your lord ; nor longer doom'd to roam
Soon will he grace this dear paternal dome.
By Jove, the source of good, supreme in power !
By the blest genius of this friendly bower !
I ratify my speech ; before the sun
His annual longitude of Heaven shall run ;
When the pale empress of yon starry train
In the next month renews her faded wane,
Ulysses will assert his rightful reign.

What thanks ! what boon ! reply'd the queen,
are due,

When time shall prove the storied blessing true :

R.

My lord's return should fate no more retard,
 Envy shall sicken at thy vast reward.
 But my prophetic fears, alas! preface,
 The wounds of Destiny's relentless rage.
 I long must weep, nor will Ulysses come,
 With royal gifts to send you honour'd home!—
 Your other task, ye menial train, forbear:
 Now wash the stranger, and the bed prepare:
 With splendid palls the downy fleece adorn:
 Up-rising early with the purple morn,
 His sinews shrunk with age, and stiff with toil,
 In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil.
 Then with Telemachus the social feast
 Partaking free, my sole invited guest;
 Whoe'er neglects to pay distinction due,
 The breach of hospitable right may rue.
 The vulgar of my sex I most exceed
 In real fame, when most humane my deed:
 And vainly to the praise of queen alphyre,
 If, stranger! I permit that mean attire,
 Beneath the feastful bower. A narrow space
 Confines the circle of our destin'd race;
 'Tis ours with good the scanty round to grace. }
 Those who to cruel wrong their state abuse,
 Dreaded in life the mutter'd curse pursues:
 By death disrob'd of all their savage powers,
 Then licens'd rage her hateful prey devours.
 But he whose in-born worth his acts commend,
 Of gentle soul, to human race a friend;
 The wretched he relieves diffuse his fame,
 And distant tongues extol the patron-name.
 Princes, he cry'd, in vain your bounties flow
 On me, confirm'd and obstinate in woe.
 When my lov'd Crete receiv'd my final view,
 And from my weeping eyes her cliffs withdrew;
 The tatter'd weeds (my decent robe resign'd)
 I chose the livery of a woeful mind!
 Nor will my heart-corroding cares abate
 With splendid palls, and canopies of state:
 Low-couch'd on earth, the gift of sleep I
 scorn,
 And catch the glances of the waking morn.
 The delicacy of your courtly train
 To wash a wretched wanderer would disdain;
 But if, in track of long experience try'd,
 And sad similitude of woes ally'd,
 Some wretch reluctant views ærial light,
 To her mean hand assign the friendly rite.
 Pleas'd with his wife reply, the queen rejoin'd:
 Such gentle manners, and so sage a mind,
 In all who grac'd this hospitable bower
 I ne'er discern'd, before this social hour.
 Such servant as your humble choice requires,
 To light receiv'd the lord of my desires,
 New from the birth: and with a mother's hand
 His tender bloom to manly growth sustain'd

Rise, Euryclea! with officious care
 For the poor friend the cleansing bath prepare:
 This debt his correspondent fortunes claim,
 Too like Ulysses, and perhaps the same!
 Thus, old with woes, my fancy paints him now;
 For age untimely marks the careful brow!
 Instant, obsequious to the mild command,
 Sad Euryclea rose: with trembling hand

She veils the torren of her tearful eyes;
 And thus impassion'd to herself replies:
 Son of my love, and monarch of my cares;
 What pangs for thee this wretched bosom bears!
 Are thus by Jove who constant beg his aid
 With pious deed and pure devotion paid!
 He never dar'd defraud the sacred fane,
 Of perfect hecatombs in order slain:
 There oft implor'd his tutelary power,
 Long to protract the sad sepulchral hour;
 That, form'd for empire with paternal care,
 His realm might recognise an equal heir.
 Oh destin'd head! The pious vows are lost;
 His God forgets him on a foreign coast!—
 Perhaps, like thee, poor guest! in wanton pride
 The rich insult him, and the young deride!
 Conscious of worth revil'd, thy generous mind
 The friendly rite of purity declin'd;
 My will concurring with my queen's command,
 Accept the bath from this obsequious hand.
 A strong emotion shakes my anguish'd breast;
 In thy whole form Ulysses seems express'd:
 Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coast,
 None imagin'd e'er like thee my master lost.

Thus half discover'd through the dark disguise,
 With cold composure feign'd, the chief replies:
 You join your suffrage to the public vote;

The same you think, have all beholders thought.

He said. Replenish'd from the purest springs,
 The laver straight with busy care he brings:
 In the deep vase, that shone like burnish'd gold,
 The boiling fluid temperates the cold.

Mean time revolving in his thoughtful mind
 The fear with which his manly knee was sign'd;
 His face averting from the crackling blaze,
 His shoulders intercept th' unfriendly rays:
 Thus cautious in the obscure he hop'd to fly
 The curious search of Euryclea's eye.
 Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find
 The fear, with which his manly knee was sign'd,

This on Parnassus (combating the boar)
 With glancing rage the tusky savage tore.
 Attended by his brave maternal race,
 His grandfire sent him to the sylvan chase,
 Autolycus the bold (a mighty name
 For spotless faith and deeds of martial fame;
 Hermes, his Patron-God, those Gifts bestow'd,
 Whose shrine with weanling lambs he wont to load.)
 His course to Ithaca this hero sped,
 When the first product of Laertes' bed
 Was new dispos'd to birth: the banquet ends,
 When Euryclea from the queen descends,
 And to his fond embrace the babe commends. }
 "Receive, the cries, your royal daughter's son;
 "And name the blessings that your prayers have
 won."

Then thus the hoary chief: "My victor arms
 "Have aw'd the realms around with dire alarms;
 "A sure memorial of my dreaded fame
 "The boy shall bear; Ulysses be his name!
 "And when with filial love the youth shall come
 "To view his mother's foil, my Delphic dome
 "With gifts of price shall send him joyous
 "Home."

Lur'd with the promis'd boon, when youthful
 prime
 Ended in mat, his mother's natal clime

Ulysses fought; with fond affection dear
Amphithea's arms receiv'd the royal heir:
Her ancient † lord an equal joy posses'd;
Instant he bade prepare the genial feast:
A steer to form the sumptuous banquet bled,
Whose stately growth five flowery summers fed:
His sons divide, and roast with artful care
The limbs; then all the tasteful viands share.
Nor ceas'd discourse (the banquet of the soul)
Till Phœbus wheeling to the western goal
Resign'd the skies, and night involv'd the pole. }
Their drooping eyes the slumberous shade oppress'd,

Sated they rose, and all retir'd to rest.
Soon as the morn, new-rob'd in purple light,
Pierc'd with her golden shafts the rear of night;
Ulysses and his brave maternal race,
The young Autolyce, assay the chase.
Parnassus, thick perplex'd with horrid shades,
With deep-mouth'd hounds the hunter-troop invades:

What time the sun, from ocean's peaceful stream,
Darts o'er the lawn his horizontal beam.
The pack impatient snuff the tainted gale;
The thorny wiles the wood-men fierce assail:
And, foremost of the train, his cornel spear
Ulysses wav'd, to rouse the savage war.
Deep in the rough recesses of the wood,
A lofty copse, the growth of ages, stood:
Nor winter's boreal blast, nor thunderous shower,
Nor solar ray, could pierce the shady bower,
With wither'd foliage strew'd, a heapy store!
The warm pavilion of a dreadful boar.

Rous'd by the hounds and hunters mingling cries,
The savage from his leafy shelter flies:
With fiery glare his sanguine eye-balls shine,
And bristles high impale his horrid chine.
Young Ithacus advanc'd, defies the foe,
Poising his lifted lance in act to throw;
The savage renders vain the wound decreed,
And springs impetuous with opponent speed!
His tusks oblique he aim'd, the knee to gore;
Aloose they glanc'd, the sinewy fibres tore,
And bar'd the bone: Ulysses undimay'd,
Soon with redoubled force the wound repay'd;
To the right shoulder-joint the spear apply'd:
His further flank the streaming purple dy'd:
On earth he rush'd with agonizing pain;
With joy, and vast surprise, th' applauding train
View'd his enormous bulk extended on the plain. }
With bandage firm Ulysses' knee they bound;
Then, chanting mystic lays, the closing wound
Of sacred melody confess'd the force;
The tides of life regain their azure course.
Then back they led the youth with loud acclaim;
Autolyce, enamour'd with his fame,
Confirm'd the cure; and from the Delphic dome
With added gifts return'd him glorious home.
He safe at Ithaca with joy receiv'd,
Relates the chase, and early praise achiev'd.

Deep o'er his knee, in seam'd, remain'd the scar:

Which noted token of the woodland war
When Euryclæ found, th' abusion ceas'd;
Down dropp'd the leg, from her slack hand releas'd;

† Autolyce.

The mingled fluids from the vase redound;
The vase reclining floats the floor around!
Smiles dew'd with tears the pleasing strife express'd

Of grief and joy, alternate in her breast.
Her fluttering words in melting murmurs died;
At length, abrupt—My son! my king!—she cried.
His neck with fond embrace infolding fast,
Full on the queen her raptur'd eye she cast,
Ardent to speak the monarch safe restor'd:
But studious to conceal her royal lord,
Minerva fix'd her mind on views remote,
And from the present bliss abstracts her thought.
His hand to Euryclæ's mouth applied,
Art thou foredoom'd my pest? the hero cried:
Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd:
And have the fates thy babbling age ordain'd
To violate the life thy youth sustain'd? }
An exile have I told, with weeping eyes,
Full twenty annual 'uns in distant skies:
At length return'd, some God inspires thy breast
To know thy king, and here I stand confess'd.
This Heaven-discover'd truth to thee consign'd.
Reserve the treasure of thy inmost mind:
Else, if the Gods my vengeful arm sustain,
And prostrate to my sword the suitor-train:
With their lewd mates, thy undistinguish'd age
Shall bleed a victim to vindictive rage.

Then thus rejoind the dame, devoid of fear:
What words, my son, have pass'd thy lips severe!
Deep in my soul the trust shall lodge secur'd;
With ribs of steel, and marble heart, immur'd.
When Heaven, auspicious to thy right avow'd,
Shall prostrate to thy sword the suitor-crowd;
The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;
The lewd to death devote, the virtuous spare.

Thy aid avails me not, the chief replied;
My own experience shall their doom decide;
A witness-judge precludes a long appeal:
Suffice it thee thy monarch to conceal.

He said: obsequious, with redoubled pace,
She to the fount conveys th' exhausted vase:
I'll bath renew'd, the ends the pleasing toil
With plenteous unction of ambrosial oil.

Adjusting to his limbs the tatter'd vest,
His former seat receiv'd the uranger guest;
Whom thus with pensive air the queen address'd: }

Though night, dissolving grief in grateful ease,
Your drooping eyes with soft oppression seize:
A while, reluctant to her pleasing force,
Suspend the restful hour with sweet discourse.
The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of joy!)
My menials, and domestic cares employ:
And unattended by sincere repose,
The night afflicts my ever-wakeful woes:
When nature's hush'd beneath her brooding shade,
My echoing griefs the starry vault invade.
As, when the months are clad in flowery green,
Sad Philomel in bowery shades unseen,
To vernal airs attunes her varied strains;
And Itylus founds warbling o'er the plains:
Young Itylus, his parents' darling joy!
Whom chance mist the mother to destroy: }
Now doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beautiful boy.

So in nocturnal solitude forlorn,
A sad variety of woes I mourn!

My mind, reflective, in a thorny maze
 Devious from care to care incessant strays.
 Now, wavering doubt succeeds to long despair;
 Shall I my virgin-nuptial-vow revere;
 And, joining to my son's my menial train,
 Partake his councils, and assist his reign!
 Or, since, mature in manhood, he deplores
 His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores;
 Shall I, reluctant, to his will accord;
 And from the peers select the noblest lord?
 So by my choice avow'd, at length decide
 These wasteful love-debates, a mourning bride!
 A visionary thought I'll now relate;
 Illustrate, if you know, the shadow'd fate:
 A team of twenty geese (a snow-white train!)
 Fed near the limpid lake with golden grain,
 Amuse my pensive hours. The bird of Jove
 Fierce from his mountain-eyrie downward drove:
 Each favourite fowl he pounc'd with deathful
 sway,

And back triumphant wing'd his airy way.
 My pitying eyes effus'd a plenteous stream,
 To view their death thus imag'd in a dream:
 With tender sympathy to soothe my soul,
 A troop of matrons, fancy-form'd, condole.
 But whilst with grief and rage my bosom burn'd,
 Sudden the tyrant of the skies return'd:
 Perch'd on the battlements, he thus began:
 (In form an eagle, but in voice a man.)

O Queen! no vulgar vision of the sky
 I come, prophetic of approaching joy!
 View in this plumy form thy victor lord;
 The geese (a glutton race) by thee deplor'd,
 Portend the suitors fated to my sword.
 This said, the pleasing feather'd omen ceas'd,
 When, from the downy bands of sleep releas'd,
 Fast by the limpid lake my swan-like train
 I found, insatiate of the golden grain.

The vision self-explain'd (the chief replies)
 Sincere reveals the sanction of the skies:
 Ulysses speaks his own return decreed;
 And by his sword the suitors sure to bleed.

Hard is the task, and rare, the queen rejoin'd,
 Impending destinies in dreams to find:
 Immur'd within the silent bower of sleep,
 Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:
 Of ivory one; whence flit, to mock the brain,
 Of winged lies a light fantastic train:

The gates oppos'd pellucid valves adorn,
 And columns fair incas'd with polish'd horn;
 Where images of truth for passage wait,
 With visions manifest of future fate.
 Not to this troop, I fear, that phantom soar'd,
 Which spoke Ulysses to his realm restor'd:
 Delusive semblance!—but my remnant life
 Heaven shall determine in a gameful strife:
 With that fam'd bow Ulysses taught to bend,
 For me the rival archers shall contend.
 As on the list'd field he us'd to place
 Six beams, oppos'd to six in equal space:
 Elanc'd afar by his unerring art,
 Sure through six circlets flew the whizzing dart!
 So, when the sun restores the purple day,
 Their strength and skill the suitors shall assay:
 To him the spousal honour is decreed,
 Who through the rings directs the feather'd rect.
 Torn from these walls (where long the kinder
 Powers [hours!])

With pomp and joy have wing'd my youthful
 On this poor breast no dawn of bliss shall beam;
 The pleasure wait supplies a copious theme
 For many a dreary thought, and many a dole-
 ful dream!

Propose the sportive lot (the chief replies)
 Nor dread to name yourself the bowyer's prize:
 Ulysses will surprise th' unfinish'd game
 Avow'd, and falsify the suitor's claim.

To whom, with grace serene, the queen re-
 join'd:

In all thy speech, what pleasing force I find!
 O'er my suspended woe thy words prevail,
 I part reluctant from the pleasing tale.
 But Heaven, that knows what all terrestrials need,
 Repose to night, and toil to day decreed:
 Grateful vicissitude! yet me withdrawn,
 Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn
 Establish'd use enjoins; to rest and joy
 Estrang'd, since dear Ulysses sail'd to Troy!
 Mean time instructed is the menial tribe
 Your couch to fashion as yourself prescribe.

Thus affable, her bower the queen ascends;
 The sovereign-step a beauteous train attends;
 There imag'd to her soul Ulysses rose;
 Down her pale cheek new-streaming sorrow flows:
 Till soft oblivious shade Minerva spread,
 And o'er her eyes ambrosial slumber shed.

BOOK 'XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

While Ulysses lies in the vestibule of the palace, he is witness to the disorders of the women. Minerva comforts him, and casts him asleep. At his waking he desires a favourable sign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feast of Apollo is celebrated by the people, and the suitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his authority amongst them, notwithstanding which, Ulysses is insulted by Ctesippus, and the rest continue in their excesses. Strange prodigies are seen by Theoclymenus the augur, who explains them to the destruction of the wooers.

An ample hide divine Ulysses spread,
And form'd of fleecy skins his humble bed
(The remnants of the spoil the suitor-crowd
In festival devour'd, and victims vow'd).
Then o'er the chief, Euryomé the chaste,
With duteous care, a downy carpet cast :
With dire revenge his thoughtful bosom glows,
And, ruminating wrath, he scorns repose.

As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes survey ;
Whilst to nocturnal joys impure repair,
With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.
His heart with rage this new dishonour stung,
Wavering his thought in dubious balance hung !
Or, infant should he quench the guilty flame
With their own blood, and intercept the shame ;
Or to their lust indulge a last embrace,
And let the peers consummate the disgrace ;
Round his swollen heart the murmurous fury rolls ;
As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls,
And bays the stranger-groom : so wrath com-
press'd,

Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breast.
 Poor suffering heart ! he cried, support the pain
 Of wounded honour, and thy rage refrain.
 Not fiercer woes thy fortune could foil,
 When the brave partners of thy ten years toil
 Dire Polypheme devour'd : I then was freed,
 By patient prudence from the death decreed.

Thus anchor'd safe on Reason's peaceful coast
Tempests of wrath his soul no longer toss'd ;
Restless his body roll'd, to rage relin'd ;
As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,
The savory eates on glowing embers cast
Incessant turns, impatient for repast ;
Ulysses so, from side to side devolv'd,
In self-debate the suitors' doom resolv'd.
When, in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
From Heaven descends the Jove-born Martial
Maid ;

And hovering o'er his head in view confess'd,
'The Goddess thus her favourite care address'd:

O thou, of mortals most inur'd to woes !
 Why roll those eyes unfriended of repose ?
 Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care ;
 Blest'd in thy queen ! blest'd in thy blooming heir !
 Whom, to the Gods when suppliant fathers bow,
 They name the standard of their dearest vow.
 Just is thy kind reproach (the chief rejoind') ;
 Deeds full of fate distract my various mind
 In contemplation wrapp'd. This hostile crew
 What single arm hath prowess to subdue ?
 Or if, by Jove's and thy auxiliar aid,
 They're doom'd to bleed ; Oh ! say, celestial
 Maid :

Where shall Ulysses shun, or how sustain,
Nations embattled to revenge the slain?
Oh, impotence of faith! Minerva cries,
If man on frail unknowing man relies,
Doubt you the Gods! Lo! Pallas' self descends,
Inspires thy counsels, and thy toils attends.
In me affianc'd, fortify thy breast,
Tho' myriads leagu'd thy rightful claim contest:
My sure divinity shall bear the shield,
And edge thy sword to reap the glorious field.
Now pay the debt to craving nature due,
Her faded powers with balmy rest renew.

he ceas'd. Ambrosial slumbers seal his eyes ;
His care dissolves in visionary joys :
The Goddess, pleas'd, regains her natal skies.

Not so the queen: the downy bands of sleep
By grief relax'd, she wak'd again to weep:
A gloomy pause ensued of dumb despair:
Then thus her fate invoc'd, with fervent prayer:

Dianna ! speed thy deathful ebony dart,
And cure the pangs of this convulsive heart.
Snatch me, ye whirlwinds ! far from human race,
To'st'd through the void illimitable space :
Or, if dismounted from the rapid cloud,
Me with his whelming wave let Ocean shroud !
So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphan-fair,
Were doom'd to wander through the devious air ;
Thyself untimely, and thy comfort dy'd,
But four celestials both your cares supply'd.

Venus in tender delicacy rears
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years :
Imperial Juno to their youth assign'd
A form majestic, and sagacious mind :
With thapsely growth Diana grac'd the bloom ;
And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.
But whilst, to learn their lots in nuptial love,
Bright Cytherea fought the bower of Jove
(The God supreme, to whose eternal eye
The registers of Fate expanded lie :)
Wing'd harpies snatch'd th' unguarded charge
away.

And to the Furies bore a grateful prey.
Be thine my lot ! Or thou, Diana, speed
Thy lust, and send me joyful to the dead ;
To seek my lord among the warrior-train,
Ere second vows my bridal faith profane.
When woes the waking sense alone assail ;
Whilst night extends her soft oblivious veil,
Of other wretches care the torture ends ;
No truce the warfare of my heart suspends !
The night renews the day-distracting theme,
And airy terrors sable every dream.
The last alone a kind illusion wrought,
And to my bed my lov'd Ulysses brought
In manly bloom, and each majestic grace,
As when for Troy he left my fond embrace ;
Such raptures in my beating bosom rise,
I deem it sure a vision of the skies.

Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne,
In audible laments she breathes her moan ;
The sounds assaunt Ulysses wakeful ear :
Misjudging of the cause, a sudden fear
Of his arrival known, the chief alarms ;
He thinks the queen is rushing to his arms.
Up-springing from his couch, with active haste
The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd
(The hide, without, imbib'd the morning air ;)
And thus the Gods invok'd with ardent prayer :
Jove, and ethereal thrones ! with heaven to
friend.

If the long series of my woes shall end,
Of human race now rising from repose
Let one a blissful omen here disclose ;
And, to confirm my faith, propitious Jove,
Vouchsafe the sanction of a sign above !
Whilſt lowly thus the chief adoring bows,
The pitying God his guardian aid avows.
Loud from a sapphire sky his thunder sounds :
With springing hope the hero's heart rebounds.

Soon, with consummate joy to crown his prayer,
An omen'd voice invades his ravish'd ear.
Beneath a pile, that close the dome adjoin'd,
Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind;
Task'd for the royal board to bolt the bran
From the pure flour (the growth and strength of
man),

Discharging to the day the labour due,
Now early to repose the rest withdrew;
One maid, unequal to the task assign'd,
Still turn'd the toilsome mill with anxious
mind;

And thus in bitterness of soul divin'd:

Father of Gods and men; whose thunders roll
O'er the cerulean vault, and shake the pole;
Whoe'er from Heaven has gain'd this rare ostent
(Of granted vows a certain signal sent)
In this blest moment of accepted prayer,
Pitoeus, regard a wretch consum'd with care!
Instant, O Jove! confound the suitor-train,
For whom o'er-toil'd I grind the golden grain:
Fat from this dome the lewd devourers cast,
And be this festival decreed their last!

Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and sky,
Ulysses' heart dilates with secret joy.
Mean time the menial train with unctuous wood
Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian food:
When, early dress'd, advanc'd the royal heir:
With manly grasp he wav'd a martial spear,
A radiant sabre grac'd his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden sandal shone.
His steps impetuous to the portal press'd;
And Enryclea thus he there address'd:

Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
Was care for due refection and repose
Bestow'd the stranger-guest? Or waits he griev'd,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?
Promiscuous grace on all the queen confers
(In woes bewilder'd, oft' the wisest errs).
The wordy vagrant to the dole aspires,
And modest worth with noble scorn retires.

She thus: Oh! cease that ever honour'd name
To blench now; it ill deserves your blame:
A bowl of generous wine suffic'd the guest;
In vain the queen the night-refection press'd;
Nor would he court repose in downy state,
Unblest, abandon'd to the rage of Fate!
A hide beneath the portico was spread,
And fleecy skins compos'd an humble bed:
A downy carpet, cast with duteous care,
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.

His cornel javelin pois'd with regal port,
To the sage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court,
Forth-issuing from the dome the prince re-
pair'd:

Two dogs of chase, a lion-hearted guard,
Behind him sourly stalk'd. Without delay
The dame divides the labour of the day;
Thus urging to the toil the menial train,
What marks of luxury the marble stain!
Its wonted lustre let the floor regain;
The seats with purple clothe in order due;
And let th' absterfive sponge the board renew:
Let some refresh the vase's fullied mold;
Some bid the goblets boast their native gold:
Some to the spring, with each a jar, repair,
And copious waters pure for bathing bear:

Dispatch! for soon the suitors will assay
The lunar feast-rites to the God of day.

She said: with duteous haste a bevy fair
Of twenty virgins to the spring repair:
With varied toil the rest adorn the dome.
Magnificent, and blithe, the suitors come.
Some wold the founding axe; the dodder'd oaks
Divide, obedient to the forceful strokes.
Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,
(Eumæus in their train) the maids return.
Three porkers for the feast, all brawny-chin'd,
He brought; the choicest of the tusk kind:
In lodgements first secure his care he view'd,
Then to the king his friendly speech renew'd:
Now faw sincere, my guest! the suitor-train
Still treat thy worth with lordly dull disdain;
Or speaks their deed a bounteous mind hu-
mane:

Some pitying God (Ulysses sad reply'd)
With vollied vengeance blast their towering pride!
No conscious blush, no sense of right, restrain
The tides of lust that swell their boiling veins:
From vice to vice their appetites are tost,
All cheaply sat'd at another's cost!

While thus the chief his woes indignant told,
Melanthius, master of the bearded fold,
The goodliest goats of all the royal herd
Spontaneous to the suitor's feast prefer'd:
Two grooms assistant bore the victims bound;
With quavering cries the vaulted roofs resound;
And to the chief austere, aloud began
The wretch unfriendly to the race of man:

Here, vagrant, still? offensive to my lords!
Blows have more energy than airy words;
These arguments I'll use: nor conscious shame,
Nor threats, thy bold intrusion will reclaim.
On this high feast the meanest vulgar boast
A plenteous board! Hence! seek another host!

Rejoinder to the churl the king disdain'd;
But shook his head, and ising wrath restrain'd.

From Cephallenia cross the surgy main
Philæus late arriv'd, a faithful swain.
A steer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
And goats he brought, the pride of all their
race:

Imported in a shallop not his own:
The dome re-echoed to their mingled moan.
Straight to the guardian of the bristly kiud
He thus began, benevolent of mind:
What guest is he, of such majestic air?
His lineage and paternal clime declare:
D'im through th' eclipse of Fate, the rays divine
Of sovereign state with faded splendour flume.
If monarchs by the Gods are plung'd in woe,
To what abyss are we foredoom'd to go!
Then affable he thus the chief address'd,
Whilst with pathetic warmth his hand he press'd:

Stranger! may Fate a milder aspect show,
And spin thy future with a whiter clue!
O Jove, for ever deaf to human cries;
The Tyrant, not the Father of the skies!
Unpiteous of the race thy will began!
The fool of Fate, thy manufacture, man,
With penury, contempt, repulse, and care,
The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.
Ulysses from his state a wanderer still,
Upbraids thy power, thy wisdom, or thy will:

O monarch ever dear!—O man of woe!—
 Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow!
 Like thee, poor stranger-guest, denied his home!
 Like thee, in rags obscene, decreed to roam!
 Or, haply perish'd on some distant coast,
 In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
 Oh! grateful for the good his bounty gave,
 I'll grieve, till sorrow sink me to the grave!
 His kind protecting hand my youth protect'd,
 The regent of his Cephalenian herd:
 With vast increase beneath my care it spreads,
 A stately breed! and blackens far the meads.
 Constrain'd, the choicest beeves I thence import
 To cram these corporants that crowd his court;
 Who in partition seek his realm to share;
 Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.
 Since here resolv'd oppressive these reside,
 Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:
 Now to some foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
 And with the royal herd protection buy:
 Then happier thoughts return the nodding scale,
 Light mounts despair, alternate hopes prevail:
 In opening prospects of ideal joy,
 My king returns; the proud usurpers die.

To whom the chief: In thy capacious mind
 Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd;
 Attend a deed already ripe in Fate;
 Attest, O Jove, the truth I now relate!
 This sacred truth attest each genial Power,
 Who bless the board, and guard this friendly
 bower!

Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)
 Thy wish produc'd in act, with pleas'd survey,
 Thy wondering eyes shall view: his rightful
 reign
 By arms avow'd Ulysses shall regain,
 And to the shades devote the suitor-train.

O Jove supreme! the raptur'd swain replies,
 With deed consummate soon the promis'd joys!
 These aged nerves, with new-born vigour strong
 In that blest cause should emulate the young---
 Assents Eumæus to the prayer address'd:
 And equal ardours fire his loyal breast.

Mean time the suitors urge the prince's fate,
 And deathful arts employ the dire debate:
 When, in his airy tour the bird of Jove
 Trusts'd with his sinewy pounce a trembling dove:
 Sinister to their hope! This omen ey'd
 Amphinomus, who thus presaging cry'd:

The Gods from force and fraud the prince de-
 O peers! the sanguinary scheme suspend: [send;
 Your future thought let fable Fate employ;
 And give the present hour to genial joy. [ceas'd,

From council straight th' assenting peerage
 And in the dome prepar'd the genial feast.
 Disrob'd their vests apart in order lay,
 Then all with speed succinct the victims slay:
 With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers bled,
 And the proud steer was on the marble spread.
 With fire prepar'd, they deal the moriels round,
 Wine rosy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd.
 By sage Eumæus borne: the purple tide
 Melanthius from an ample jar supplied:
 High canisters of bread Philætius plac'd;
 And eager all devour the rich repast.
 Dispos'd apart, Ulysses shares the treat!
 A triquet-table, and ignobler seat,

The prince appoints; but to his fire assigns
 The tasteful inwards, and nectareous wines.
 Partake, my guest, he cry'd, without control
 The social feast, and drain the cheering bowl:
 Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
 No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age:
 This dome a refuge to thy wrongs shall be,
 From my great fire too soon devolv'd to me!
 Your violence and scorn, ye suitors, cease,
 Let arms avenge the violated peace.

Aw'd by the prince, so haughty, brave and
 young,

Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the
 tongue.

Be patient, peers! at length Antinous cries;
 The threats of vain imperious youth despise:
 Would joye permit the meditated blow,
 That stream of eloquence should cease to flow.

Without reply vouchsaf'd Antinous ceas'd:
 Mean while the pomp of festival increas'd:
 By herald's rank'd, in marshal'd order move
 The city-tribes to pleas'd Apollo's grove:
 Beneath the verdure of which awful shade,
 The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid;
 Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid. }
 But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
 (And humble side-board set) Ulysses shar'd.
 Observant of the prince's high behest,
 His menial train attend the stranger-guest:
 Whom Pallas with unpardoning fury fire'd,
 By lordly pride and keen reproach inspir'd.
 A Samian peer, more studious than the rest
 (Of vice, who team'd with many a dead-born jest;
 And urg'd, for title to a consort queen,
 Uncumber'd acres arable and green
 (Ctesippus nam'd); this lord Ulysses ey'd,
 And thus burit out th' imposthume with pride:

The sentence I propose, ye peers, attend:
 Since due regard must wait the prince's friend,
 Let each a token of esteem bestow;
 This gift acquits the dear respect I owe;
 With which he nobly may discharge his feat,
 And pay the menials for the master's treat.

He said: and of the steer before him plac'd,
 That sinewy fragment at Ulysses cast,
 Where to the pastern-bone by nerves combin'd,
 The well-horn'd foot indissolubly join'd;
 Which whizzing high the wall unseemly sign'd. }
 The chief indignant grins a ghastly smile;
 Revenge and scorn within his bosom boil:
 When thus the prince with pious rage inflam'd:
 Had not th' inglorious wound thy malice aim'd
 Fall'n gulflets of the mark, my certain spear
 Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear:
 Nor should thy fire, a queen his daughter boast;
 The suitor, now, had vanish'd in a ghost:
 No more, ye lewd compeers, with lawless power
 Invade my dome, my herds; and flocks devour:
 For genuine worth of age mature to know
 My grape shall redden, and my harvest grow.
 Or, if each other's wrongs ye still support,
 With rapes and riot to profane my court;
 What single arm with numbers can contend? }
 On me let all your lifted swords descend,
 And with my life such vile dishonours end.

A long cessation of discourse ensued,
 By gentler Agelaus thus renew'd:

A just reproof, ye peers ! your rage restrain
 From this protected guest, and menial train :
 And, prince ! to stop the source of future ill,
 Assent yourself, and gain the royal will,
 Whilst hope prevail'd to see your sire restor'd,
 Of right the queen refus'd a second lord.
 But who is vain of faith, so blind to fate,
 To think he still survives to claim the state ?
 Now press the sovereign dame with warm desire
 To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inspire .
 The lord selected to the nuptial joys,
 Far hence will lead the long-contested prize :
 Whilst in paternal pomp, with plenty blest'd,
 You reign, of this imperial dome possess'd.

Sage and serene Telemachus replies ;
 By him at whose behest the thunder flies,
 And by the name on earth I most revere,
 By great Ulysses and his woes, I swear,
 (Who never must review his dear domain ;
 Inroll'd, perhaps in Pluto's dreary train !)
 Whene'er her choice the royal dame avows,
 My bridal gifts shall load the future spouse :
 But from this dome my parent queen to chase !
 From me, ye Gods ! avert such dire disgrace.

But Pallas clouds with intellectual gloom
 The suitors' souls, intense of their doom !
 A mirthful phrenzy seiz'd the fated crowd ;
 The roofs resound with causeless laughter loud :
 Floating in gore, portentous to survey !
 In each discolour'd vale the vizards lay ;
 Then down each cheek the tears spontaneous flow,
 And sudden sighs precede approaching woe.
 In vision rapt, the * Hyperian seer
 Uprole, and thus divin'd the vengeance near :

Oh race to death devote ! with Stygian shade
 Each destin'd peer impending Fate invade
 With tears your war discoloured cheeks are drow'd,
 With sanguine drops the walls are rubied round
 Thick swarms the spacious hall with howling
 To people Orcus and the burning coals ! } ghosts

* Theoclymenus.

Nor gives the sun his golden orb to sell
 But universal night usurps the pole !

Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate
 The peers reproach the fure divine of fate,
 And thus Enymachus : The coward's mind
 To every sense is lost, to reason blind
 Swift from the dome conduct the slave away ;
 Let him in open air behold the day.

Tax not (the Heaven-illum'd s'cer rejoind)
 Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind.
 No clouds of error dim th' ethereal rays,
 Her equal power each faithful sense obeys.
 Unguided hence my trembling steps I bend,
 Far hence, before yon hovering deaths descend ;
 Lest, the ripe harvest of revenge begun,
 I share the doom ye suitors cannot shun.

This said, to sage Piræus sped the seer,
 His honour'd host, a welcome inmate the.e .
 O'er the protracted feast the suitors sit,
 And aim to wound the prince with pointless wit :
 Cries one, with scornful leer and mimic voice,
 Thy charity we praise, but not thy choice,
 Why such profusion of indulgence shown
 To this poor, timorous, tone-deafening drone ?
 That other teeds on planetary schemes,
 And pays his host with hideous noon-day dreams.
 But, prince ! for once, at least, believe a friend,
 To some Sicilian mart these couriers lend,
 Where, if they yield their freight across the main
 Dear sell the slaves ! demand no greater gain

Thus jovial they : but nought the prince re-
 Full on his fire he roll'd his aident eyes, } plus
 Impatient straight to fish his virgin-sword,
 From the wise chief he waits the deathful word.
 Nigh in her bright alcove, the pensive queen
 To see the casket late, of all unseen
 Sat at length they rue, and hid prepare
 An eve-repass, with equal cost and care
 But vengeful Pallas, with preventing speed,
 A fast proportion'd to their crimes decreed,
 A feast of death ! the feasters doom'd to bleed ! }

B O O K XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Bending of Ulysses's Bow.

Penelope, to put an end to the solicitation of the suitors, proposes to marry the person who shall first bend the bow of Ulysses, and shoot through the ringlets. After their attempts have proved ineffectual, Ulysses, taking Eumæus and Philæteus apart, discovers himself to them ; then returning, desires leave to try his strength at the bow, which, though refused with indignation by the suitors, Penelope and Telemachus cause it to be delivered to his hands. He bends it immediately, and shoots through all the rings. Jupiter in the same instant thunders from heaven ; Ulysses accepts the omen, and gives a sign to Telemachus, who stands ready armed at his side.

AND Pallas now, to raise the rival fires,
 With her own art Penelope inspires :
 Who now can bend Ulysses' bow, and wing
 The well-aim'd arrow through the distant ring,
 Shall end the strife, and win th' imperial dame ;
 But discord and black death await the game !

The prudent queen the lofty stair ascends,
 At distance due a virgin-train attends ;
 A brazen key she held, the handle turn'd,
 With steel and polish'd elephant adorn'd :
 Swift to the inmost room she bent her way,
 Where safe repos'd the royal treasures lay ;

There shone high-heap'd the labour'd brags and ore,
And there the bow which great Ulysses bore;
And there the quiver, where now guiltless slept
Thoie winged deaths that many a matron wept.

This gift, long since when Sparta's shores he
On young Ulysses Iphitus bestow'd : [trod,
Beneath Orilochus's roof they met ;
One loss was private, one a public debt ;
Messenæ's state from Ithaca detains
Three hundred sheep, and all the shepherd-swains ;
And to the youthful prince to urge the laws,
The king and elders trust their common cause.
But Iphitus, employ'd on other cares,
Search'd the wide country for his wandering
mares,

And mules, the strongest of the labouring kind ;
Unapt to search ! more hapless still to find !
For journeying on to Hercules, at length
That lawless wretch, that man of brutal strength,
Deaf to Heaven's voice, the social rite transgress'd ;
And for the beauteous mares destroy'd his guest :
He gave the bow ! and on Ulysses' part
Receiv'd a pointed sword and missile dart :
Of luckless friendship on a foreign shore
Their first, last pledges ; for they met no more !
The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
Ulysses bore not from his native land ;
Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,
But kept, in dear memorial of his friend.

Now gently winding up the fair ascent,
By many an easy step, the matron went ;
Then o'er the pavements glides with grace divine,
(With polish'd oak the level pavements shine)
The folding gates a dazzling light display'd,
With pomp of various architrave o'erlaid.
The bolt, obedient to the sliken string,
Forsakes the staple as she pulls the ring ;
The wards respondent to the key turn round :
The bars fall back ; the flying valves resound ;
Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the spring.
She moves majestic through the wealthy room,
Where treasure'd garments cast a rich perfume ;
There from the column where aloft it hung,
Reach'd, in its splendid case, the bow unstrung ;
Across her knees she laid the well-known bow,
And pensive fate, and tears began to flow.

To dull satiety of grief she mourns,
Then silent to the joyous hall returns,
To the proud suitors bears in pensive state
A h' unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with fate.

Behind, her train the polish'd coffer brings,
Which held th' alternate brags and silver rings,
Full in the portal the chaste queen appears,
And with her veil conceals the coming tears ;
On either side awaits a virgin fair ;
While thus the matron, with majestic air :

Say you, whom these forbidden walls enclose,
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows ;
If these neglected, faded charms can move ?
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love ?
If I the prize, if me you seek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the strife :
Who first Ulysses' wondrous bow shall bend,
And through twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send,
Him will I follow, and forsake my home,
For him forsake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,

Long, long the scene of all my past delight,
And still to last, the vision of my night !

Grateful she said, and bade Eumæus show
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.
From his full eyes the tears unbidden spring,
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his king.
Philætiæ too relents, but secret shed
The tender drops. Antinous saw, and said :

Hence to your fields, you rustics ! hence away,
Nor stain with grief the pleasures of the day ;
Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
The sad remembrance of a perish'd man.
Enough her precious tears already flow---
Or share the feast with due respect, or go
To weep abroad, and leave us to the bow :
No vulgar task ! Ill suits this courtly crew
That stubborn horn which brave Ulysses drew.

I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er
While yet a child) what majesty he bore !
And still (all infant as I was) retain
The port, the strength, the grandeur of the man.

He said, but in his soul fond joys arise,
And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To speed the flying shaft through every ring,
Wretch ! is not thine ! the arrows of the king
Shall end those hopes, and Fate is on the wing !

Then thus Telemachus : Some God, I find,
With pleasing phrenzy has possess'd my mind ;
When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
Why with this ill-tim'd gladness leaps my heart ?
Come then, ye suitors ! and dispute a prize
Richer than all th' Acaian state supplies,
Than all proud Argos, or Mycæna knows,
Than all our isles or continents enclose :
A woman matchless, and almost divine,
Fit for the praise of every tongue but mine.
No more excuses then, no more delay,
Haste to the trial---Lo ! I lead the way.
I too may try, and if this arm can wing
The feather'd arrow through the destin'd ring.
Then if no happier knight the conquest boast,
I shall not sorrow for a mother lost ;
But, blest in her, possess these arms alone,
Heir of my father's strength, as well as throne.

He spoke : then, rising, his broad sword un-
bound,

And cast his purple garment on the ground.
A trench he open'd ; in a line he plac'd
The level axes, and the points made fast
(His perfect skill the wondering gazers ey'd,
The game as yet unseen, as yet untry'd.)
Then, with a manly pace, he took his stand ;
And grasp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand :
Three times, with beating heart, he made essay ;
Three times, unequal to the task, gave way :
A modest boldness on his cheek appear'd ;
And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd,
The fourth had drawn it. The great fire with joy
Beheld, but with a sign forbade the boy.
His arduous straight th' obedient prince suppress'd,
And, artful, thus the suitor-train address'd :

Oh, lay the cause on youth yet immature !
(For Heaven forbid such weakness should endure !)
How shall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an insult, or repel a foe ?
But you ! whom Heaven with better nerves has
Accept the trial, and the prize contest. [blest

He cast the bow before him, and apart
Against the polish'd quiver propt the dart.
Resuming then his seat, Epitheus' son
The bold Antinous to the rest begun :
" From where the goblet first begins to flow,
" From right to left, in order take the bow ;
" And prove your several strengths"—The princes
heard,

And first Leiodes, blameless priest, appear'd :
The eldest born of Oenops' noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place :
He, only he, of all the suitor throng,
Their deeds detested, and abjur'd the wrong.
With tender hands the stubborn horn he strains,
The stubborn horn resisted all his pains !
Already in despair he gives it o'er :
Take it who will, he cries, I strive no more.
What numerous deaths attend his fatal bow !
What souls and spirits shall it send below !
Better, indeed to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than disappointed live,
With each new fun to some new hope a prey,
Yet still to-morrow saller than to-day.
How long in vain Penelope we fought ;
This bow shall ease us of that idle thought,
And send us with some humbler wife to live,
Whom gold shall gain, or destiny shall give.

Thus speaking, on the floor the bow he plac'd,
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd)
At distance far the feather'd shaft he throws,
And to the seat returns from whence he rose.

To him Antinous thus with fury said :
What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled !
Thy coward-function ever is in fear ;
Those arms are dreadful which thou canst not bear.
Why should this bow be fatal to the brave ?
Because the priest is born a peaceful slave.
Mark then what others can—He ended there,
And bade Melanthius a vast pile prepare ;
He gives it instant flame : then fast beside
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.
With melted lard they soak the weapon o'er,
Chafe every knot, and supple every pore.
Vain all their art, and all their strength as vain ;
The bow inflexible resists their pain.
The force of great Eurymachus alone
And bold Antinous, yet untry'd, unknown ;
Those only now remain'd ; but those confels'd
Of all the train the mightiest and the best.

Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew,
The masters of the herd and flock withdrew.
The king observes them : he the hall forakes
And, past the limits of the court, o'ertakes
Then thus with accent mild Ulysses spoke :
Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock !
Shall I the secret of my breast conceal,
Or (as my soul now dictates) shall I tell ?
Say, should some favouring God restore again
The lost Ulysses to his native reign ? [ford,
How beat your hearts ? what aid would you af-
To the proud suitors, or your ancient lord ?

Philætius thus : Oh were thy word not vain !
Would mighty Jove restore that man again !
These aged sinews with new vigour string
In his blest cause should emulate the young.
With equal vows Eumæus too implor'd
Each Power above, with wishes for his lord.

He saw their secret souls, and thus began :
Those vows the Gods accord : behold the man !
Your own Ulysses ! twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wanderings from this hapless land :
At length he comes ; but comes despis'd, un-
known,

And finding faithful you, and you alone.
All else have cast him from their very thought,
Ev'n in their wishes, and their prayers forgot !
Hear then, my friends : If Jove this arm suc-
ceed,

And give yon impious revellers to bleed,
My care shall be, to bless your future lives
With large possessions, and with faithful wives ;
Fast by my palace shall your domes ascend,
And each on young Telemachus attend,
And each be call'd his brother, and my friend. }
To give you firmer faith, now trust your eye ;
Lo ! the broad scar indented on my thigh,
When with Autolycus's sons, of yore,
On Parnass' top I chas'd the tusked boar.
His ragged vest then drawn aside disclos'd
The sign conspicuous, and the scar expos'd :
Eager they view'd ; with joy they stood amaz'd ;
With tearful eyes o'er all their master gaz'd :
Around his neck their longing arms they cast,
His head, his shoulders, and his knees embrac'd :
Tears follow'd tears ; no word was in their pow-
In solemn silence fell the kindly shower. [cr :
The king too weeps, the king too grasps their
hands,

And moveless as a marble fountain stands.

Thus had their joy wept down the setting sun,
But first the wife man ceas'd, and thus begun :
Enough—on other cares your thought employ,
For danger waits on all untimely joy.
Full many foes, and fierce, observe us near :
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then, not all at once, but stay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty suitors will deny the bow :
But thou, Eumæus, as 'tis borne away,
Thy master's weapon to his hand convey.
At every portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate :
Close let them keep, whate'er invades their ear ;
Though arms, or shouts, or dying groans, they
hear.

To thy strict charge, Philætius, we consign
The court's main gate : to guard that pass be
thine.

This said, he first return'd : the faithful swains
At distance follow, as their king ordains.
Before the flame Eurymachus now stands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands :
Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty soul, and thus began :

I mourn the common cause : for, oh, my
friends !

On me, on all, what grief, what shame attends !
Not the lost nuptials can affect me more,
(For Greece has beauteous dames on every shore)
But baffled thus : confels'd so far below
Ulysses' strength, as not to bend his bow !
How shall all ages our attempt deride !
Our weakness scorn ! Antinous thus reply'd :

Not so, Eurymachus; that no man draws
The wondrous bow, attend another cause.
Sacred to Phœbus is the solemn day,
Which thoughtless we in games would waste
away: •

Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd strife forgo,
And here leave fix'd the ringlets in a row.
Now bid the sewer approach, and let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine,
So end our night: before the day shall spring,
The choicest offerings let Melanthius bring:
Let then to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs
Feed the rich smokes, high curling to the skies.
So shall the patron of these arts bestow
(For his the gift) the skill to bend the bow.

They heard well-pleas'd: the ready heralds
bring

The cleansing waters from the limpid spring:
The goblet high with rosy wine they crown'd,
In order circling to the peers around.
That rite complete, uprose the thoughtful man,
And thus his meditated scheme began!

If what I ask your noble minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!
Chief if it hurt not great Antinous' ear,
(Whose sage decision I with wonder hear)
And if Eurymachus the motion please;
Give Heaven this day, and rest the bow in peace.
To-morrow let your arms dispute the prize,
And take it he, the favour'd of the skies!
But, since till then this trial you delay,
Trust it one moment to my hands to-day.
Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
What once I was, whom wretched you despise;
If yet this arm its ancient force retain;
Or if my woes (a long-continued train)
And wants and insults, make me less than man?

Rage flash'd in lightning from the suitors' eyes,
Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprise.

Antinous then: Oh, miserable guest!
Is common sense quite banish'd from thy breast?
Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd
To fit distinguish'd, with our presence grac'd,

Admitted here with princes to confer,
A man unknown, a needy wanderer?
To copious wine this insolence we owe,

And much thy better wine can overthrow:
The great Eurytion when this frenzy stung,
Pirithous' roof with frantic riot rung;
Boundless the Centaur rag'd; till one and all
The heroes rose, and dragg'd him from the hall;

His nose they shorten'd, and his ears they slit,
And sent him sober'd home with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curs'd,
Fatal to all, but to th' aggressor first.

Such fate I prophesy our guest attends,
If here this interdicted bow he bends:
Nor shall these walls such insolence contain;
The first fair wind transports him o'er the main;
Where Echetus to death the guilty brings,
(The worst of mortals, ev'n the worst of kings.)
Better than that, if thou approve our cheer;
Cease the mad strife, and share our bounty here.

To this the queen her just dislike express'd:
'Tis impious, prince, to harm the stranger guest,
Base to insult who bears a suppliant's name,
And some respect Telemachus may claim.

What, if th' Immortals on the man bestow
Sufficient strength to draw the mighty bow,
Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
Accept a wandering stranger for my lord?
A hope so idle never touch'd his brain:
Then ease your bosoms of a fear so vain.
Far be he banish'd from this stately scene
Who wrongs his prince's with a thought so mean.

Oh fair! and wisest of so fair a kind!
(Respectful thus Eurymachus rejoind'd)
Mov'd by no weak surmise, but sense of shame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of Fame;
We dread the censure of the meanest slave,
The weakest woman: all can wrong the brave.
Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
"Of that brave chief, whose bow they could not
bend!

"In came a beggar of the strolling crew,
"And did what all those princes could not do."
Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus posterity upbraid our name.

To whom the queen: If fame engage your
views,

Forbear those acts which infamy pursues;
Wrong and oppression no renown can raise;
Know, friend! that virtue is the path to praise.
The stature of our guest, his port, his face,
Speak him descended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he desires, convey;
And to his hand if Phœbus give the day,
Hence to reward his merit he shall bear
A two-edg'd faulchion and a shining spear,
Embroider'd sandals, a rich cloak and vest,
And safe conveyance to his port of rest.

O royal mother! ever-honour'd name!
Per nit me, (cries Telemachus) to claim
A son's just right. No Grecian prince but I
Has power this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elus' courier-breeding plain;
To me alone my father's arms descend,
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire, O queen, thy household task resume,
Tend with thy maids the labours of the loom;
The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
These cares to man belong, and most to me.

Mature beyond his years, the queen admir'd
His sage reply, and with her train retir'd:
There, in her chamber as the fate apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her
heart.

On her Ulysses then the fix'd her soul,
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,
Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,
In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.
Now through the press the bow Eumæus bore,
And all was riot, noise, and wild uproar.
Hold! lawless rustic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, infernal, dost thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to some sequester'd den,
Far from the sweet society of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou shalt be made;
If Heaven and Phœbus lend the suitors aid.

Thus they. Aghast he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urg'd him on:
Proceed, false slave, and slight thy empty words;
What! hopes the fool to please so many lords?

Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand
Stretch'd forth in wrath, shall drive thee from
the land.

Oh! could the vigour of this arm as well
Th' oppressive suitors from my walls expel!
Then what a shoal of lawless men should go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below!

The suitors with a scornful smile survey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Eumæus, thus encourag'd, hastes to bring
The strife-full bow, and gives it to the king.
Old Euryclea calling them aside,
Hear what Telemachus enjoins (he cry'd);
At every portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate;
And if unusual sounds invade their ear,
If arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear,
Let none to call or issue forth presume,
But close attend the labours of the loom.

Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Clos'd in an instant were the palace gates.
In the same moment forth Philætiús flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable ties
The utmost gate (the cable strongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ship from Ægypt brought);
Then unperceiv'd and silent at the board
His seat he takes, his eyes upon his lord.

And now his well-known bow the master bore,
Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er:
Lest time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner absent and untry'd so long.
While some deriding—How he turns the bow!
Some other like it sure the man must know,
Or else would copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he steals—
Heaven to this wretch (another cry'd) be kind!
And bless, in all to which he stands inclin'd,
With such good fortune as he now shall find.

Heedless he heard them; but disdain'd reply;
The bow perusing with exactest eye.
Then, as some heavenly minstrel, taught to sing
High notes responsive to the trembling string,

To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute reits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great master drew the mighty bow:
And drew with ease. One hand aloft display'd
The bending horns, and one the string essay'd.
From his essaying hand the string let fly
Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.

A general horror ran through all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was every face.
Signs from above ensued: th' unfolding sky
In lightning burst: Jove thunder'd from on high.
Fir'd at the call of Heaven's Almighty Lord,
He snatch'd the shaft that glister'd on the board:
(Fast by the rest lay sleeping in the sheath,
But soon to fly the messengers of death).

Now sitting as he was, the cord he drew,
Through every ringlet levelling his view;
Then notch'd the shaft, releas'd, and gave it
wing;
The whizzing arrow vanish'd from the string.
Sung on direct, and threaded every ring.
The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds;
Pierc'd through and through, the solid gate re-
sounds.

Then to the prince: Nor have I wrought thee
shame;
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I lost
That ancient vigour, once my pride and boast.
Ill I deserv'd these haughty peers' disdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In sweet repast the present hour employ,
Nor wait till evening for the genial joy:
Then to the lute's soft voice prolong the night;
Music, the banquet's must refin'd delight.

He said, then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his shining sword.
Fast by his father's side he takes his stand:
The beamy javelin lightens in his hand.

B O O K XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Death of the Suitors.

Ulysses begins the slaughter of the suitors by the death of Antinous. He declares himself, and lets fly his arrows at the rest. Telemachus assists, and brings arms for his father, himself, Eumæus, and Philætiús. Melanthius does the same for the wooers. Minerva encourages Ulysses in the shape of Mentor. The suitors are all slain, only Mædon and Phemius are spared. Melanthius and the unfaithful servants are executed. The rest acknowledge their master with all demonstrations of joy.

THEW fierce the hero o'er the threshold strode;
Stripp'd of his rags, he blaz'd out like a God.
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store:
Before his feet the rattling shower he threw,
And thus, terrific, to the suitor crew:

One venturous game this hand has won to-day!
Another, princes! yet remains to play;
Another mark our arrow must attain,
Phœbus, assist! nor be the labour vain.
Swift as the word the parting arrow sings,
And bears thy fate, Antinous, on its wings!

Wretch that he was, of unprophectic soul!
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl!
Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death:
For fate who fear'd amidst a feastful band?
And Fate to numbers, by a single hand?
Full through his throat Ulysses' weapon pass'd,
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his
last.

The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
A stream of gore burst spouting from his nose;
Grim in convulsive agonies he sprawls:
Before him spurn'd the loaded table falls,
And spreads the pavement with a mingled flood
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Amaz'd, confounded, as they saw him fall,
Uprose the throngs tumultuous round the hall;
O'er all the dome they cast a haggard eye,
Each look'd for arms: in vain; no arms were nigh:
Aim'st thou at princes? (all amaz'd they said)
Thy last of games unhappy hast thou play'd;
Thy erring shaft has made our bravest bleed,
And death, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.

Vultures shall tear thee---Thus incens'd they
spoke, [stroke,
While each to chance ascrib'd the wondrous
Blind as they were; for death ev'n now invades
His destin'd prey, and wraps them all in shades.
Then, grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
That wither'd all their hearts, Ulysses spoke:

Dogs, ye have had your day; ye fear'd no more
Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore;
While, to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,
Our house, our wealth, our helpless handmaids lay:
Not so content, with bolder frenzy fir'd,
Ev'n to our bed presumptuous you aspir'd:
Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
Or shame of men, or dread of Gods above:
Heedless alike of infamy or praise,
Or Fame's eternal voice in future days:
The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
Impending fate is yours, and instant doom.
Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the suitors stood,
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood:
Trembling they sought their guilty heads to hide,
Alone the bold Eurymachus reply'd:

If, as thy words impart, (he thus began)
Ulysses lives, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs, and much hast thou suf-
tain'd

In thy spoil'd palace, and exhausted land;
'The cause and author of those guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjust Atreus bleeds.
Not love, but wild ambition was his guide;
To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide, }
These were his aims; but juster Jove deny'd.
Since cold in death th' offender lies: oh, spare
Thy suppliant people, and receive their prayer!
Bribs, gold, and treasures, shall the spoil defray, }
Two hundred oxen every prince shall pay:
The waste of years refunded in a day.
Till then thy wrath is just---Ulysses burn'd
With high disdain, and sternly thus return'd:

All, all the treasures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
If offer'd, vainly should for mercy call;
'Tis you that offer, and I scorn them all;

Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,
Till pale as yonder wretch each suitor lies.
Hence with those coward terms; or fight or fly;
This choice is left you, to resist or die;
And die I trust ye shall.---He sternly spoke:
With guilty fears the pale assembly shook.
Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train:
Yon archer, comrades, will not shoot in vain;
But from the threshold shall his darts be sped,
(Whoe'er he be) till every prince lie dead?
Be mindful of yourselves, draw forth your swords.
And to his shafts obtend these ample boards
(So need compels). Then all united strive
The bold invader from his post to drive;
The city roas'd shall to our rescue haste,
And this mad archer soon have shot his last.

Swift as he spoke, he drew his traitor sword,
And like a lion rush'd against his lord:

The wary chief the rushing foe repels'd,
Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breast:
His falling hand deserts the lifted sword,
And prone he falls extended o'er the board!
Before him wide, in mix'd effusion, roll
Th' untasted viands, and the jovial bowl.

Full through his liver pass'd the mortal wound,
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground,
He spurn'd the seat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce soul to darkness divid'd, and hell.
Next bold Amphinomus his arm extends
To force the pass; the godlike man defends.
Thy spear, Telemachus! prevents th' attack,
The brazen weapon driving through his back,
Thence thro' his breast its bloody passage tore;
Flat falls he thundering on the marble floor,
And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with
gore. }

He left his javelin in the dead, for fear
The long incumbrance of the weighty spear
To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
To rush between and use the shorten'd sword.
With speedy ardour to his fire he flies,
And, arm, great father! arm (in haste he cries.)
Lo! hence I run for other arms to wield,
For missile javelins, and for helm and shield;
Fast by our side let either faithful swain
In arms attend us, and their part sustain.

Haste and return (Ulysses made reply)
While yet th' auxiliar shafts this hand supply;
Left thus alone, encounter'd by an host,
Driv'n from the gate, th' important pass be lost.

With speed Telemachus obeys, and flies
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies;
Four brazen helmets, eight resplendent spears,
And four broad bucklers, to his fire he bears:
At once in brazen panoply they shone,
At once each servant brac'd his armour on;
Around their king a faithful guard they stand,
While yet each shaft flew deathful from his
hand:

Chief after chief expir'd at every wound,
And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.
Soon as his store of flying fates was spent,
Against the wall he set the bow unbent:
And now his shoulders bear the massy shield,
And now his hands two beamy javelins wield:
He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd
O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade.

There stood a window near, whence looking down
From o'er the porch appear'd the subject town.
A double strength of valves secur'd the place,
A high and narrow, but the only pass:
The cautious king, with all-preventing care,
To guard that outlet, plac'd Eumæus there:
When Agelaüs thus: Has none the sense
To mount yon window, and alarm from thence
The neighbour-town? The town shall force the door,

And this bold archer soon shall shoot no more.
Melanthius then: That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins, that one may guard the strait.
But other methods of defence remain,
Myself with arms can furnish all the train;
Stores from the royal magazine I bring,
And their own darts shall pierce the prince and king.

He said; and, mounting up the lofty stairs,
Twelve shields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets
bears:

All arm, and sudden round the hall appears
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of spears.

The hero stands oppress'd with mighty woe,
On every side he sees the labour grow:
Oh curs'd event! and, oh! unlook'd for aid!
Melanthius, or the woman have betray'd—
Oh, my dear son!—the father with a sigh!
'Then ceas'd; the filial virtue made reply:

Faithhood is folly, and 'tis just to own
The fault committed; this was mine alone;
My haste neglected yonder door to bar,
And hence the villain has supply'd their war.
Run, good Eumæus, then, and (what before
I thoughtless err'd in) well secure that door:
Learn, if by female fraud this deed were done,
Or (as my thought misgives) by Dolius' son.

While yet they spoke, in quest of arms again,
To the high chamber stole the faithless swain,
Not unobserv'd. Eumæus watchful ey'd,
And thus address'd Ulysses near his side:

The miscreant we suspected takes that way;
Him, if this arm be powerful, shall I slay?
Or drive him hither, to receive the meed
From thy own hand, of this detested deed?

Not so (reply'd Ulysses) eave him there,
For us sufficient is another care:
Within the structure of this palace wall
To keep enclos'd his masters till they fall.
Go you, and seize the felon; backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;
On this his body by strong cords extend
And on a column near the roof suspend!
So study'd tortures his vile days shall end.

The ready swains obey'd with joyful haste,
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they pass'd,
As round the room in quest of arms he goes
(The half-shut door conceal'd his lurking foes):
One hand sustain'd a helm, and one the shield
Which old Laertes wout in youth to wield,
Cover'd with dust, with dryness chapt and worn,
The braß corroded and the leather torn:
Thus laden, o'er the threshold as he stepp'd,
Fierce on the villain from each side they leap'd,
Back by the hair the trembling dastard drew,
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.

Active and pleas'd the zealous swains fulfil
At every point their master's rigid will:
First, fast behind, his hands and feet they bound,
Then frighten'd cords involv'd his body round:
So drawn aloft, athwart the column ty'd,
The howling felon swung from side to side.

Eumæus scoffing then with keen disdain:
There pass thy pleasing night, O gentle swain!
On that soft pillow, from that envy'd height
First may'st thou see the springing dawn of light;
So timely rise, when morning streaks the east,
To drive the victims to the suitors' feast.

This said, they left him, tortur'd as he lay,
Secur'd the door, and hasty strode away:
Each, breathing death, refus'd his dangerous post
Near great Ulysses; four against an host.
When, lo! descending to our hero's aid
Jove's daughter Pallas, War's triumphant Maid,
In Mentor's friendly form the join'd his side;
Ulysses saw, and thus with transport cry'd:

Come, ever welcome, and thy succour lends
Oh, every sacred name in one! my friend!
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown:
Whate'er through life's whole series I have done,
Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
And, aiding this one hour, repay it all.

Thus he; but pleasing hopes his bosom warm
Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.

The adverse host the phantom warrior ey'd,
And first, loud threatening, Agelaüs cry'd:

Mentor, beware! nor let that tongue persuade
Thy frantic arm to lend Ulysses aid;
Our force successful shall our threat make good,
And with the fire and son's commix thy blood.
What hop'st thou here? Thee first the sword shall
Then lop thy whole posterity away; [flav.
Far hence thy banish'd consort shall we send;
With his, thy forfeit lands and treasures blend:
Thus, and thus only, shalt thou join thy friend. }

His barbarous insult ev'n the Goddess fires,
Who thus the warrior to revenge inspires:

Art thou Ulysses? where then shall we find
The patient body and the constant mind?
That courage, once the Trojans daily dread,
Known nine long years, and felt by heroes dead?
And where that conduct, which reveng'd the lust
Of Priam's race, and laid proud Troy in dust?
If this, when Helen was the cause, were done;
What for thy country now, thy queen, thy son?
Rise then in combat, at my side attend;
Observe what vigour gratitude can lend,
And foes how weak, oppos'd against a friend! }

She spoke; but, willing longer to survey
The sire and son's great acts, withheld the day;
By farther toils decreed the brave to try,
And level pois'd the wings of victory:
Then with a change of form eludes their sight,
Perch'd like a swallow on a rafter's height,
And unperceiv'd enjoys the rising fight. }

Damastio's son, bold Agelaüs, leads
The guilty war; Eurynomus succeeds;
With these, Pisander, great Polyctor's son,
Sage Polybus, and stern Amphidon;
With Demoptolemus: these six survive;
The best of all, the shafts had left alive.
Amidst the carnage desperate as they stand,
Thus Agelaüs rous'd the lagging band.

The hour is come, when yon fierce man no more
With bleeding princes shall bestrow the floor.
Lo! Mentor leaves him with an empty boast;
The four remain, but four against an host.
Let each at once discharge the deadly dart,
One sure of six shall reach Ulysses' heart:
The rest must perish, their great leader slain;
Thus shall one stroke the glory lost regain.

Then all at once their mingled lances threw,
And thirsty all of one man's blood they flew;
In vain! Minerva turn'd them with her breath,
And scatter'd short, or wide, the points of death;
With deaden'd sound, one on the threshold falls,
One strikes the gate, one rings against the walls:
The storm pass'd innocent. The godlike man
Now lofter trod, and dreadful thus began:
'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw
(So speed them Heaven) our javelins at the foe.
That impious race to all their pals'd misdeeds
Would add our blood. Injustice still proceeds.

He spoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
Great Demoptolemus Ulysses slew;
Euryades receiv'd the prince's dart;
The goatherd's quiver'd in Pisander's heart;
Fierce Elatus by 'hine, Eumæus, falls;
Their fall in thunder echoes round the walls.
The rest retreat: the victors now advance,
Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.
Again the foe discharge the steely shower;
Again made frustrate by the Virgin-power.
Some, turn'd by Pallas, on the threshold fall;
Some wound the gate, some ring against the wall;
Some weak, or ponderous with the brazen head,
Drop harmless on the pavement sounding dead.

Then bold Amphimedon his javelin cast;
Thy hand, Telemachus, it lightly raz'd:
And from Ctesippus' arm the spear elanc'd
On good Eumæus' shield and shoulder glanc'd:
Not lessen'd of their force (so slight the wound)
Each fung along, and dropp'd upon the ground.
Fate doom'd the next, Eurydamus, to bear
Thy death, ennobled by Ulysses' spear.
By the bold son Amphimedon was slain:
And Polybus renown'd the faithful swain.
Pierc'd through the breast the rude Ctesippus bled,
And thus Philætiüs gloried o'er the dead.

There end thy pompous vaunts and high dis-
Oh! sharp in scandal, voluble, and vain! [dain;
How weak is mortal pride! To Heaven alone
Th' event of actions and our fates are known;
Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear:
The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear.

Ulysses brandish'd high his vengeful steel,
And Damastordes that instant fell;
Fast-by Leocritus expiring lay,
The prince's javelin tore its bloody way
Through all its bowels: down he tumbles prone,
His batter'd front and brains besmear the stone.

Now Pallas shines confess'd! aloft she spreads
The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
The dreadful ægis blazes in their eye;
Amaz'd they see, they tremble, and they fly:
Confus'd, distracted, through the rooms they
sing,
Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's sting,
When sultry days, and long, succeed the gentle
spring.

Not half so keen fierce vultures of the chase
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,
When, the wide field extended snares beset,
With conscious dread they shun the quivering net:
No help, no flight: but, wounded every way,
Headlong they drop: the fowlers seize the prey.
On all sides thus they double wound on wound,
In prostrate heaps the wretches beat the ground,
Unmanly shrieks precede each dying groan,
And a red deluge floats the reeking stone.

Leiodes first before the victor falls;
The wretched augur thus for mercy calls:
Oh gracious hear! nor let thy suppliant bleed:
Still undishonour'd, or by word or deed,
Thy house, for me, remains; by me repress'd
Full oft was check'd th' injustice of the rest:
Averie they heard me when I counsell'd well,
Their hearts were harden'd, and they justly fell.
Oh! spare an augur's consecrated head,
Nor add the blameless to the guilty dead!

Priest as thou art! for that detested band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land:
Against Ulysses have thy vows been made,
For them, thy daily orisons were paid:
Yet more, ev'n to our bed thy pride aspires:
One common crime one common fate requires.

Thus speaking, from the ground the sword he
took
Which Agelaüs' dying hand forsook;
Full through his neck the weighty faulchion sped:
Along the pavement roll'd the muttering head.

Phemius alone the hand of vengeance spar'd,
Phemius the sweet, the Heaven-instructed bard.
Beside the gate the reverend minstrel stands;
The lyre, now silent, trembling in his hands;
Dubious to supplicate the chief, or fly
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,
Where oft Lærtæus holy vows had paid,
And oft Ulysses smoking victims laid.
His honour'd harp with care he first set down,
Between the laver and the silver throne;
Then prostrate stretch'd before the dreadful man,
Persuasive, thus with accent soft began:

O king! to mercy be thy soul inclin'd,
And spare the poet's ever-gentle kind;
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong;
For dear to Gods and men is sacred song.
Self-taught I sing; by Heaven, and Heaven alone,
The genuine seeds of poetry are sown;
And (what the Gods bestow) the lofty lay,
The Gods alone, and godlike worth, we pay.
Save then the poet, and thyself reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I sung, was force, and not desire;
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire;
And let thy son attest, nor sordid pay,
Nor servile flattery, stain'd the moral lay.

The moving words Telemachus attends,
His fire approaches, and the bard descends.
Oh! mix not, Father, with those impious dead
The man divine; forbear that sacred head!
Medon, the herald, too our arms may spare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy son to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.

Beneath a table, trembling with dismay,
Couch'd close to earth, unhappy Medon lay,

POPE'S HOMER.

Wrapp'd in a new-lain ox's ample hide :
Swift at the word he cast his screen aside,
Sprung to the prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,
And thus with grateful voice address'd his ears :

O prince ! O friend ! lo ! here thy Medon
stands ;

Ah ! stop the hero's unresist'd hands,
Incens'd too justly by that impious brood
Whose guilty glories now are set in blood.

To whom Ulysses with a pleasing eye :
Be bold, on friendship and my son rely ;
Live an example for the world to read,
How much more safe the good than evil deed :
Thou, with the Heaven-taught Bard, in peace
resort

From blood and carnage to yon open court :
Me other work requires---With timorous awe
From the dire scene th' exempted two withdraw,
Scarce sure of life, look round, and trembling move
To the bright altars of Protector Jove.

Mean while Ulysses search'd the dome, to find
If yet there live of all th' offending kind.

Not one ! complete the bloody tale he found,
All steep'd in blood, all gasping on the ground.
So when, by hollow shores, the filter train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And scarce the melfy toils the copious draught
contain,

All naked of their element, and bare,
The fishes pant and gasp in thinner air ;
Wide o'er the sands are spread the stiffening prey,
Till the warm sun exhales their soul away.

And now the king commands his son to call
Old Euryclea to the deathful hall :
The son observant not a moment stays :
The aged governess with speed obeys :
The founding portals instant they display ;
The matron moves, the prince directs the way.
On heaps of death the stern Ulysses stood,
All black with dust, and cover'd thick with blood.
So the grim lion from the slaughter comes,
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams,
His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black
gore.

Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed complete ;
A scream of joy her feeble voice essay'd :
The hero check'd her, and compos'dly said---
Woman, experienc'd as thou art, control
Indecent joy, and feast thy secret soul.

T' insult the dead, is cruel and unjust ;
Fate and their crime have sunk them to the dust.
Nor heeded these the censure of mankind ;
The good and bad were equal in their mind.
Justly the price of worthlessness they paid,
And each now wails an unlamented shade.
But thou, sincere, O Euryclea ! say
What maids dishonour us, and what obey ?

Then she : In these thy kingly walls remain
(My son) full fifty of the handmaid train,
Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or weave,
And servitude with pleasing tasks deceive ;
Of thee, twice fix pursue their wicked way,
Nor me, nor chaste Penelope obey ;
Nor fits it that Telemachus command
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.

Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
Where slumbers soft now close the royal eye ;
There wake her with the news---the matron
cry'd.

Not so, (Ulysses more sedate reply'd)
Bring first the crew who wrought these guilty
deeds :

In haste the matron parts ; the king proceeds :

Now to dispose the dead, the care remains
To you, my son, and you, my faithful swains ;
Th' offending females to that task we doom,
To wash, to scent, and purify the room.
These (every table cleans'd, and every throne,
And all the melancholy labour done)
Drive to yon court, without the palace wall,
There the revenging sword shall smite them all ;
So with the suitors let them mix in dust,
Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their lust.

He said : the lamentable train appear,
Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear ;
Each heav'd her mournful burthen, and beneath
The porch, depos'd the ghastly heaps of death.
The chief severe, compelling each to move,
Urg'd the dire task imperious from above.
With thirsty sponge they rub the tables o'er,
(The swains unite their toil) the walls, the
floor, [gore.

Wash'd with th' effusive wave, are purg'd of
Once more the palace set in fair array,
To the base court the females take their way :
There compass'd close beneath the dome and wall,
(Their life's last scene) they trembling wait their
fall.

Then thus the prince : To these shall we afford !
A fate so pure as by the martial sword !
To these, the nightly prostitutes to shame,
And base revilers of our house and name ?

Thus speaking, on the circling wall he
A ship's tough cable, from a column hung ;
Near the high top he strain'd it strongly round,
Whence no contending foot could reach the
ground.

Their heads above connected in a row,
They beat the air with quivering feet below :
Thus, on some tree hung struggling in the snare,
The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air.
Soon fled the soul impure, and left behind
The empty corse to waver with the wind.

Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
Their bloody work : they lopp'd away the man,
Morsel for dogs ! then trimm'd with brazen
sheers

The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears ;
His hands and feet last felt the cruel steel :
He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to hell---
He wash, and to Ulysses take their way ;
So ends the bloody business of the day.

To Euryclea then address'd the king :
Bring hither fire, and hither sulphur bring,
To purge the palace : then, the queen attend,
And let her with her matron-train descend ;
The matron-train, with all the virgin-band,
Assemble here to learn their lord's command.
Then Euryclea : Joyful I obey,
But cast those mean dishonest rags away ;
Permit me first the royal robes to bring :
Ill suits this garb the shoulders of a king.

* Bring sulphur straight, and fire; (the monarch tries)

She hears, and at the word obedient flies.
With fire and sulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
He purg'd the walls, and blood-polluted rooms.
Again the matron springs with eager pace,
And spreads her lord's return from place to place.

They hear, rush forth, and instant round him stand

A gazing throng, a torch in every hand.
They saw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kiss'd his knee, or hand, or face;
He knows them all; in all such truth appears,
Ev'n he indulges the sweet joy of tears.

B O O K XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT

Eutyclea awakens Penelope with the news of Ulysses's return, and the death of the suitors. Penelope scarcely credits her; but supposes some God has punished them, and descends from her apartment in doubt. At the first interview of Ulysses and Penelope, she is quite unsatisfied. Minerva restores him to the beauty of his youth; but the queen continues incredulous, till by some circumstances she is convinced, and falls into all the transports of passion and tenderness. They recount to each other all that has past during their long separation. The next morning Ulysses, arming himself and his friends, goes from the city to visit his father.

THEN to the queen as in repose she lay,
The nurse with eager rapture speeds her way;
The transports of her faithful heart supply
A sudden youth, and give her wings to fly.

And sleeps my child? the reverend matron cries:
Ulysses lives! arise, my child, arise!
At length appears the long-expected hour!
Ulysses comes! the suitors are no more!
No more they view the golden light of day!
A wife, and blest thee with the glad survey!

Touch'd at her words, the mournful queen re-join'd,

Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
The righteous Powers, who tread the stairy skies,
The weak enlighten, and confound the wise,
And human thought with unresist'd sway,
Depress or raise, enlarge or take away:
Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forsakes,
And Folly, with the tongue of Wisdom, speaks:
Unkind, the fond illusion to impose!

Was it to flatter or deride my woes?
Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy,
Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy,
Why must I wake to grieve; and curse thy shore,
O Troy!—may never tongue pronounce thee more!

Be gone: another might have felt our rage,
But age is sacred, and we spare thy age.

To whom with warmth: My soul a lie disdains;
Ulysses lives, thy own Ulysses reigns:
That stranger, patient of the suitors' wrongs,
And the rude licence of ungovern'd tongues,
He, he is thine. Thy son his latent guest
Long knew, but lock'd the secret in his breast;
With well-concerted art to end his woes,
And burst at once in vengeance on the foes.

While yet she spoke, the queen in transport sprung
Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung;
Fast from her eye descends the rolling tear,
Say, once more say, is my Ulysses here?

TRANS.

How could that numerous and outrageous band
By one be slain, though by an hero's hand?

I saw it not, she cries, but heard alone,
When death was busy, a loud dying groan;
The damsel-train turn'd pale at every wound,
Immur'd we sat, and catch'd each passing sound;
When death had seiz'd her prey, thy son attends,
And at his nod the damsel-train descends;
There terrible in arms Ulysses stood,
And the dead suitors almost swam in blood;
Thy heart had leap'd, the hero to survey,
Stern as the surly lion o'er his prey,
Glorious in gore now with sulphureous fires
The dome he purges, now the flame aspires:
Heap'd lie the dead without the palace walls,—
Haste, daughter, haste, thy own Ulysses calls!
Thy every with the bounteous Gods bestow,
Enjoy the present good, and former woe;
Ulysses lives, his vanquish'd foes to see;
He lives to thy Telemachus and thee!

Ah! no; with sighs Penelope rejoin'd,
Excess of joy disturbs thy wandering mind;
How blest's this happy hour, should he appear,
Dear to us all, to me supremely dear!
Ah! no; some God the suitors' deaths decreed,
Some God defends, and by his hand they bleed;
Blind! to condemn the stranger's righteous cause,
And violate all hospitable laws!
The good they hated, and the Powers defy'd;
But Heaven is just, and by a God they dy'd.
For never must Ulysses view this shore;
Never! the lov'd Ulysses is no more!
What words (the matron cries) have each'd
my ears?

Doubt we his presence, when he now appears!
Then hear conviction: Ere the fatal day
That forc'd Ulysses o'er the watery way,
A boar fierce-rushing in the sylvan war
Plough'd half his thigh; I saw, I saw the scar,
And wold with transport had reveal'd the wound;
But ere I spoke, he rose, and check'd the sound.

S

*Then, daughter, haste away! and if a lie
Flow from this tongue, then let thy servant die!

To whom with dubious joy the queen replies:
Wife is thy soul, but errors seize the wife;
The works of Gods what mortal can survey?
Who knows their motives? who shall trace their way

But learn we instant how the suitors trod
The paths of death, by man, or by a God.

Thus speaks the queen, and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear descends;
At every step debates her lord to prove!
Or, rushing to his arms, confess her love!
Then gliding through the marble valves, in state
Oppos'd, before the flaming fire she fate.
The monarch, by a column high enthron'd,
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;
Curious to hear his queen the silence break:
Amaz'd she fate, and impotent to speak;
O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.

At length Telemachus—Oh! who can find
A woman like Penelope unkind?
Why thus in silence? why with winning charms
Thus slow, to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breast that with no transport glows,
When twice ten years are pass'd of mighty woes:
To softness lost, to spousal love unknown,
The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of stone!

O my Telemachus! the queen rejoind,
Distracting fears confound my labouring mind;
Powerless to speak, I scarce uplift my eyes,
Nor dare to question; doubts on doubts arise.
Oh! deign he, if Ulysses, to remove
These boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!

Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the king replies,
Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wile;
Time shall the truth to sure remembrance bring:
This garb of poverty belies the king;
No more.—This day our deepest care requires,
Cautious to act what thought mature inspires.
If one man's blood, though mean, distain our hands,

The homicide retreats to foreign lands;
By us, in heaps th' illustrious peerage falls,
Th' important deed our whole attention calls.

Be that thy care, Telemachus replies,
The world conspires to speak Ulysses wife;
For wisdom all is thine! lo, I obey,
And dauntless follow where you lead the way;
Nor shalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward son degenerate lag behind.

Then instant to the bath (the monarch cries)
Bid the gay youth and sprightly virgins rise,
Thence all descend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome resound the mirthful lay;
While the swift lyrist airs of rapture sings,
And forms the dance responsive to the strings.
That hence th' eluded passengers may say,
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!
The suitors' death unknown, till we remove
Far from the court, and act inspir'd by Jove.

Thus spoke the king: th' observant train obey,
At once they bathe, and dress in proud array:
The lyrist strikes the string; gay youths advance,
And fair-son'd damsels form the sprightly dance.

The voice attun'd to instrumental sounds,
Ascends the roof; the vaulted roof rebounds;
Not unobserv'd: the Greeks eluded say
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!
Inconstant! to admit the bridal hour.

Thus they—but nobly chaste the weds no more.

Mean while the weary'd king the bath ascends;
With faithful cares Euryome attends,
O'er every limb a shower of fragrance sheds:
Then, dress'd in pomp, magnificent he treads.
The Warrior-Goddes gives his frame to shine
With a majestic enlarg'd, and grace divine.
Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly,
His thick large locks of hyacinthine dye.
As by some artist, to whom Vulcan gives
His heavenly skill, a breathing image lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould,
And the pale silver glows with fusile gold:
So Pallas his heroic form improves
With bloom divine, and like a God he moves;
More high he treads, and issuing forth in state,
Radiant before his gazing consort fate.

And, O my queen! he cries, what power above
Has steel'd that heart, averse to spousal love!
Canst thou, Penelope, when Heaven restores
Thy lost Ulysses to his native shores,
Canst thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd survey
Thy lost Ulysses, on this signal day?
Haste, Euryclea, and dispatchful spread
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed:
My weary nature craves the balm of rest:
But Heaven with adamant has arm'd her breast.

Ah! no; she cries, a tender heart I bear,
A foe to pride; no adamant is there;
And now, ev'n now it melts! for sure I see
Once more Ulysses, my belov'd, in thee!
Fix'd in my soul as when he sail'd to Troy,
His image dwells: then haste the bed of joy!
Haste, from the bridal bower the bed translate,
Fram'd by his hand, and be it dress'd in state!

Thus speaks the queen, still dubious, with disguise;
Touch'd at her words, the king with warmth replies:

Alas, for this! what mortal strength can move
The enormous burthen, who but Heaven above?
It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;
But the whole earth must move, if Heaven commands.

Then hear sure evidence, while we display
Words seal'd with sacred truth, and truth obey:
This hand the wonder-fram'd; an olive spread
Full in the court its ever verdant head.
Vast as some mighty column's bulk, on high
The huge trunk rose, and heav'd into the sky;
Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bower,
And roof'd defensive of the storm and shower;
The spacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins;
And the fair dome with polish'd marble shines.
I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and smooth'd the shining grain;
Then posts, capacious of the frame, I rais'd,
And bore it, regular, from space to space:
Athwart the frame, at equal distance, lie
Thongs of tough hides, that boast a purple dye;
Then, polishing the whole, the finish'd mould
With silver shone, with elephant, and gold

But if o'erturn'd by rude, ungovern'd hands,
Or still inviolate the olive stands,
'Tis thine, O queen, to say : and now impart;
If fears remain, or doubts distract thy heart ?

While yet he speaks, her powers of life decay,
She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away ;
At length recovering, to his arms she flew,
And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew :
The tears pour'd down amain : and, Oh ! she
cries,

Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise !
Oh ! vers'd in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart !
The righteous Powers, that mortal lots dispose,
Decree us to sustain a length of woes,
And from the flower of life, the bliss deny
To bloom together, fade away, and die.
Oh ! let me, let me not thine anger move,
'That I forbore, thus, thus to speak my love ;
Thus in fond kisses, while the transport warms,
Pour out my soul, and die within thy arms !
I dreaded fraud ! Men, faithless men, betray
Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey :
Against the fondness of my heart I strove,
'Twas caution, O my lord ! not want of love :
Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
Ere the fair mischief set two worlds in arms ;
Ere Greece rose dreadful in th' avenging day ;
Thus had she fear'd, she had not gone astray.
But Heaven, averse to Greece, in wrath decreed
That she should wander, and that Greece should
bleed :

Blind to the ill : that from injustice flow,
She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.
But why these sorrows when my lord arrives ?
I yield ! I yield ! my own Ulysses lives !
The secrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to Actoris alone,
(My father's present in the spousal hour,
The sole attendant on our genial bower).
Since what no eye has seen thy tongue reveal'd,
Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield.

Touch'd to the soul, the king with rapture
hears, [tears.
Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy in
As to the shipwreck'd mariner, the shores
Delightful rise, when angry Neptune roars ;
Then, when the surge in thunder mounts the sky,
And gulf'd in crowds at once the sailors die ;
If one more happy, while the tempest raves,
Out-lives the tumult of conflicting waves,
All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the strand,
And plunging forth with transport grasps the land :
The ravish'd queen with equal rapture glows,
Clasps her lov'd lord, and to his bosom grows.
Nor had they ended till the morning ray :
But Pallas backward held the rising day,
The wheels of night retarding, to detain
The gay Aurora in the wavy main :
Whole flaming steeds, emerging through the night,
Beam o'er the eastern hills with streaming light.

At length Ulysses with a sigh replies :
Yet Fate, yet cruel Fate, repose denies ;
A labour long, and hard, remains behind ;
By Heaven above, by Hell beneath enjoin'd :
For, to Tiresias through th' eternal gates
Of hell I trode, to learn my future fates.

But end we here—the night demands repose,
Be deck'd the couch ! and peace a while, my woes !

To whom the queen : Thy word we shall obey,
And deck the couch ; far hence be wots away ;
Since the just Gods, who tread the starry plains,
Restore thee safe, since my Ulysses reigns.

But what those perils Heaven decrees, impart ;
Knowledge may grieve, but fear distracts the heart,

To this the king : Ah ! why must I disclose
A dreadful story of approaching woes ?
Why in this hour of transport wound thy ears,
When thou must learn what I must speak with
tears ?

Heaven, by the Theban ghost, thy spouse decrees,
Torn from thy arms, to sail a length of seas ;
From realm to realm a nation to explore
Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,
Nor saw gay vessel stem the surgy plain,
A painted wonder, flying on the main ;
An oar my hand must bear ; a shepherd eyes
The unknown instrument with strange surprise,
And calls a corn-van : this upon the plain
I fix, and hail the monarch of the main ;
Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar :

Thence swift re-sailing to my native shores,
Due victims slay to all the ethereal Powers.
Then Heaven decrees in peace to end my days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays ;
Unknown to pain, in age resign my breath,
When late stern Neptune points the shaft of death ;
To the dark grave retiring as to rest ;
My people blessing, by my people blest'd. [play
Such future scenes th' all-righteous Powers dis-
By their dread * fear, and such my future day.

To whom thus firm of soul : If ripe for death,
And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath :
While Heaven a kind release from ills foreshows ;
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes !

But Euryclea with dispatchful care,
And sage Eurynomê, the couch prepare :
Instant they bid the blazing torch display
Around the dome an artificial day ;
Then to repose her steps the matron bends, *
And to the queen Eurynomê descends ;
A torch she bears, to light with guiding fires
The royal pair ; she guides them, and retires.
Then instant his fair spouse Ulysses led
To the chaste love-rites of the nuptial bed.

And now the blooming youths and sprightly fair
Cease the gay dance, and to their rest repair ;
But in discourse the king and consort lay,
While the soft hours stole unperceiv'd away :
Intent he hears Penelope disclose
A mournful story of domestic woes,
His servants insults, his invaded bed,
How his whole flocks and herds exhausted bled,
His generous wines dishonour'd shed in vain,
And the wild riots of the suitor train.

The king alternate a dire tale relates,
Of wars, of triumphs, and disastrous fates ;
All he unfolds ; his listening spouse turns pale
With pleasing horror at the dreadful tale !
Sleepless devours each word ; and hears how
plain

Ciccons on Ciccons swell th' ensanguin'd plain ;
* Tiresias.

How to the land of Lote unblest he sails :
 And images the rills, and flowery vales !
 How, dash'd like dogs, his friends the Cyclops tore,
 (Not unreveng'd) and quaff'd the spouting gore ;
 How, the loud storms in prison bound, he sails
 From friendly Æolus with prosperous gales ;
 Yet Fate withstands ! a sudden tempest roars,
 And whirls him groaning from his native shores :
 How, on the barbarous Læstrigian coast,
 By savage hands his fleet and friends he lost ;
 How scarce himself surviv'd ; he paints the bower,
 The spells of Circe, and her magic power ;
 His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
 To seek Tiresias in the vales of death ;
 How, in the doleful mansions he survey'd
 His royal mother, pale Anticlea's shade ;
 And friends in battle slain, heroic ghosts !
 Then how, unarm'd, he pass'd the Syren-coasts,
 The jutting rocks where fierce Charybdis raves,
 And howling Scylla whirls her thunderous waves,
 The cave of death ! How his companions slay
 The oxen sacred to the God of Day,
 Till Jove in wrath the rattling tempest guides,
 And whelms th' offenders in the roaring tides :
 How, struggling through the surge, he reach'd the
 shores
 Of fair Ogygia, and Calypso's bowers ;
 Where the gay blooming nymph constrain'd his
 stay,
 With sweet reluctant amorous delay ;
 And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow
 Immortal life, exempt from age and woe :
 How, sav'd from storms, Phœacia's coasts he trod,
 By great Alcinoüs honour'd as a God,

Who gave him last his country to behold,
 With change of raiment, brais, and heaps of gold ;
 He ended, sinking into sleep, and shares
 A sweet forgetfulness of all his cares.
 Soon as soft slumber eav'd the toils of day,
 Minerva rushes through the aerial way,
 And bids Aurora, with her golden wheels,
 Flame from the ocean o'er the eastern hills :
 Uprose Ulysses from the genial bed,
 And thus with thought mature the monarch said :
 My Queen ! my Comfort ! through a length of
 years,

We drank the cup of sorrow mix'd with tears,
 Thou, for thy lord : while mēt'h' immortal Power
 Detain'd reluctant from my native shores.
 Now, blest again by Heaven, the queen display,
 And rule our palace with an equal sway :
 Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
 To throng my empty folds with gifts or spoils.
 But now I haste to blest Laertes' eyes
 With sight of his Ulysses ere he dies ;
 The good old man, to wasting woes a prey,
 Weeps a sad life in solitude away. [so]
 But hear, though wife ! This morning shall we
 The deathful scene ; on heroes, heroes roll'd.
 Thou with thy maids within the palace stay,
 From all the scene of tumult far away !

He spoke, and sheath'd in arms incessant flies
 To wake his son, and bid his friends arise.
 To arms ! aloud he cries ; his friends obey,
 With glittering arms their manly limbs array,
 And pass the city gate ; Ulysses leads the way.
 Now flames the rosy dawn, but Pallas shrouds
 The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.

B O O K XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The souls of the suitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal shades. Ulysses in the country ; to the retirement of his father Laertes ; he finds him busied in his garden all alone : the manne his discovery to him is beautifully described. They return together to his lodge, and the king is knowledged by Dolius and the servants. The Ithaceniens, led by Eupithes, the father of Antirise against Ulysses, who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laertes : and the God Pallas makes a lasting peace between Ulysses and his subjects, which concludes the Odyssey.

CYLLENIUS now to Pluto's dreary reign
 Conveys the dead, a lamentable train !
 The golden wand, that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,
 That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day ;
 Points out the long uncomfortable way.
 Trembling the spectres glide, and plaintive vent
 Thin, hollow screams, along the deep descent.
 As in the cavern of some rifted den,
 Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obscene ;
 Cluster'd they hang, till at some sudden shock,
 They move, and murmurs run through all the rock ;
 So cowering fled the sable heaps of ghosts,
 And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coasts.
 And now they reach'd the earth's remotest ends,
 And now the gates where evening Sol descends,

And Leucas' rock, and Ocean's utmost stream
 And now pervade the dusky land of Dreams,
 And rest at last, where souls unbodied dwell
 In ever-flowering meads of asphodel.
 The empty forms of men inhabit there,
 Impassive semblance, imager of air !
 Nought else are all that thin'd on earth before
 Ajax and great Achilles are no more !
 Yet, still a master ghost, the rest he aw'd,
 The rest ador'd him, towering as he trod ;
 Still at his side in Nestor's son survey'd,
 And lov'd Patroclus still attends his shade.

New as they were to that infernal shore,
 The suitors stopp'd, and gaz'd the hero o'er,
 When, moving slow, the regal form they vie
 Of great Atreides ; him in pomp pursued

And solemn sadness through the gloom of hell,
The train of those who by Ægyptus fell.

O mighty chief! (Pelides thus began)
Honour'd by Jove above the lot of man!
King of a hundred kings! to whom resign'd
The strongest, bravest, greatest of mankind.
Com'it thou the first to view this dreary state?
And was the noblest the first mark of Fate?
Condemn'd to pay the great arrears so soon,
The lot, which all lament, and none can shun;
Oh! better hadst thou sunk in Trojan ground,
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes might
raise

Historic marbles to record thy praise:
Thy praise eternal on the faithful stone
Had with transmissive glories grac'd thy son.
But heavier fates were defin'd to attend:
What man is happy, till he knows his end?
O son of Peleus! greater than mankind!
(Thus Agamemnon's kingly shade rejoins)
Thrice happy thou! to press the martial plain
Midst heaps of heroes in thy quarrel slain:
In clouds of smoke rais'd by the noble fray,
Great and terrific ev'n in death you lay, [way. }
And deluges of blood flow'd round you every }
Nor ceas'd the strife, till Jove himself oppos'd,
And all in tempests the dire evening clos'd.
Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load,
And decent on the funeral bed bestow'd.
Then unguents sweet and tepid streams we shed; }
Tears flow'd from every eye, and o'er the dead }
Each clapt the curling honours of his head. }
Struck at the news thy azure Mother came:
The sea-green sisters waited on the dame:
A voice of loud lament through all the main
Was heard: and terror seiz'd the Grecian train:
Back to their ships the frighted host had fled;
But Nestor spoke, they listen'd, and obey'd.
(From old experience Nestor's counsel springs,
And long vicissitudes of human things.)
"Forbear your flight: fair Thetis from the main,
"To mourn Achilles, leads her azure train."
Around thee stand the daughters of the deep,
Robe thee in heavenly vests, and round thee weep,
Round thee, the Mutes, with alternate strain,
In ever-consecrating verse, complain.
Each warlike Greek the moving music hears,
And iron-hearted heroes melt in tears.
Till seventeen nights and seventeen days return'd,
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.
To flames we gave thee, the succeeding day,
And fattest sheep and fable oxen slay;
With oils and honey blaze th' augmented fires.
And, like a God adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pile
Urge the fleet courser o'er the racer's toil;
Thick clouds of dust o'er all the circle rise,
And the mix'd clamour thunders in the skies.
Soon as absorb'd in all-embracing flame
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,
We then collect thy snowy bones, and place
With wines and unguents in a golden vase
(The vase to Thetis Bacchus gave of old,
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the sculptur'd gold.)
There we thy relics, great Achilles! blend
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend:

in the same urn a separate space contains
Thy next belov'd, Antiochus' remains.
Now all the sons of warlike Greece surround
Thy destin'd tomb, and cast a mighty mound:
High on the shore the growing hill we raise,
That wide th' extended Hellespont surveys;
Where all, from age to age who pass the coast,
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty
Thetis herself to all our peers proclaim [ghost.
Heroic prizes and exequial games;
The Gods assented; and around thee lay
Rich spoils and gifts that blaz'd against the day.
Oft have I seen, with solemn funeral games
Heroes and kings committed to the flames;
But strength of youth, or valour of the brave
With nobler contest ne'er renown'd a grave.
Such were the games by azure Thetis given,
And such thy honours, O belov'd of Heaven!
Dear to mankind thy fame survives, nor fades,
Its bloom eternal in the Strygian shades.
But what to me avail my honours gone,
Successful toils, and battles bravely won,
Doom'd by stern Jove at home to end my life,
By curst Ægyptus, and a faithless wife!

Thus they; while Hermes o'er the dreary plain
Led the sad numbers by Ulysses slain,
On each majestic form they cast a view,
And, timorous pass'd, and awfully withdrew.
But Agamemnon, through the gloomy shade,
His ancient host Amphimedon survey'd;
Son of Melanthius! (he began) oh say!
What cause compell'd so many, and so gay, }
To tread the downward, melancholy way? }
Say, could one city yield a troop so fair?
Were all these partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of stormy Neptune sweep
Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?
Did nightly thieves, or pirates cruel bands,
Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's
Or well-defending some beleaguerr'd wall, [lands?
Say, for the public did ye greatly fall?
Inform thy guest; for such I was of yore.
When our triumphant navies touch'd your shore;
For'd a long month the wintery seas to bear,
To move the great Ulysses to the war.

O king of men! I faithful shall relate
(Reply'd Amphimedon) our hapless fate.
Ulysses absent, our ambitious aim
With rival loves pursued his royal dame:
Her coy reserve, and prudence mix'd with pride,
Our common suit nor granted, nor deny'd;
But close with inward hate our deaths design'd;
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind.
Her hand, laborious, in delusion spread
A spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;
Ye peers (the cry'd) who press to gain my heart
Where dead Ulysses claims no more a part,
Yet a short space your rival suit suspend,
Till this funereal web my labours end:
Cease, till to good Laertes I bequeath
A talk of grief, his ornaments of death:
Lest, when the Fates his royal ashes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;
Should he long honour'd with supreme command,
Want the last duties of a daughter's hand.

The fiction pleas'd: our generous train com-
Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise. {elic
S iij

The work she ply'd; but, studious of delay,
Each following night revers'd the toils of day.
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail:
The fourth, her maid reveal'd th' amazing tale,
And show'd, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.
Forc'd, she completes it; and before us lay
The mingled web, whose gold and silver ray
Display'd the radiance of the night and day.

Just as the finish'd her illustrious toil,
Ill-fortune led Ulysses to our isle.

Far in a lonely nook, beside the sea,
At an old swineherd's rural lodge he lay:
Thither his son from sandy Kyle repairs,
And speedy lands, and secretly confers.
They plan our future ruin, and resort
Confederate to the city and the court.

First came the son; the father next succeeds,
Clad like a beggar, whom Eumæus leads;
Propp'd on a staff, deform'd with age and care,
And hung with rags that flutter'd in the air.
Who could Ulysses in that form behold?

Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
Ill-us'd by all! to every wrong resign'd,
Patient he suffer'd with a constant mind.

But when, arising in his wrath to obey
The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way;
The scatter'd arms that hung around the dome
Careful he treasur'd in a private room:

Then to her suitors bade his queen propose
The archer's strife: the source of future woes,
And omen of our death! In vain we drew
The twanging string, and try'd the stubborn yew
To none it yields but great Ulysses' hands;

In vain we threat; Telémachus commands:

The bow he snatch'd, and in an instant bent;
Through every ring the victor arrow went.

Fierce on the threshold then in arms he stood:
Pour'd forth the darts that thirsted for our blood,
And frown'd before us, dreadful as a God!

First bleeds Antinous: thick the shafts resound;
And heaps on heaps the wretches strow the
ground;

This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall;
Some God assisted, and unman'd us all:
Ignoble cries precede the dying groans;
And batter'd brains and blood besmear the stones.

Thus, great Atreides, thus Ulysses drove
The shades thou see'st, from yon fair realms above,
Our mingled bodies now deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected, spread the marble floor,
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to shed
O'er the pale corse! the honours of the dead.

Oh blest Ulysses (thus the king express'd
His sudden rapture) in thy consort blest!
Not more thy wisdom, than her virtue shin'd;
Not more thy patience, than her constant mind.
Icarius' daughter, 'glory of the past,

And model to the future age shall last:
The Gods, to honour her fair fame, shall raise

(Their great reward) a poet in her praise.
Not such, O Tyndarus, thy daughter's deed:
By whose dire hand her king and husband bled:

Her shall the Muse to infamy prolong,
Example dread, and theme of tragic song!
The general sex shall suffer in her shame,
And ev'n the best that bears a woman's name.

Thus in the regions of eternal shade
Confer'd the mournful phantoms of the dead;
While, from the town, Ulysses and his band
Pass'd to Laertes' cultivated land.

The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain,
And labour made the rugged soil a plain.

There stood his mansion of the rural sort,
With useful buildings round the lowly court:

Where the few servants that divide his care,
Took their laborious rest, and homely fare;
And one Sicilian matron, old and sage,
With constant duty tends his drooping age.

Here now arriving, to his rustic band
And martial son, Ulysses gave command:

Enter the house, and of the bristly swine
Select the largest to the powers divine.

Alone, and unattended, let me try
If yet I share the old man's memory:

If those dim eyes can yet Ulysses know
(Their light and dearest object long ago),
Now chang'd with time, with absence, and
with woe?

Then to his train he gives his spear and shield;
The house they enter; and he seeks the field,
Through rows of shade, with various fruitage
crown'd,

And labour'd scenes of richest verdure round.

Nor aged Dolius, nor his sons were there,
Nor servants, absent on another care;

To search the woods for sets of flowery thorn,
Their orchard bounds to strengthen and adorn.

But all alone the hoary king he found;

His habit coarse, but warmly wrapt around;
His head, that bow'd with many a pensive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goatkin hair:

His buskins old, in former service torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves against the thorn.

In this array the kingly gardener stood,
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.

Beneath a neighbouring tree the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his fire, retracing every line,

The ruins of himself! now worn away
With age, yet still majestic in decay!

Sudden his eyes releas'd their watery store;
The much-enduring man could bear no more.

Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiss his reverend face,

With eager transport to disclose the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his soul.—

Not so: his judgment takes the winding way
Of question distant, and of soft essay:

More gentle methods on weak age employs;
And moves the sorrows to enhance the joys.

Then, to his fire with beating heart he moves;
And with a tender pleasantry reproves:

Who digging round the plant full hangs his
head,

Nor aught remits the work, while thus he said:
Great is thy skill, O father, great thy toil,

Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil,
Thy squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,

The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear;
And not one empty spot escapes thy care.

On every plant and tree thy cares are shown,
Nothing neglected, but thyself alone.

Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;
Age so advanc'd may some indulgence claim.

Not for thy sloth, I deem thy lord unkind;
Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind:
I read a monarch in that princely air,
The same thy aspect, if the same thy care;
Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
These are the rights of age, and should be thine.
Who then thy master, say? and whose the land
So dress'd and manag'd by thy skilful hand?
But chief, oh tell me! (what I question most)
Is this the far-fam'd Ithacensian coast?
For so reported the first man I view'd,
(Some surly islander, of manners rude)
Nor further conference vouchsaf'd to stay;
Heedless he whistled, and pursued his way,
But thou! whom years have taught to understand,
Humanely hear, and answer my demand:
A friend I seek, a wise one and a brave,
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?
'Time was (my fortunes then were at the best)
When at my house I lodg'd this foreign guest;
He said, from Ithaca's fair isle he came,
And old Laertes was his father's name.
To him, whatever to a guest is ow'd
I paid, and hospitable gifts bestow'd:
To him seven talents of pure ore I told,
'Twelve cloaks, twelve vests, twelve tunics stiff
with gold;

A bowl, that rich with polish'd silver flames,
And, skill'd in female works, four lovely dames.

At this the father, with a father's fears,
(His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears,)
This is the land; but ah! thy gifts are lost,
For godless men, and rude, possess the coast:
Sunk is the glory of this once-fam'd shore!
Thy ancient friend, O stranger, is no more!
Full recompence thy bounty else had borne;
For every good man yields a just return:
So civil rights demand; and who begins
The track of friendship, not pursuing, sins.
But tell me, stranger, be the truth confess'd
What years have circled since thou saw'st that
guest?

That hapless guest, alas! for ever gone!
Wretch that he was! and that I am! my son!
If ever man to misery was born,
'Twas his to suffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
He lies a prey to monsters of the main,
Or savage beasts his mangled relics tear,
Or screaming vultures scatter through the air:
Nor could his mother funeral unguents shed;
Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead:
Nor his sad comfort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes or dropp'd a tender tear!
But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
Or, if a merchant in pursuit of gain,
What port receiv'd thy vessel from the main?
Or com'st thou single, or attend thy train?

Then thus the son: From Alybas I came,
My palace there; Eperitus my name.
Not vulgar born; from Aphidas, the king
Of Polypemon's royal line, I spring.
Spine adverse Dæmon from Scania bore
Our wandering course, and drove us on your shore
Far from the town, an unfrequented bay;
Reliev'd our weary'd vessel from the sea.

Five years have circled since these eyes pursued
Ulysses parting through the fable flood;
Prosperous he sail'd, with dexter auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the skies.
Well hop'd we, then, to meet on this fair shore,
Whom Heaven, alas! decreed to meet no more.

Quick through the father's heart these accents
ran:

Grief seiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man;
Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing spread
A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.
Trembling with agonies of strong delight
Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the sight;
He ran, he seiz'd him with a strict embrace,
With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face:
'I am he; O father rise, behold
Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old;
Thy son, so long desir'd, so long detain'd,
Restor'd, and breathing in his native land:
These floods of sorrow, O my fire, restrain!
The vengeance is complete; the suitor-train
Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain.
Amaz'd, Laertes: "Give some certain sign,
(If such thou art) to manifest thee mine."

Lo here the wound (he cries) receiv'd of yore,
The scar indented by the tusk's boar,
When by thyself and by Anticlea sent
To old Autolychus's realms I went.
Yet by another sign thy offspring know;
The several trees you gave me long ago,
While, yet a child, these fields I lov'd to trace,
And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace;
To every plant in order as we came,
Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name,
Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd;
Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent
load,

And ten, that red with blushing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the Hours produce
Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice.

Smit with the signs, which all his doubts ex-
plain,

His heart within him melts; his knees sustain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd Ulysses thrown;
He faints, he sinks, with mighty joys oppress'd:
Ulysses clasps him to his eager breast.
Soon as returning life regains its seat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat;
Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty Jove!
Heaven rules us yet, and Gods there are above.
'Tis so—the suitors for their wrongs have paid—
But what shall guard us, if the town invade?
If, while the news through every city flies,
All Ithaca and Cephalenia rise?

To thus Ulysses: As the Gods shall please
Be all the rest; and set thy soul at ease.
Haste to the cottage by this orchard side,
And take the banquet which our cares provide:
There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
And there the young Telemachus attends.

Thus having said, they trac'd the garden o'er,
And stooping enter'd at a lowly door.
The swains and young Telemachus they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.

The hoary king, his old Scicilian maid
 Perfum'd and wash'd, and gorgeously array'd.
 Pallas attending gives his frame to shine
 With awful port, and majesty divine;
 His gazing son admires the godlike grace,
 And air celestial dawning o'er his face;
 What God, he cry'd, my father's form improves?
 How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves!

Oh! would to all the deathless Powers on high,
 Pallas and Jove, and him who gilds the sky!
 (Reply'd the king elated with his praise)
 My strength were still, as once in better days:
 When the bold Cephalens the leaguer form'd,
 And proud Mericus trembled as I storm'd.
 Such were I now, not absent from your deed
 When the last sun beheld the suitors bleed,
 This arm had aided yours; this hand bestrown
 Our floors with death, and push'd the slaughter
 Nor had the fire been separate from the son. [on;
 They commun'd thus; while homeward bent
 their way

The swains, fatigu'd with labours of the day;
 Dolius the first, the venerable man;
 And next his sons, a long succeeding train.
 For due refection to the bower they came,
 Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame,
 Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire;
 They see their lord, they gaze, and they admire.
 On chairs and beds in order seated round,
 They share the gladsome board; the roofs resound.
 While thus Ulysses to his ancient friend:
 "Forbear your wonder, and the feast attend;
 "The rites have waited long." The chief com-
 mands

Their loves in vain; old Dolius spreads his hands,
 Springs to his master with a warm embrace,
 And fastens kisses on his hands and face;
 Then thus broke out: Oh long, oh daily mourn'd!
 Beyond our hopes, and to our wish, return'd!
 Conducted sure by Heaven! for Heaven alone
 Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!
 And joys and happiness attend thy throne!
 Who knows thy bless'd, thy wish'd return! Oh,
 say [vey?

To the chaste Queen, shall we the news con-
 Or hears she, and with blessings loads the day?

Dismiss that care, for to the royal bride
 Already is it known (the king reply'd,
 And straight resum'd his seat) whileround him bows
 Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:
 Then all beneath their father take their place,
 Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.

Now flying fame the swift report had spread
 Through all the city, of the suitors dead;
 In throngs they rise, and to the palace crowd;
 Their sighs were many, and the tumult loud.
 Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of slain,
 Inhume the natives in their native plain,
 The rest in ships are wafted o'er the main.
 Then sad in council all the seniors sate,
 Frequent and full, assembled to debate.
 Amid the circle first Eupithes rose,
 Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes:
 The bold Antinous was his age's pride,
 The first who by Ulysses' arrow dy'd.
 Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,
 As, mixing words with sighs, he thus began:

Great deeds, O friends! this wondrous man
 has wrought,

And mighty blessings to his country brought.
 With ships he parted and a numerous train,
 Those, and their ships, he bury'd in the main.
 Now he returns, and first essays his hand
 In the best blood of all his native land.
 Haste then, and ere to neighbouring Pyle he
 Or sacred Elis, to procure supplies; [flies,
 Arise (or ye for ever fall) arise!
 Shame to this age, and all that shall succeed!
 If unrescued your sons and brothers bleed.
 Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,
 Or sink at once forgotten with the dead.

Hear ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall [all.
 Spoke when he ceas'd: dumb sorrow touch'd them
 When from the palace to the wondering throng
 Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along
 (Restless and early sleep's soft bands they broke);
 And Medon first th' assembled chiefs bespoke:

Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land,
 Who deem this act the work of mortal hand;
 As o'er the heaps of death Ulysses strode,
 These eyes, these eyes beheld a present God,
 Who now before him, now beside him stood,
 Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with
 blood:

In vain old Mentor's form the God bely'd;
 'Twas Heaven that struck, and Heaven was on
 his side.

A sudden horror all th' assembly shook,
 When, slowly rising, Halitherses spoke:
 (Reverend and wise, whose comprehensive view
 At once the present and the future knew)
 Me too, ye fathers, hear! from you proceed
 The ill ye mourn; your own the guilty deed;
 Ye gave your sons, your lawless sons, the rein
 (Oft warn'd by Mentor and myself in vain).
 An absent hero's bed they sought to soil,
 An absent hero's wealth they made their spoil:
 Immoderate riot, and intemperate lust!
 Th' offence was great, the punishment was just.
 Weigh then my counsels in an equal scale,
 Nor rush to ruin---justice will prevail.

His moderate words some better minds per-
 suade:

They part, and join him; but the number stay'd.
 They storm, they shout, with hasty phrenzy fir'd,
 And second all Eupithes' rage inspir'd.
 They case their limbs in bras; to arms they run;
 The broad effulgence blazes in the fun.
 Before the city, and in ample plain,
 They meet: Eupithes heads the frantic train.
 Fierce for his son, he breathes his threats in air;
 Fate hears them not, and Death attends him there.

This pass'd on earth, while in the realms above
 Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove:
 May I presume to search thy secret soul?
 O Power supreme! O Ruler of the whole!
 Say, hast thou doom'd to this divided state
 Or peaceful amity, or stern debate?
 Declare thy purpose; for thy will is Fate.

Is not thy thought my own? (the God replies
 Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies)
 Hath not long since thy knowing soul decreed,
 The chief's return should make the guilty bleed?
 'Tis done, and at thy will the Fates succeed.

Yet hear the issue : since Ulysses' hand
Has slain the suitors, Heaven shall bless the land.
None now the kindred of th' unjust shall own ;
Forgot the slaughter'd brother, and the son :
Each future day increase of wealth shall bring,
And o'er the past, Oblivion stretch her wing.
Long shall Ulysses in his empire rest,
His people blessing, by his people bless'd.
Let all be peace.—He said, and gave the nod
That binds the Fates ; the sanction of the God :
And, prompt to execute th' eternal will,
Descended Pallas from th' Olympian hills
Now sat Ulysses at the rural feast,
The rage of hunger, and of thirst repress'd :
To watch the foe a trusty spy he sent ;
A son of Dolius on the message went,
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
The foe approach, embattled on the field.
With backward step he hastens to the bower,
And tells the news. They arm with all their
power.

Four friends alone Ulysses' cause embrace,
And six were all the sons of Dolius' race :
Old Dolius too his rusted arms put on ;
And, still more old, in arms Laertes shone.
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes stand,
And, brazen Panoply invests the band.
The opening gates at once their war display :
Fierce they rush forth : Ulysses leads the way.
That moment joins them with celestial aid,
In Mentor's form, the Jove-descended Maid :
The suffering hero felt his patient breast
Swell with new joy, and thus his son address'd :
Behold, Telemachus ! (nor fear the sight)
The brave embattled ; the grim front of fight !
The valiant with the valiant must contend :
Shame not the line whence glorious you descend,
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was spread ;
Regard thyself, the living, and the dead.

Thy eyes, great father ! on this battle cast,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaste.

So spoke Telemachus ! the gallant boy
Good old Laertes heard with panting joy ; [cries,
And, Bless'd ! thrice bless'd this happy day ! he
The day that shows me, ere I close my eyes,
A son and grandson of th' Arcadian name
Strive for fair virtue, and contest for fame !

Then thus Minerva in Laertes' ear :
Son of Arcesius, reverend warrior, hear !
Jove and Jove's Daughter first implore in prayer,
Then, whirling high, discharge thy lance in air,
She said, infusing courage with the word :
Jove and Jove's Daughter then the chief implor'd,
And, whirling high, dismiss'd the lance in air,
Full at Euphites drove the deathful spear ;
The brass-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound ;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.

Before the father and the conquering son
Heaps rush on heaps ; they fight, they drop, they
Now by the sword, and now the javelin, fall [rum.
The rebel race, and death had swallow'd all ;
But from on high the blue-ey'd virgin cry'd ;
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide.

Forbear, ye nations ! your mad hands forbear
From mutual slaughter : Peace descends to
“ spare.”

Fear shook the nations : at the voice divine,
They drop their javelins, and their rage resign.
All scatter'd round their glittering weapons lie ;
Some fall to earth, and some confus'dly fly.
With dreadful shouts Ulysses pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle strong.
But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims ;
Before Minerva shot the livid flames :
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd :
Then stopp'd the Goddess, trembled, and retir'd.

Descended from the Gods ! Ulysses, cease ;
Offend not Jove : obey and give the peace.

So Pallas spoke : the mandate from above
The king obey'd. The Virgin-seed of Jove,
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord,
“ And willing nations knew their lawful lord.”

CONCLUSION OF THE NOTES.

I must observe with what dignity Homer concludes the *Odyssey* : to honour his hero, he introduces two Deities, Jupiter and Pallas, who interest themselves in his cause : he then paints Ulysses in the boldest colours, as he rushes upon the enemy with the utmost intrepidity, and his courage is so ungovernable, that Jupiter is forced to restrain it with his thunder. It is usual for orators to reserve the strongest arguments for the conclusion, that they may leave them fresh upon the reader's memory ; Homer uses the same conduct : he represents his hero in all his terror, he shows him to be irresistible, and by this method leaves us fully possessed with a noble idea of his magnanimity.

It has been already observed, that the end of the action of the *Odyssey* is the re-establishment of Ulysses in full peace and tranquillity ; this is

not effected, till the defeat of the suitors' friends . and, therefore, if the poet had concluded before this event, the *Odyssey* had been imperfect. It was necessary that the reader should not only be informed of the return of Ulysses to his country, and the punishment of the suitors, but of his re-establishment, by a peaceful possession of his regal authority ; which is not executed, till these last disorders raised by Euphites are settled by the victory of Ulysses ; and, therefore, this is the natural conclusion of the action.

This Book opens with the morning, and ends before night, so that the whole story of the *Odyssey* is comprehended in the compass of one and forty days. Monsieur Dacier, upon Aristotle, remarks, that an Epic Poem ought not to be too long : we should be able to retain all the several parts of it at once in our memory : if we lose the idea of the

beginning when we come to the conclusion, it is an argument that it is of too large an extent, and its length destroys its beauty. What seems to favour this decision is, that the *Æneid*, *Iliad*, and *Odyssey*, are conformable to this rule of Aristotle; and every one of those poems may be read in the compass of a single day.

I have now gone through the collections upon the *Odyssey*, and laid together what occurred most remarkable in this excellent Poem. I am not so vain as to think these remarks free from faults, nor so disingenuous as not to confess them: all writers have occasion for indulgence, and those most who least acknowledge it. I have sometimes used *Madam Dacier* as she had done others, in transcribing some of her remarks without particularizing them; but, indeed, it was through inadvertency only that her name is sometimes omitted at the bottom of the note. If my performance has merit, either in these, or in my part of the Translation, (namely, in the sixth, eleventh, and eighteenth books) it is but just to attribute it to the judgment and care of Mr. Pope, by whose hand every sheet was corrected. His other, and much more able assistant, was Mr. Fenton, in the fourth and the twentieth books. It was our particular request, that our several parts might not be made known to the world till the end of it: and if they have had the good fortune not to be distinguished from his, we ought to be the less vain, since the resemblance proceeds much less from our diligence and study to copy his manner, than from his own daily revival and correction. The most experienced painters will not wonder at this, who very well know, that no critic can pronounce even of the pieces of *Raphael* or *Titian*, which have, or which have not, been worked upon by those of their school; when the same master's hand has directed the execution of the whole, reduced it to one character and colouring, gone over the several parts, and given to each their finishing.

I must not conclude without declaring our mutual satisfaction in Mr. Pope's acceptance of our best endeavours, which have contributed at least to his more speedy execution of this great undertaking. If ever my name be numbered with the learned, I must ascribe it to his friendship, in transmitting it to posterity by a participation in his labours. May the sense I have of this, and other instances of that friendship, be known as long as his name will cause mine to last: and may I to this end be permitted, at the conclusion of a work, which is a kind of monument of his partiality to me, to place the following lines, as an inscription memorial of it.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
Or speaking marbles, to record their praise;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing stone:
Mere mortals! subject to death's total sway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!

'Tis thine on every heart to 'grave thy praise,
A monument which worth alone can raise:
Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust:

Nor, till the volumes of th' expanded sky
Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die:
Then sink together, in the world's last fires,
What Heaven created, and what Heaven inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human transport touch the mighty dead:
Shakspeare, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now every scene with native brightness shines;
Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publish'd what *Lucretius* wrote;
Prun'd by his care thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.
Thus, when thy draughts, O *Raphael*! time
invades,

And the bold figure from the canvas fades,
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art:
Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While each fair image starts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had *Homer's* sacred lyre
Jarr'd grating discord, all-extinct his fire!
This you beheld; and, taught by Heaven to sing,
Call'd the loud music from the founding string.
Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more *Achilles* in dread pomp appears,
Towers o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns;
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, and meets the Gods in fight:
Then the pale *Titans*, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores;
Tremble the towers of Heaven, earth rocks her
coasts,

And gloomy *Pluto* shakes with all his ghosts.
To every theme responds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there meanders play;
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,
To's the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And, while with every theme the verse complies,
Sink without groveling, without rascals rise.

Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious
string,

Be ours all *Homer*! still *Ulysses* sing.
How long * that hero by unskilful hands,
Stripp'd of his robe, a beggar trod our lands:
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost?
O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread;
Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head:
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
But you, like *Pallas*, every limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a God he moves.

Even I, the meanest of the *Muses* train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
Adventurous waken the *Mæonian* lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire:
So, arm'd by great *Achilles* for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in *Achilles'* sight;

Like their's, our friendship ! and I boast my name
To thine united.—For thy FRIENDSHIP'S FAME.

This labour past, of heavenly subjects fing,
While hovering angels listen on the wing,
To hear from earth, such heart-felt raptures rise,
As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies :

Or, nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws :
Teach a bad world beneath thy sway to bend ;
To verse like thine fierce savages attend, [lay,
And men more fierce : when Orpheus tunes the
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

P O S T S C R I P T.

BY MR. POPE.

I CANNOT dismiss this Work without a few observations on the character and style of it. Whoever reads the *Odyssey* with an eye to the *Iliad*, expecting to find it of the same character, or of the same sort of spirit, will be grievously deceived, and err against the first principle of criticism, which is, to consider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its author. The *Odyssey* is a moral and political work, instructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples, and precepts of civil and domestic life. Homer is here a person,

" Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, et quid ami-
cis, [hospes :

" Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et

" Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile,
quid non,

" Plinius et melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit."

The *Odyssey* is the reverse of the *Iliad*, in moral, subject, manner, and style ; to which it has no sort of relation, but as the story happens to follow in order of time, and as some of the same persons are actors in it. Yet from this incidental connection many have been misled to regard it as a continuation or second part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconsistent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common reader should fall into this mistake, when so great a critic as Longinus seems not wholly free from it ; although what he has said has been generally understood to import a severer censure of the *Odyssey* than it really does, if we consider the occasion on which it is introduced, and the circumstances to which it is confined.

" The *Odyssey* (says he) is an instance, how natural it is to a great genius, when it begins to grow old and decline, to delight itself in narrations and fables. For that Homer composed the *Odyssey* after the *Iliad*, many proofs may be given, &c. From hence, in my judgment, it proceeds, that as the *Iliad* was written while his spirit was in its greatest vigour, the whole structure of that work is dramatic and full of action ; whereas the greater part of the *Odyssey* is employed in narration, which is the taste of old age : so that in this latter piece we may compare him to the setting sun, which has still the same greatness, but not the same ardour, or force. He speaks not in the same

" strain : we see no more that sublime of the *Iliad*, which marches on with a constant pace, without ever being stopped, or retarded : there appears no more that hurry, and that strong tide of motions and passions, pouring one after another : there is no more the same fury, or the same volubility of diction, so suitable to action, and all along drawing in such innumerable images of nature. But Homer, like the ocean, is always great, even when he ebbs and retires ; even when he is lowest, and loses himself most in narrations and incredible fictions : as instances of this, we cannot forget the description of tempests, the adventures of Ulysses with the Cyclops, and many others. But, though all this be age, it is the age of Homer.—And it may be said for the credit of these fictions, that they are beautiful dreams, or, if you will, the dreams of Jupiter himself. I spoke of the *Odyssey* only to show, that the greatest poets, when their genius wants strength and warmth for the pathetic, for the most part employ themselves in painting the manners. This Homer has done in characterising the suitors, and describing their way of life : which is properly a branch of comedy, whose peculiar business is to represent the manners of men."

We must first observe, it is the sublime of which Longinus is writing : that, and not the nature of Homer's poem, is his subject. After having highly extolled the fire and sublimity of the *Iliad*, he justly observes the *Odyssey* to have less of those qualities, and to turn more on the side of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his business here to determine, whether the elevated spirit of the one, or the just moral of the other, be the greater excellence in itself.

Secondly, that fire and fury, of which he is speaking, cannot well be meant of the general spirit and inspiration which is to run through a whole Epic poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuosity necessary in some parts, to image or represent actions or passions, of haste, tumult, and violence. It is on occasion of citing some such particular passages in Homer, that Longinus breaks into this reflection ; which seems to determine his meaning chiefly to that sense.

Upon the whole, he affirms the *Odyssey* to have less sublimity and fire than the *Iliad* ; but he does not say it wants the sublime, or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narra-

tion is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that those fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that those manners are ill painted. If Homer has fully in these points accomplished his own design, and done all that the nature of his poem demanded or allowed, it still remains perfect in its kind, and as much a master-piece as the *Iliad*.

The amount of the passage is this; that in his own particular taste, and with respect to the sublime, Longinus preferred the *Iliad*: and because the *Odyssey* was less active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of Homer.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that Homer's age might determine him in the choice of his subject, not that it affected him in the execution of it: and that which would be a very wrong instance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to evince the strength of his judgment. For had he (as Madam Dacier observes) composed the *Odyssey* in his youth, and the *Iliad* in his age, both must in reason have been exactly the same as they now stand. To blame Homer for his choice of such a subject, as did not admit the same incidents and the same pomp of style as his former, is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he must ever after only copy himself.

The battle of Constantine, and the School of Athens, are both pieces of Raphael: shall we censure the School of Athens as faulty, because it has not the fury and fire of the other? or shall we say, that Raphael was grown grave and old, because he chose to represent the manners of old men and philosophers? There is all the silence, tranquillity, and composure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult in the other, which the subject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the poet or painter be young or old, who designs and performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was master, not only of his art, but of his discretion.

Aristotle makes no such distinction between the two poems: he constantly cites them with equal praise, and draws the rules and examples of Epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the *Odyssey* that Horace gives the preference, in the *Epistle to Lollius*, and in the *Art of Poetry*. It is remarkable how opposite his opinion is to that of Longinus: and that the particulars he chooses to extol, are those very fictions, and pictures of the manners which the other seems least to approve. Those fables and manners are of the very essence of the work: but even without that regard, the fables themselves have both more invention and more instruction, and the manners more moral and example, than those of the *Iliad*.

In some points (and those the most essential to the Epic poem) the *Odyssey* is confessed to excel the *Iliad*: and principally in the great end of it, the moral. The conduct, turn, and disposition of the fable is also what the critics allow to be the better model for Epic writers to follow: accord-

ingly we find much more of the cast of this poem than of the other in the *Æneid*, and (what next to that is perhaps the greatest example) in the *Telemachus*. In the manners, it is no way inferior: Longinus is so far from finding any defect in these, that he rather taxes Homer with painting them too minutely. As to the narrations, although they are more numerous as the occasions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix, nor more circumstantial than the conversations and dialogues of the *Iliad*. Not to mention the length of those of Phoenix in the ninth book, and of Nestor in the eleventh (which may be thought in compliance to their characters), those of Glaucus in the sixth, of Æneas in the twentieth, and some others, must be allowed to exceed any in the whole *Odyssey*. And that the propriety of style, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the genius of Homer had suffered any decay; we must consider, in both his poems, such parts as are of a similar nature, and will bear comparison. And it is certain we shall find in each the same vivacity and fecundity of invention, the same life and strength of imaging and colouring, the particular descriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious, and as various.

The *Odyssey* is a perpetual source of poetry: the stream is not the less full, for being gentle; though it is true (when we speak only with regard to the sublime) that a river, foaming and thundering in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more strikes, amazes, and fills the mind, than the same body of water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable scenes of pasturage.

The *Odyssey* (as I have before said) ought to be considered according to its own nature and design, not with an eye to the *Iliad*. To censure Homer, because it is unlike what it was never meant to resemble, is as if a gardener, who had purposely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a specimen of his skill in the several kinds, should be blamed for not bringing them into pairs; when in root, stem, leaf, and flower, each was so entirely different, that one must have been spoiled in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who saw this poem was "partly of the nature of comedy," ought not, for that very reason, to have considered it with a view to the *Iliad*. Now little any such resemblance was the intention of Homer, may appear from hence, that, although the character of Ulysses was there already drawn, yet here he purposely turns to another side of it, and shows him not in that full light of glory, but in the shade of common life, with a mixture of such qualities as are requisite to all the lowest accidents of it, struggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meanest of mankind. As for the other persons, none of them are above what we call the higher comedy: Calypso, though a Goddess, is a character of intrigue; the suitors yet more approaching to it; the Phæacians

are of the same cast; the Cyclops, Melanthius, and Irus, descend even to droll characters; and the scenes that appear throughout are generally of the comic kind; banquets, revels, sports, loves, and the pursuit of a woman.

From the nature of the poem, we shall form an idea of the style. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the *Odyssey* is not always clothed in the majesty of verse proper to tragedy, but sometimes descends into the plainer narrative, and sometimes even to that familiar dialogue essential to comedy. However, where it cannot support a sublimity, it always preserves a dignity, or at least a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an easy, pure, perspicuous description, even of a low action. There are numerous instances of this both in Homer and Virgil; and, perhaps, those natural passages are not the least pleasing of their works. It is often the same in history, where the representation of common, or even domestic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the liveliest impression on the reader.

The question is, how far a poet, in pursuing the description or image of an action, can attach himself to little circumstances, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter painting is to be consulted, and the whole regard had to those circumstances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confused, idea of a thing.

Epithets are of a vast service to this effect, and the right use of these is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to distinguish when to speak simply, and when figuratively: but whenever the poet is obliged by the nature of his subject to descend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated style would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forced upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowness, the more the image would be broken, and consequently obscure.

One may add, that the use of the grand style on little subjects, is not only ludicrous, but a sort of transgression against the rules of proportion and mechanics: it is using a vast force to lift a feather.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a just observation, that the low actions of life cannot be put into a figurative style, without being ridiculous, but things natural can. Metaphors raise the latter into dignity, as we see in the *Georgics*: but throw the former into ridicule, as in the *Lutrin*. I think this may very well be accounted for: laughter implies censure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of censure; therefore they may be elevated as much as you please, and no ridicule follow: but when rational beings are represented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, because it is vicious in morality. The bees in Virgil, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous, by having their actions and manners represented on a level with creatures so superior as men; since it

would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule.

The use of pompous expression, for low actions or thoughts, is the true sublime of *Don Quixote*. How far unfit it is for Epic Poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the mock Epic. It is so far from being the sublime of Tragedy, that it is the cause of all bombast: when poets, instead of being (as they imagine) constantly lofty, only preserve throughout a painful equality of fustian: that continued swell of language (which runs indiscriminately even through their lowest characters, and rattles like some mightiness of meaning in the most indifferent subjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the players have learned from it and which is not speaking, but vociferating.

There is still more reason for a variation of style in Epic poetry than in tragic, to distinguish between that language of the Gods proper to the Muse who sings, and is inspir'd; and that of men, who are introduced speaking only according to nature. Further, there ought to be a difference of style observed in the speeches of human persons, and those of Deities; and again, in those which may be called set harangues, or orations, and those which are only conversation or dialogue. Homer has more of the latter than any other poet: what Virgil does by two or three words of narration, Homer still performs by speeches: not only replies, but even rejoinders are frequent in him, a practice almost unknown to Virgil. This renders his poems more animated, but less grave and majestic; and consequently necessitates the frequent use of a lower style. The writers of Tragedy lie under the same necessity, if they would copy nature; whereas that painted and poetical diction, which they perpetually use, would be improper even in orations designed to move with all the arts of rhetoric: this is plain from the practice of Demosthenes and Cicero; and Virgil in those of Drances and Turnus gives an eminent example, how far removed the style of them ought to be from such an excess of figures and ornaments; which indeed fits only that language of the Gods we have been speaking of, or that of a Muse under inspiration.

To read through a whole work in this strain, is like travelling all along the ridge of a hill; which is not half so agreeable as sometimes gradually to rise, and sometimes gently to descend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed, the true reason that so few poets have imitated Homer in these lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preserving that mixture of ease and dignity essential to them. For it is as hard for an Epic poem to stoop to the narrative with success, as for a prince to descend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatness.

The sublime style is more easily counterfeited than the natural; something that passes for it, or sounds like it, is common in all false writers: but nature, purity, perspicuity, and simplicity, never walk in the clouds; they are obvious to all capacities; and where they are not evident, they do not exist.

The most plain narration not only admits of

these, and of harmony (which are all the qualities of style), but it requires every one of them to render it pleasing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a share of the sublime, may pass, notwithstanding any defects in the rest; nay, sometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer, in his lowest narrations or speeches, is ever easy, flowing, copious, clear and harmonious. He shows not less invention, in assembling the humbler, than the greater, thoughts and images; nor less judgment, in proportioning the style and the verification to these, than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the same genius that soared the highest, and from whom the greatest models of the sublime are divided, was also he who stooped the lowest, and gave to the simple narrative its utmost perfection. Which of these was the harder task to Homer himself I cannot pretend to determine: but to his translator I can affirm (however unequal all his imitations must be) that of the latter has been more difficult.

Whoever expects here the same pomp of verse, and the same ornaments of diction, as in the *Iliad*, he will, and he ought to be disappointed. Were the original otherwise, it had been an offence against nature; and were the translation so, it were an offence against Homer, which is the same thing.

It must be allowed that there is a majesty and harmony in the Greek language, which greatly contribute to elevate and support the narration. But I must also observe, that this is an advantage grown upon the language since Homer's time: for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of use; and if the words we could find in any present language were equally sonorous or musical in themselves, they would still appear less poetical and uncommon than those of a dead one, from this only circumstance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another disadvantage to a translator, from a different cause: Homer seems to have taken upon him the character of an historian, antiquary, divine, and professor of arts and sciences, as well as a poet. In one or other of these characters he descends into many particularities, which as a poet only, perhaps he would have avoided. All these ought to be preserved by a faithful translator, who in some measure takes the place of Homer; and all that can be expected from him, is to make them as poetical as the subject will bear. Many arts therefore, are requisite to supply these disadvantages, in order to dignify and solemnize those plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some use has been made to this end of the style of Milton. A just and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect, like the working of old abbey stones into a building, which I have sometimes seen, to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not destroy the neatness, elegance, and equality, requisite to a new work; I mean, without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the present purity of writing, or from that ease and smoothness which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a style judiciously antiquated, one finds a pleasure not unlike of travelling on an old Roman way: but

then the road must be as good, as the way is ancient, the style must be such in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to short stops by sudden abruptnesses, or puzzled by frequent turnings and transpositions. No man delights in furrows and stumbling-blocks: and let our love to antiquity be ever so great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbish another. The imitators of Milton, like most other imitators, are not copies but caricatures of their original; they are a hundred times more obsolete and cramp than he, and equally so in all places: whereas it should have been observed of Milton, that he is not lavish of his exotic words and phrases every where alike, but employs them much more where the subject is marvellous, vast, and strange, as in the scenes of heaven, hell, chaos, &c. than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of paradise, the loves of our first parents, entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unusual style better serves to awaken our ideas in the descriptions, and in the imaging and picturesque parts, than it agrees with the lower sort of narrations, the character of which, is simplicity and purity. Milton has several of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for some hundred lines together; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of Michael in the twelfth. I wonder indeed, that he, who ventured (contrary to the practice of all other epic poets) to imitate Homer's lownesses in the narrative, should not also have copied his plainness and perspicuity in the dramatic parts: since in his speeches (where clearness above all is necessary) there is frequently such transposition and forced construction, that the very sense is not to be discovered without a second or third reading: and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preserve the true character of Homer's style in the present translation, great pains have been taken to be easy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plausible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleased all readers, but the judicious ones. My errors had been fewer, had each of those gentlemen who joined with me, shown as much of the severity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a strict animadversion and correction. What assistance I received from them, was made known in general to the public in the original proposals for this work, and the particulars are specified at the conclusion of it; to which I must add (to be punctually just) some part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and consequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have bestowed as much time and pains upon the whole, as were consistent with the indispensable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched state of health which God has been pleased to make my portion. At least, it is a pleasure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greatest and most ancient of poets, with some dignity; and I

hope, with as little disadvantage as the And if, after the unmerited success of that translation, any one will wonder why I would enterprize the *Odyssey*, I think it sufficient to say, that Homer himself did the same, or the world would never have seen it.

I designed to have ended this postscript here: but since I am now taking my leave of Homer, and of all controversy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged if I make use of this last opportunity to say a few words about some reflections which the late Madam Dacier bestowed on the last part of my preface to the *Iliad*, and which she published at the end of her translation of that poem.

To write gravely an answer to them, would be too much for the reflections; and to say nothing concerning them, would be too little for the author. It is owing to the industry of that learned lady, that our polite neighbors are become acquainted with many of Homer's beauties, which were hidden from them before in Greek and in Eustathius. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great poet; and I hope that I shall be thought, as I mean, to pay some part of this debt to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had these reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary critic, I should not have apprehended their effect, and should therefore have been silent concerning them: but since they are Madam Dacier's, I imagine that they must be of weight; and in a case where I think her reasoning very bad, I respect her authority.

I have fought under Madam Dacier's banner, and have waged war in defence of the divine Homer against all the heretics of the age. And yet it is Madam Dacier who accuses me, and who accuses me of nothing less than betraying our common cause. She affirms that the most declared enemies of this author, have never said any thing against him more injurious or more unjust than I. What must the world think of me, after such a judgment passed by so great a critic; the world, who decides so often, and who examines so seldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almost always the slave of authority? Who will suspect that so much learning should mistake, that so much accuracy should be misled, or that so much candour should be biased?

All this however has happened; and Madam Dacier's criticisms on my preface flow from the very same error, from which so many false criticisms of her countrymen upon Homer have flowed, and which she has so justly and so severely reprov'd; I mean, the error of depending on injurious and unskillful translations.

An indifferent translation may be of some use, and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no translation ought to be the ground of criticism, because no man ought to be condemned upon another man's explanation of his meaning: could Homer have had the honour of explaining his, before that august tribunal where Monsieur de la Motte presides, I make no doubt but he had escaped many of those severe animadversions with which some French authors have

loaded him, and from which even Madam Dacier's translation of the *Iliad* could not preserve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our island-tongue was as necessary to Madam Dacier in my case, as the knowledge of Greek was to Monsieur de la Motte in that of our great author; or to any of those whom she styles blind censurers, and blames for condemning what they did not understand.

I may say with modesty, that she knew less of my true sense from that faulty translation of part of my preface, than those blind censurers might have known of Homer's even from the translation of La Valterie, which preceded her own.

It pleased me, however, to find, that her objections were not levelled at the general doctrine, or at any essentials of my preface, but only at a few particular expressions. She proposed little more than (to use her own phrase) to combat two or three similes; and I hope that to combat a simile is no more than to fight with a shadow, since a simile is no better than the shadow of an argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little, and examines with more scrupulosity than I will, or than perhaps the matter requires.

These unlucky similes taken by themselves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant translator; or there may have fallen from my pen some expressions, which, taken by themselves likewise, may to the same person have the same effect. But if the translator had been master of our tongue, the general tenor of my argument, that which precedes, and that which follows the objection, would have sufficiently determined him as to the precise meaning of them: and if Madam Dacier had taken up her pen a little more leisurely, or had employed it with more temper, she would not have answered paraphrases of her own, which even the translation will not justify, and which say, more than once, the very contrary to what I have said in the passages themselves.

If any person has curiosity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my preface, or some mangled parts of which these reflections are made, he will easily discern that I am as orthodox as Madam Dacier herself in those very articles on which she treats me like an heretic: he will easily see that all the difference between us consists in this, that I offer opinions, and she delivers doctrines; that my imagination represents Homer as the greatest of human poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending Homer against me, who (if I mistake not) had carried my admiration of him as far as it can be carried, without giving a real occasion of writing in his defence.

After answering my harmless similes, she proceeds to a matter which does not regard so much the honour of Homer, as that of the times he lived in; and here I must confess she does not wholly mistake my meaning, but I think she mistakes the state of the question. She had said, the manners of those times were so much the better, the less they were like ours. I thought this required a

little qualification. I confessed that in my opinion the world was mended in some points, such as the custom of putting whole nations to the sword, condemning kings and their families to perpetual slavery, and a few others. Madam Dacier judges otherwise in this; but as to the rest, particularly in preferring the simplicity of the ancient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, she owns we agree. This I thought was well; but I am so unfortunate that this too is taken amiss, and called adopting or (if you will) stealing her sentiment. The truth is, she might have said her words, for I used them on purpose, being then professedly citing from her: though I might have done the same without intending that compliment, for they are also to be found in Eustathius, and the sentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to say to this whole remark; only that in the first part of it, Madam Dacier is displeased that I do not agree with her, and in the last that I do: but this is a temper which every polite man should overlook in a lady.

To punish my ingratitude, she resolves to expose my blunders, and selects two which I suppose are the most flagrant, out of the many for which she could have chastised me. It happens that the first of these is in part the translator's, and in part her own, without any share of mine: she quotes the end of a sentence, and he puts in French what I never wrote in English: "Homer (I said) opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of fable;" which he translates, *Homere crea pour son usage un monde mouvant, en inventant la fable.*

Madam Dacier justly wonders at this nonsense in me; and I, in the translator. As to what I meant by Homer's invention of fable, it is afterwards particularly distinguished from that extensive sense in which she took it, by these words: "If Homer was not the first who introduced the Deities (as Herodotus imagines) into the religion of Greece, he seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry."

The other blunder she accuses me of is, the mistaking a passage in Aristotle, and she is pleased to send me back to this philosopher's treatise of Poetry, and to her preface on the *Odyssey*, for my better instruction. Now, though I am saucy enough to think that one may sometimes differ from Aristotle without blundering, and though I am sure one may sometimes fall into an error by following him servilely; yet I own, that to quote any author for what he never said, is a blunder; (but, by the way, to correct an author for what he never said, is somewhat worse than a blunder.) My words were these: "As there is a greater variety of characters in the *Iliad* than in any other poem, so there is of speeches. Every thing in it has manners, as Aristotle expresses it; that is, every thing is acted or spoken: very little passes in narration." She justly says, that "Every thing which is acted or spoken, has not necessarily manners merely because it is acted or spoken." Agreed: but I would ask the question, whether any thing can have manners

which is neither acted nor spoken? If not, then the whole *Iliad* being almost spent in speech and action, almost every thing in it has manners, since Homer has been proved before, in a long paragraph of the preface, to have excelled in drawing characters and painting manners, and indeed his whole poem is one continued occasion of showing this bright part of his talent.

To speak fairly, it is impossible she could read even the translation, and take my sense so wrong as she represents it; but I was first translated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expression indeed was not quite exact; it should have been, "Every thing has manners as Aristotle calls them." But such a fault methinks might have been spared, since if one was to look with that disposition she discovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find some mistakes which no context can redress; as where she makes Eustathius call Cratisthenes the Philiasian, Callisthenes the Physician†. What a triumph might some slips of this sort have afforded to Homer's, hers, and my enemies, from which she was only screened by their happy ignorance! How unlucky had it been, when she insulted Mr. de la Motte for omitting a material passage in the speech of Helen to Hector, *Iliad* vi. if some champion for the moderns had by chance understood so much Greek, as to whisper him, that there was no such passage in Homer?

Our concern, zeal, and even jealousy, for our great author's honour, were mutual; our endeavours to advance it were equal; and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as she could in mine. It was one of the many reasons I had to wish the longer life of this lady, that I must certainly have regained her good opinion, in spite of all misrepresenting translators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as passionate, an admirer of Homer as herself. For that was the first condition of her favour and friendship; otherwise not one's taste alone, but one's morality had been corrupted, nor would any man's religion have been suspected, who did not implicitly believe in an author whose doctrine is so conformable to Holy Scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expressing their belief, some purely by public and general acts of worship, others by a reverend sort of reasoning and inquiry about the grounds of it; it is the same in admiration, some prove it by exclamations, others by respect. I have observed that the loudest huzzas given to a great man in triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the same with the rabble of critics, a desire to be distinguished from them has turned me to the more moderate, and, I hope, more rational method. Though I am a poet, I would not be an enthusiast; and though I am an Englishman, I would not be furiously of a party. I am far from thinking myself that genius, upon whom, at the end of these remarks, Madam Dacier congratulates my country: one capable of correcting Homer, and

† Dacier Remarques sur le 4me livre de l'*Odys.* p. 478
Il De la Corruption du Gout.

"consequently of reforming mankind, and amending this constitution." It was not to Great-Britain this ought to have been applied, since our nation has one happiness for which she might have preferred it to her own, that, as much as we abound in other miserable misguided sects, we have at least none of the blasphemers of Homer. We steadfastly and unanimously believe both his poem, and our constitution, to be the best that ever human wit invented: that the

one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we despise any French or Englishman whatever, who shall presume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the least alteration in either. Far, therefore, from the genius for which Madam Dacier mistook me, my whole desire is but to preserve the humble character of a faithful translator, and a quiet subject

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TRANS.

P R E F A C E.

Of all the great writers of antiquity, no one was ever more honoured and admired while living, as few have obtained a larger and fairer portion of fame after death, than Pindar. Pausanias tells us, that the character of Poet was really and truly consecrated in his person, by the God of poets himself (a), who was pleased by an express oracle to order the inhabitants of Delphi to set apart for Pindar one half of the first-fruit offerings brought by the religious to his shrine; and to allow him a place in his temple; where in an iron chair he was used to sit and sing his hymns, in honour of that God. This chair was remaining in the time of (b) Pausanias (several hundred years after) to whom it was shown as a relic not unworthy the sanctity and magnificence of that holy place. Pan (c) likewise, another Musical Divinity, is reported to have skipped and jumped for joy, while the Nymphs were dancing in honour of the birth of this Prince of Lyric Poetry; and to have been afterwards so much delighted with his compositions, as to have sung his Odes in the hearing even of the poet himself (d). Unhappily for us, and indeed for Pindar, those parts of his works, which procured him these extraordinary testimonies from the Gods (or from mortals rather, who by the invention of these fables meant only to express the high opinion they entertained of this great poet) are all lost: I mean his hymns to the several Deities of the Heathen World. And even of those writings, to which his less extravagant, but more serious and more lasting glory is owing, only the least, and, according to some people, the worst part is now remaining. These are his Odes inscribed to the Conquerors in the Four sacred Games of Greece. By these Odes therefore are we now left to judge of the merit of Pindar, as they are the only living evidences of his character.

Among the moderns (e) those men of learning of the truest taste and judgment, who have read and considered the writings of this Author in their original language, have all agreed to confirm the great character given of him by the Ancients. And to such who are still able to examine Pindar himself, I shall leave him to stand or fall by his own merit; only bespeaking their candour in my own behalf, if they should think it worth their while to peruse the following translations of some of his Odes: which I here offer chiefly to the English reader, to whom alone I desire to address a few considerations, in order to prepare him to

form a right judgment, and indeed to have any relish of the compositions of this great Lyric Poet, who, notwithstanding, must needs appear before him under great disadvantages.

To begin with removing some prejudices against this author, that have arisen from certain writings known by the name of Pindaric Odes; I must insist that very few, which I remember to have read under that title, not excepting even those written by the admired Mr. Cowley, whose wit and fire first brought them into reputation, have the least resemblance to the manner of the author, whom they pretend to imitate, and from whom they derive their name; or, if any, it is such a resemblance only as is expressed by the Italian word *caricatura*, a monstrous and distorted likeness. This observation has been already made by Mr. Congreve in his preface (f) to two admirable Odes, written professedly in imitation of Pindar; and I may add, so much in his true manner and spirit, that he ought by all means to be excepted out of the number of those who have brought this author into discredit by pretending to resemble him.

Neither has Mr. Cowley, though he drew from the life, given a much truer picture of Pindar in the Translations he made of two of his Odes. I say not this to detract from Mr. Cowley, whose genius, perhaps, was not inferior to that of Pindar himself, or either of those other two great poets, Horace and Virgil, whose names have been bestowed upon him, but chiefly to apologize for my having ventured to translate the same Odes; and to prepare the reader for the wide difference he will find between many parts of his Translations and mine.

Mr. Cowley and his imitators (for all the Pindaric writers since his time have only mimicked him, while they fancied they were imitating Pindar) have fallen themselves, and by their examples have led the world, into two mistakes with regard to the character of Pindar: both which are pointed out by Mr. Congreve in the preface above mentioned, and in the following words:

“The character of these late Pindarics is a
“bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, ex-
“pressed in a like parcel of irregular stanzas,
“which also consist of such another complication
“of disproportioned, uncertain, and perplexed
“verses and rhymes. And I appeal to any read-
“er, if this is not the condition in which these
“titular Odes appeared.

“On the contrary (adds he) there is nothing
“more regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as
“to the exact observation of the measures and
“numbers of his stanzas and verses, and the par-

(a) Paus. In Boreot.

(b) Paus. In Phoc.

(c) Philostratus in Icon.

(d) Plut. in Numa.

(e) See Abbe Fragulier's character of Pindar, printed in the 3d Vol. of Memoire de l'Academie Royale, &c. and Regnet's life of Pindar, in the Lives of the Grecian

(f) Preserved in the pre

"petual coherence of his thoughts: for though his digressions are frequent, and his transitions sudden, yet is there ever some secret connection, which, though not always appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate itself to the understanding of the reader."

Upon these two points, namely, the regularity of measure in Pindar's Odes, and the connection of his thoughts, I shall beg leave to make a few observations.

These Odes were all composed to be sung by a Chorus, either at the entertainments given by the Conquerors (to whom they were inscribed) or their friends, on account of their victories, or at the solemn sacrifices made to the Gods upon those occasions. They consist generally of three stanzas, of which the following account was communicated to me by a learned and ingenious friend

"Besides what is said of the Greek Ode in the Scholiast upon Pindar, I find (says he) the following passage in the Scholia on Hephæstion; 'it is the very last paragraph of those Scholia.'"

The passage cited by him is in Greek, instead of which I shall insert the Translation of it in English.

You must know that the Ancients (in their Odes) framed two larger stanzas, and one less; the writ of the larger stanzas they called Strophé, singing it on their festivals at the altars of the Gods, and dancing at the same time. The second they called Antistrophé, in which they inserted the dance. The lesser stanza was named the Epode, which they sung standing still. The Strophé, as they say, denote the motion of the higher Sphere, the Antistrophé that of the Planets, the Epode the fixed station and repose of the Earth.

"From this passage, it appears evident that these Odes were accompanied with dancing, and that they danced one way while the Strophé was singing, and then danced back again while the Antistrophé was sung: Which shows why those two Parts consisted of the same length and measure; then, when the Dancers were returned to the place whence they set out, before they renewed the dance, they stood still while the Epode was sung.

"If the same persons both danced and sung, when we consider how much breath is required for a full Song, perhaps one may incline to think, that the Strophé and Antistrophé partook something of the Recitative manner, and that the Epode was the more complete Air.

"There is a passage in the ancient grammarian, Marius Victorinus, which is much to the same purpose as this above, though he does not distinctly speak of dancing. The passage is this:

"Pleraque Lycicorum carminum, quæ versu, colique & commatibus componuntur, ex Strophé, Antistrophé, & Epodo, ut Græci appellant, ordinata subsistunt. Quorum ratio talis est. Antiqui Deorum laudes carminibus comprehensas, circum aras eorum euntes canebant. Cujus primum ambitum, quem ingrediebantur ex parte dextrâ, Strophem vocabant; reversionem autem sinistrosam factam, completo priore orbe,

"Antistrophem appellabant. Deinde in conspectu Deorum felici consistere cantici, reliqua conséguebantur, appellantes id Epodon.

"The writers I have quoted speak only of Odes, sung in the temples: but Demetrius Triclinius upon the measures of Sophocles, says the same thing upon the Odes of the Tragic Chorus.

"What the Scholiast upon Hephæstion, cited above, adds about the Heavenly Motions, &c. is also said by Victorinus, and by Demetrius Triclinius, and likewise by the Scholiast on Pindar. Yet I consider this in no other light than I do the fantastical conceits with which the writers on Music abused Ptolemy, out of his three Books of Harmonics, employs one almost entirely upon comparing the principles of Music with the motions of the Planets, the faculties of the mind, and other such ridiculous imaginations. And Aristides Quintilianus, supposed an older author, is full of the same fooleries. Marius Victorinus has another scheme also, viz. that the dancing forwards and backwards was invented by Theseus, in memory of the labyrinth out of which he escaped. But all this is taking much unnecessary pains to account why, when Dancers have gone as far as they can one way, they should return back again; or at least not dance in the same circle till they are giddy."

Such was the structure of the Greek Ode, in which the Strophé and the Antistrophé, i. e. the first and second stanza, contained always the same number and the same kind of verses. The Epode was of a different length and measure; and if the Ode ran out into any length, it was always divided into Triplets of stanzas, the two first being constantly of the same length and measure, and all the Epodes in like manner corresponding exactly with each other: from all which the regularity of this kind of compositions is sufficiently evident. There are indeed some Odes, which consist of Strophes, and Antistrophes without any Epode; and others which are made up of Strophes only, of different lengths and measures. But the greatest number of Pindar's Odes are of the first kind.

I have in the translation retained the names of Strophé and Antistrophé, on purpose to imprint the more strongly on the mind of the English reader, the exact regularity observed by Pindar in the structure of his Odes; and have even followed his example in one, which in the original consists only of two Strophes.

Another charge against Pindar relates to the supposed wildness of his imagination, his extravagant digressions, and sudden transitions, which leads me to consider the second point, viz. the connection of his thoughts. Upon which I shall say but little in this place, having endeavoured to point out the connection, and account for many of the digressions, in my Arguments and Notes to the several Odes which I have translated. Here, therefore, I shall only observe in general, that whoever imagines the *visions and praises* of the Conquerors are the proper subjects of the Odes inscribed to them, will find himself mistaken.

These *victories* indeed gave occasion to these songs of triumph, and are therefore constantly taken notice of by the Poet, as are also any particular and remarkable circumstances relating to *them*, or to the lives and characters of the Conquerors themselves: but, as such circumstances could rarely furnish out matter sufficient for an Ode of any length, so would it have been an indecency unknown to the civil equality and freedom, as well as to the simplicity of the age in which Pindar lived, to have filled a poem intended to be sung in public, and even at the altars of the Gods, with the praises of one man only; who, besides, was often no otherwise considerable, but as the victory which gave occasion to the Ode had made him. For these reasons, the Poet, in order to give his poem its due extent, was obliged to have recourse to other circumstances, arising either from the family or country of the Conqueror, from the Games in which he had come off victorious, or from the particular deities who had any relation to the occasion, or in whose temples the Ode was intended to be sung. All these, and many other particulars, which the reading the Odes of Pindar may suggest to an attentive observer, gave hints to the Poet, and led him into those frequent digressions, and quick transitions, which it is no wonder should appear to us at this distance of time and place both extravagant and unaccountable.

Upon the whole, I am persuaded that whoever will consider the Odes of Pindar with regard to the manners and customs of the age in which they were written, the occasions which gave birth to them, and the places in which they were intended to be recited, will find little reason to censure Pindar for want of order and regularity in the plans of his compositions. On the contrary, perhaps, he will be inclined to admire him, for raising so many beauties from such trivial hints, and for kindling, as he sometimes does, so great a flame from a single spark, and with so little fuel.

There is still another prejudice against Pindar, which may arise in the minds of those people who are not thoroughly acquainted with ancient history, and who may therefore be apt to think meanly of Odes, inscribed to a set of conquerors, whom possibly they may look upon only as so many prize-fighters and jockeys. To obviate this prejudice, I have prefixed to my translation of Pindar's Odes a Dissertation (g) on the Olympic Games: in which the reader will see what kind of persons these Conquerors were, and what was the nature of those famous Games; of which every one, who has but just looked into the history of Greece, must know enough to desire to be better acquainted with them. The collection is as full as I have been able to make it, assisted by the labours of a learned Frenchman, Pierre de Faur, who, in his Book intitled *Agonisticon*, hath gathered almost every thing that is mentioned in any of the Greek or Latin writers relating to the Grecian games, which he has

thrown together in no very clear order; as is observed by his countryman Mons. Burette, who hath written several pieces on the subject of the Gymnastic Exercises, inserted in the Second Volume of "*Memoires de l'Academie Royale, &c.*" printed at Amsterdam, 1719. In this dissertation I have endeavoured to give a complete history of the Olympic Games: of which kind there is not, that I know of, any treatise now extant; those written upon this subject by some of the Ancients being all lost, and not being supplied by any learned Modern, at least not so fully as might have been done, and as so considerable an article of the Grecian Antiquities seemed to demand. As I flatter myself that even the learned reader will in this dissertation meet with many points which have hitherto escaped his notice, and much light reflected from thence upon the Odes of Pindar in particular, as well as upon many passages in other Greek writers, I shall rather desire him to excuse those errors and defects which he may happen to discover in it, than apologize for the length of it.

Having now removed the chief prejudices and objections which have been too long and too generally entertained against the writings of Pindar, I need say but little of his real character, as the principal parts of it may be collected from the very faults imputed to him; which are indeed no other than the excesses of great and acknowledged beauties, such as a poetical imagination, a warm and enthusiastic genius, a bold and figurative expression, and a concise and sententious style. These are the characteristic beauties of Pindar; and to these his greatest blemishes, generally speaking, are so near allied, that they have sometimes been mistaken for each other. I cannot however help observing, that he is so entirely free from any thing like the far-fetched thoughts, the witty extravagances, and puerile *conceits* of Mr. Cowley and the rest of his imitators, that I cannot recollect so much as even a single *antithesis* in all his Odes.

Longinus indeed confesses, that Pindar's flame is sometimes extinguished, and that he now and then sinks unexpectedly and unaccountably; but he prefers him, with all his faults, to a poet who keeps on in one constant tenor of mediocrity, and who, though he seldom falls very low, yet never rises to those astonishing heights, which sometimes make the head even of a great poet giddy, and occasion those slips which they at the same time excuse.

But, notwithstanding all that has or can be said in favour of Pindar, he must still appear, as I before observed, under great disadvantages, especially to the English reader. Much of this fire, which formerly warmed and dazzled all Greece, must necessarily be lost even in the best translation. Besides, to say nothing of many beauties peculiar to the Greek, which cannot be expressed in English, and perhaps not in any other language, there are in these Odes so many references to secret history, so many allusions to persons, things, and places, now altogether unknown, and which, were they known, would very little interest or affect the reader, and withal such a mixture of

(g) For this Dissertation, and the learned Author's copious notes in the following Odes, we must refer the curious reader to the work at large.

mythology and antiquity, that I almost despair of their being relished by any, but those who have, if not a great deal of *classical learning*, yet somewhat at least of an *antique and classical taste*.

Every reader, however, may still find in Pindar something to make amends for the loss of those beauties, which have been set at too great a distance, and in some places worn off and obliterated by time; namely, a great deal of good sense, many wise reflections, and many moral sentences, together with a due regard to religion; and from hence he may be able to form to himself some idea of Pindar as a man, though he should be obliged to take his character as a poet from others.

But that he may not for this rely altogether upon my opinion, I shall here produce the testimonies of two great poets, whose excellent writings are sufficient evidences both of their taste and judgment. The first was long and universally admired, and is still as much regretted, by the present age: the latter, who wrote about seventeen hundred years ago, was the delight and ornament of the politest and most learned age of Rome. And though even to him, Pindar, who lived some centuries before him, must have appeared under some of the disadvantages above mentioned, yet he had the opportunity of seeing all his works which were extant in his time, and of which he hath given a sort of catalogue, together with their several characters: an advantage which the former wanted, who must therefore be understood to speak only of those Odes which are now remaining. And indeed he alludes to those only, in the following passage of his "Temple of Fame." *Pope's Works*, small Edit. Vol. III. p. 17. ver. 210.

- " Four Swans (*b*) sustain a car of silver bright,
- " With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
- " Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
- " And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
- " Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
- " And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
- " The figur'd Games of Greece the column
" grace,
- " Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race:
- " The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
- " The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone:
- " The champions in distorted postures threat;
- " And all appear'd irregularly great."

The other passage is from Horace, lib. IV. Ode *fi. viz.*

" Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c."

for the benefit of the English reader, I thus translated:

He, who aspires to reach the towering height
Of matchless Pindar's heaven-ascending strain,
Shall sink, unequal to the arduous flight,
Like him, who falling nam'd th' Icarian main;

(*b*) *Four swans sustain, &c.* Pindar, being seated in a chariot, alludes to the Horse-races he celebrated in the Grecian Games. The Swans are emblems of poetry; their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian Games. This note is of the

Presumptuous youth! to tempt forbidden Mies?
And hope above the clouds on *waxen* plumes to rise!

Pindar, like some fierce torrent swollen with
showers,
Or sudden cataracts of melting snow,
Which from the Alps its headlong deluge pours,
And foams and thunders o'er the vales below,
With desultory fury borne along,
Rolls his impetuous, vast, unfathomable song.

The Delphic laurel ever sure to gain;
Whether with lawless Dithyrambic rage
Wild and tumultuous flows the sounding strain;
Or in more order'd verse sublimely sage
To Gods and Sons of Gods his lyre he strings,
And of fierce Centaurs slain, and dire Chimæra
sings.

Or whether Pisa's Victors be his theme,
The valiant champion and the rapid steed;
Who from the banks of Alpheus, sacred stream,
Triumphant bear Olympia's olive meed;
And from their Bard receive the tuneful boon,
Richer than sculptur'd brass, or imitating stone.

Or whether with the widow'd mourner's tear,
He mingles soft his Elegiac song;
With Dorian strains to deck th' untimely bier
Of some disastrous bridegroom fair and young;
Whose virtues, in his deifying lays,
Through the black gloom of death with
radiance blaze.

When to the clouds, along th' æthereal plain,
His airy way the Theban Swan pursues,
Strong rapid gales his founding plumes sustain:
While, wondering at his flight, my timorous
Mute

In short excursions tires her feeble wings,
And in sequester'd shades and flowery gardens
sings.

There, like the bee, that, from each odorous
bloom,
Each fragrant offspring of the dewy field,
With painful art, extracts the rich perfume,
Solicitous her honied dome to build,
Exerting all her industry and care,
She toils with humble sweets her meaner verse
to rear.

The remainder of this Ode has no relation to the present subject, and is therefore omitted.

The following Collection of Poems (to borrow the metaphor made use of by Horace) consists wholly of sweets, drawn from the rich and flowery fields of Greece. And if in these Translations any of the native spirit and fragrant of the Originals shall appear to be transfused, I shall content myself with the humble merit of the little laborious insect above mentioned. But I must not here omit acquainting the reader, that among these, immediately after the Odes of Pindar, is inserted a translation of an Ode (*i*) of Horace, done by a gentleman, the peculiar excellence of

This Ode, in full conformity to Mr. West's intention,
ancient column

whose genius hath often revealed what his modesty would have kept a secret. And to this I might have trusted to inform the world, that the Translation I am now speaking of, though inserted amongst mine, was not done by me, were I not desirous of testifying the pride and pleasure I take in seeing, in this and some other instances, his admirable pieces blended and joined with mine; an evidence and emblem at the same time of that friendship, which hath long subsisted between us, and which I shall always esteem a singular felicity and honour to myself.

The Authors, from whom the other pieces are translated, are so well known, that I need say nothing of them in this place; neither shall I detain the reader with any farther account of the translations themselves, than only to acquaint him, that I translated the Dramatic Poem of Lucian upon the Gout, when I was myself under an attack of that incurable distemper, which I mention by way of excuse; and that all the other pieces, excepting only the Hymn of Cleanthes, were written many years ago, at a time when I read and wrote, like most other people, for amusement only. If the reader finds they give any to him, I shall be very glad of it; for it is doing some service to human society, to amuse innocently; and they know very little of human nature, who think it can bear to be always employed either in the exercise of its duties, or in high and important meditations.

O D E.

Occasioned by reading Mr. West's Translation of Pindar, by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Warton.

I. 1.

ALBION, exult! thy sons a voice divine have heard,

The Man of Thebes hath in thy vales appear'd!
Hark! with fresh rage and undiminish'd fire,
The sweet enthusiast smites the British lyre;
The sounds that echoed on Alpheus' streams,
Reach the delighted ear of listening Thames;
Lo! swift across the dusty plain
Great Theron's foaming couriers strain!
What mortal tongue e'er roll'd along
Such full impetuous tides of nervous song?

I. 2.

The fearful, frigid lays of cold and creeping art,
Nor touch, nor can transport th' unfeeling heart;

Pindar, our inmost bosom piercing, warms
With glory's love, and eager thirst of arms:
When freedom speaks in his majestic strain,
The patriot-passions beat in every vein:
We long to sit with heroes old,
Mid groves of vegetable gold,

* Where Cadmus and Achilles dwell,
And still of daring deeds and dangers tell.

I. 3.

Away, enervate Bards, away,
Who spin the courtly, silken lay,
† As wreaths for some vain Louis' head,
Or mourn some soft Adonis dead:
No more your polish'd Lyrics boast,
In British Pindar's strength o'erwhelm'd and
As well might ye compare [lost:]
The glimmerings of a waxen flame
(Emblem of Verse correctly tame)
‡ To his own Ætna's sulphur-spouting caves,
When to Heaven's vault the fiery deluge raves,
When clouds and burning rocks dart through
the troubled air.

II. 1.

In roaring cataracts down Andes' channel'd steep
Mark how enormous Orellana sweeps!
Monarch of mighty Floods! supremely strong,
Foaming from cliff to cliff he whirls along,
Sworn with an hundred hills collected snows:
Thence over nameless regions widely flows,
Round fragrant isles, and citron-groves,
Where still the naked Indian roves,
And safely builds his leafy bower,
From slavery far, and curst Iberian power;

II. 2.

So rapid Pindar flows.—O Parent of the Lyre,
Let me for ever thy sweet sons admire!
O ancient Greece, but chief the Bard whose
lays
The matchless tale of Troy divine emblaze;
And next Euripides, soft pity's priest,
Who melts in useful Woes the bleeding
• breast;
And him, who paints th' incestuous king,
Whose soul amaze and horror wring;
Teach me to taste their charms refin'd,
The richest banquet of the enraptur'd mind:

II. 3.

For the blest man, the Muse's child §,
On whose auspicious birth she smil'd,
Whole soul the form'd of purer fire,
For whom the tun'd a golden lyre,
Seeks not in fighting fields renown:
No widow's midnight shrieks, nor burning towns,
The peaceful Poet please:
Nor ceaseless toils for fordid gains,
Nor purple pomp, nor wide domains,
Nor heaps of wealth, nor power, nor statesman's
schemes,
Nor all deceiv'd ambition's feverish dreams,
Lure his contented heart from the sweet vale of
ease.

* See 2 Olymp. Od.

† Alluding to the French and Italian Lyric Poets.

‡ See 1 Pyth. Od.

§ Hor. lib. IV. Od. id.

ODES OF PINDAR.

"Olympiacæ miratus præmia palmæ."

VIRG. Georg. I. iii.

THE FIRST OLYMPIC ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Hiero of Syracuse, who, in the Seventy-third Olympiad, obtained the Victory in the Race of Single Horses.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject of this Ode being a victory obtained by Hiero in the Olympic Games, Pinder sets out with showing the superiority and pre-eminence of those Games over all others; among which, he says, they hold the same rank as water (which, according to the opinion of Thales and other Philosophers, was the original of all things) among the elements, and Gold among the gifts of Fortune. Wherefore, continues he, O my heart, if thou art inclined to sing of Games, it would be as absurd to think of any other but the Olympic Games, as to look for stars in the sky when the sun is shining in his meridian glory; especially as all the Guests at Hiero's table (among which number it is not improbable, that Pinder was one at this time) are singing odes upon that subject. From the mention of Hiero, he falls into a short panegyric upon his virtues, and then passes to what gave occasion to this Ode, *viz.* his Olympic victory; under which head he makes honourable mention of his horse Phrenicus (for that was his name), who gained the victory, and spread his master's glory as far as Pisa, or Olympia, the ancient residence of Pelops the son of Tantalus; into a long account of whom he digresses: and ridiculing, as absurd and impious, the story of his having been cut in pieces by his father Tantalus, boiled and served up at an entertainment given by him to the gods, relates another story, which he thought more to the honour both of Pelops and the Gods. This relation he concludes with the account of Pelops vanquishing Oenomaus, king of Pisa, in the chariot-race, and by the victory gaining his daughter Hippodamia, settling at Pisa, and being there honoured as a God. From this relation the Poet falls again naturally into an account of the Olympic Games, and, after a short reflection upon the felicity of those who gained the Olympic crown, returns to the praises of Hiero; with which, and some occasional reflections on the prosperity of Hiero, to whom he wishes a continuance of his good fortune and a long reign, he closes his Ode.

STROPHE I.

CHIEF of Nature's works divine,
Water claims the highest praise:
Richest offspring of the mine,
Gold, like fire, whose flashing rays
From afar conspicuous gleam,
Through the night's involving cloud,
First in lustre and esteem,
Decks the treasures of the proud:
So among the lists of fame
Pisa's honour'd games excel;
Then to Pisa's glorious name
Tune, O Muse, thy sounding shell.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Who along the desert air
Seeks the faded starry train,
When the sun's meridian car
Round illumines th' ætherial plain?
Who a nobler theme can choose
Than Olympia's sacred Games?
What more apt to fire the Muse,
When her various songs she frames?

! Songs in strains of wisdom dash
Great Saturnius to record,
And by each rejoicing guest
Sung at Hiero's feastful board.

EPODE I.

In pastoral Sicilia's fruitful soil
The righteous sceptre of imperial power
Great Hiero wielding, with illustrious toil
Plucks every blooming virtue's fairest flower,
His royal splendor to adorn:
Nor doth his skilful hand refuse
Acquaintance with the tuneful Muse,
When round the mirthful board the harp is

STROPHE II.

Down then from the glittering nail
Take, O Muse, thy Dorian lyre;
If the love of Pisa's vale
Pleasing transports can inspire;
Or the rapid-footed steed
Could with joy thy bosom move,
When, unwhipp'd with native speed
O'er the dusty course he drove;

And where deck'd with olives flows,
Alpheus, thy immortal floods;
On his lord's triumphant brows

The Olympic wreath bestow'd :

ANTISTROPHE II.

Hiero's royal bows, whose care
Tends the courser's noble breed ;
Pleas'd to nurse the pregnant mare,
Pleas'd to train the youthful steed.
Now on that heroic land
His far-beaming glories beat,
Where with all his Lydian band
Pelop's fix'd his honour'd seat :
Pelops, by the god belov'd,
Whose strong arms the globe embrace ;
When by Jove's high orders mov'd
Clotho blest'd the healing vase.

EPODE II.

Forth from the cauldron to new life restor'd,
Pleas'd with the lustre of his ivory arm
Young Pelops rose ; so ancient tales record,
And oft these tales unheeding mortals charm ;
While gaudy Fiction, deck'd with art,
And drest'd in every winning grace,
To Truth's unornamented face
Preferr'd, seduces oft the human heart.

STROPHE III.

Add to these sweet Poesy,
Smooth inchantress of mankind,
Clad in whose false majesty
Fables easy credit find.
But ere long the rolling year
The deceitful tale explodes ;
Then, O man, with holy fear
Touch the characters of Gods.
Of their heavenly natures say
Nought unseemly, nought profane,
So shalt thou due honour pay,
So be free from guilty stain.

ANALISTROPHE III.

Differing then from ancient fame
I thy story will record :
How the Gods invited came
To thy father's genial board ;
In his turn the holy feast
When on Sipylus he spread ;
To the tables of the blest
In his turn with honour led.
Neptune then thy lovely face,
Son of Tantalus, survey'd,
And with amorous embrace
Far away the prize convey'd.

EPODE III.

To the high palace of all-honour'd Jove
With Pelop's swift the golden chariot rolls.
There, like more ancient Ganymede, above
For Neptune he prepares the nectar'd bowls.

But for her vanquish'd son in vain
When long his tender mother sought,
And tidings of his fate were brought
By none of all her much-inquiring train ;

STROPHE IV.

O'er the envious realm with speed
A malicious rumour flew,
That, his heavenly guests to feed,
Thee thy impious father slew :
In a cauldron's seething flood
That thy mangled limbs were cast,

Thence by each voracious God

On the board in messes plac'd.

But shall I the blest abuse ?

With such tales to stain her song

Far, far be it from my Muse !

Vengeance waits th' unhallow'd tongue.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Sure, if e'er no man befeel
Honour from the powers divine,
Who on high Olympus dwell,
Tantalus, the lot was thine.
But, alas ! his mortal sense
All too feeble to digest
The delights of bliss immense,
Sicken'd at the heavenly feast,
Whence, his tolly to chastise,
O'er his head with pride elate,
Jove, great father of the skies.

Hung a rock's enormous weight.

EPODE IV.

Now vainly labouring with incessant pains
Th' impending rock's expected fall to shun,
The fourth distressful instance he remains
Of wretched man by impious pride undone ;
Who to his mortal guests convey'd
Th' incorruptible food of Gods,
On which in their divine abodes
Himself erst feasting was immortal made.

STROPHE V.

Vain is he, who hopes to cheat
The all-seeing eyes of Heaven :
From Olympus' blissful seat,
For his father's theft, was driven
Pelops, to reside once more
With frail man's swift-passing race,
Where (for now youth's blowing flower
Deck'd with opening pride his face ;
And with manly beauty sprung
On each cheek the downy shade)
Ever burning for the young,
Hymen's fires his heart invade.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Anxious then th' Elean bride
From her royal fire to gain,
Near the billow-beaten side
Of the foam-beliver'd main,
Darkling and alone he stood,
Invoking oit the name
Of the Trident-bearing god
Strait the Trident-bearer came :
" If the sweet delights of love,
" Which from Beauty's Queen descend :
" Can thy yielding bosom move,
" Mighty God, my cause befriend.

EPODE V.

With strong prevention let thy hand control
" The brazen lance of Pisa's furious king ;
And to the honours of th' Elean goal
" Me with unrival'd speed in triumph bring.
" Transix'd by his unerring spear,
" Already thirteen youths have dy'd,
" Yet he persists with cruel pride,
Hippodamia's nuptials to defer

STROPHE VI.

In the paths of dangerous fame
" Trembling cowards never tread :

" Yet since all of mortal frame
 " Must be number'd with the dead,
 " Who in dark inglorious shade
 " Would his useless life consume,
 " And, with deedless years decay'd,
 " Sink unhonour'd to the tomb ?
 " I that shameful lot disdain ;
 " I this doubtful lift will prove :
 " May my vows from thee obtain
 " Conquest, and the prize of love !"

ANTISTROPHE VI.

Thus he pray'd, and mov'd the God ;
 Who, his bold attempt to grace,
 On the favour'd youth bestow'd
 Steeds unwearied in the race :
 Steeds with winged speed endued,
 Harness'd to a golden car.
 So was Pisa's king subdued ;
 Pelops so obtain'd the fair ;
 From whose womb a noble brood,
 Six illustrious brothers came,
 All with virtuous minds endow'd,
 Leaders all of mighty fame.

EPODE VI.

Now in the solemn service of the dead,
 Rank'd with immortal Gods, great Pelops
 While to his altar on the watery bed [share ;
 Of Alpheus rais'd, from every clime repairs
 The wondering stranger, to behold
 The glories of th' Olympic plain ;
 Where, the resplendent wreath to gain,
 Contend the swift, the active, and the bold.

STROPHE VII.

Happy he, whose glorious brow
 Pisa's honour'd chaplets crown !

Calm his stream of life shall flow,
 Shelter'd by his high renown,
 That alone his bliss supreme,
 Which, unknowing to decay,
 Still with ever-shining beam
 Gladdens each succeeding day.
 Then for happy Hiero weave
 Garlands of Æolian strains ;
 Him these honours to receive
 The Olympic law ordains.

ANTISTROPHE VII.

No more worthy of her lay
 Can the muse a Mortal find ;
 Greater in imperial swag,
 Richer in a virtuous mind ;
 Heaven, O king, with tender care
 Waits thy wishes to fulfil.
 Then ere long will I prepare,
 Plac'd on Chronium's sunny hill,
 Thee in sweeter verse to praise,
 Following thy victorious steeds ;
 If to prosper all thy ways
 Still thy Guardian God proceeds.

EPODE VII.

Fate hath in various stations rank'd mankind :
 In royal power the long gradations end.
 By that horizon prudently confin'd,
 Let not thy hopes to farther views extend.
 Long may't thou wear the regal crown !
 And may thy Bard his wish receive,
 With thee, and such as thee to live,
 Around his native Greece for wisdom known !

THE SECOND OLYMPIC ODE.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Ode is inscribed to Theron King of Agrigentum, who came off Conqueror in the Race of Chariots drawn by four Horses, in the Seventy-seventh Olympiad.

The Poet, in answer to the question, What God, what Hero, and what Mortal he should sing (with which words this Ode immediately begins) having named Jupiter and Hercules, not only as the first of gods and heroes, but as they were peculiarly related to his subject ; the one being the Protector, and the other the founder of the Olympic Games ; falls directly into the praises of Theron : by this method artfully insinuating, that Theron held the same rank among all mortals, as the two former did among the gods and heroes. In enumerating the many excellencies of Theron, the Poet having made mention of the nobility of his family (a topic seldom or never omitted by Pindar) takes occasion to lay before him the various accidents and vicissitudes of human life, by instances drawn from the history of his own ancestors, the founders of Agrigentum ; who, it seems, underwent many difficulties, before they could build, and settle themselves in that city ; where afterwards, indeed, they made a very considerable figure, and were rewarded for their past sufferings with wealth and honour ; according to which method of proceeding, the Poet (alluding to some misfortunes that had befallen Theron) beseeches Jupiter to deal with his posterity, by recompensing their former afflictions with a series of peace and happiness for the future ; in the enjoyment of which they would soon lose the memory of whatever they had suffered in times past : the constant effect of prosperity being to make men forget their past adversity ; which is the only reparation that can be made to them for the miseries they have undergone. The truth of this position he makes appear from the history of the same family ; by the farther instances of Semcle, Ino, and Therfander ; and, lastly, of Theron himself, whose former cares and troubles, he insinuates, are repaid by his present happiness and victory in the Olympic Games : for his success in which, the Poet however intimates, that Theron was

as less indebted to his riches than to his virtue, since he was enabled by the one, as well as disposed by the other, to undergo the trouble and expence that was necessary to qualify him for a candidate for the Olympic crown in particular, and, in general, for the performance of any great and worthy action: for the words are general. From whence he takes occasion to tell him, that the man who possesses these treasures, viz. Riches and Virtue, that is, the means and the inclination of doing good and great actions, has the farther satisfaction of knowing, that he shall be rewarded for it hereafter; and go among the heroes into the Fortunate Islands (the Paradise of the Ancients), which he here describes; some of whose inhabitants are likewise mentioned by way of inciting Theron to an imitation of their actions; as Peleus, Cadmus, and Achilles. Here the Poet, finding himself, as well from the abundance of matter, as from the fertility of his own genius, in danger of wandering too far from his subject, recalls his Muse, and returns to the praise of Theron; whose beneficence and generosity he tells us, were not to be equalled: with which, and with some reflections upon the enemies and maligners of Theron, he concludes.

STROPHE I.

Ye choral hymns, harmonious lays,
Sweet rulers of the lyric string,
What god? what hero's godlike praise?
What mortal shall we sing?
With Jove, with Pifa's Guardian God,
Begin, O Muse, th' Olympic Ode.
Alcides, Jove's heroic son,
The second honours claims;
Who, offering up the spoils from Augeas won,
Establish'd to his fire th' Olympic Games;
Where bright in wreaths of Conquest Theron
Then of victorious Theron sing! [shone.
Of Theron hospitable, just, and great!
Fam'd Agrigentum's honour'd king,
The prop and bulwark of her towering state;
A righteous prince! whose flowering virtues
The venerable stem of his illustrious race: [grace

ANTISTROPHE I.

A race, long exercis'd in woes,
Ere smiling o'er her kindred flood,
The mansion of their will'd repose,
Their sacred city stood;
And through amaz'd Sicilia shone
The lustre of their fair renown.
Thence, 'as the milder Fates decreed,
In destin'd order born,
Auspicious hours with smoother pace succeed;
While Power and Wealth the noble line adorn,
And Public Favour, Virtue's richest meed.
O Son of Rhea, God supreme!
Whose kingly hands th' Olympian sceptre wield!
Rever'd on Alpheus' sacred stream!
And honour'd most in Pifa's list'd field!
Propitious listen to my soothing strain!
And to the worthy sons their father's rights maintain!

EPODE I.

Peace on their future life, and wealth bestow;
And bid their present moments calmly flow.
The deed once done no power can abrogate,
Not the great Sire of all Things, Time, nor
But sweet oblivion of disastrous care, [Fate.
And good succeeding, may the wrong repair.
Lost in the brightness of returning day,
The gloomy terrors of the night decay;
When Jove commands the Sun of Joy to rise,
And opens into smiles the cloud-envelop'd skies.

STROPHE II.

Thy hapless daughters' various fate
This moral truth, O Cadmus, shows;
Who vested now with godlike state
On heavenly thrones repose;

And yet affliction's thorny road
In bitter anguish once they trod.
But bliss superior hath eras'd
The memory of their woe;
While Semele, on high Olympus plac'd,
To heavenly zephyrs bids her tresses flow,
Once by devouring lightnings all defac'd,
There, with immortal charms improv'd,
Inhabitant of Heaven's serene abodes
She dwells, by virgin Pallas lov'd,
Lov'd by Saturnius, father of the gods;
Lov'd by her youthful son, whose brows divine,
In twisting ivy bound, with joy eternal shine.

ANTISTROPHE II.

To Ino, Goddess of the Main,
The Fates an equal lot decree,
Rank'd with old Ocean's Nereid train,
Bright daughters of the sea.
Deep in the pearly realms below,
Immortal happiness to know.
But here our day's appointed end
To mortals is unknown;
Whether distress our period shall attend,
And in tumultuous storms our sun go down,
Or to the shades in peaceful calms descend.
For various flows the tide of life,
Obnoxious still to fortune's veering gale;
Now rough with anguish, care, and strife,
O'erwhelming waves the shatter'd bark assail;
Now glide serene and smooth the limpid streams
And on the surface play Apollo's golden beams.

EPODE II.

Thus, Fate, O Theron, that with bliss divine
And glory once enrich'd thy ancient line,
Again reversing every gracious deed,
Woe to thy wretched fires and shame decreed;
What time, encountering on the Phocian plain,
By luckless Oedipus was Laius slain.
To parricide by fortune blindly led,
His father's precious life the hero shed;
Doom'd to fulfil the oracles of heaven, [given.
To Thebes' ill-destin'd king by Pythian Phoebus

STROPHE III.

But with a fierce avenging eye
Erinnys the foul murder view'd,
And bade his warring offspring die,
By mutual rage subdued.
Pierc'd by his brother's hateful steel
Thus haughty Polynices fell.
Thersander, born to calmer days,
Surviv'd his falling fire,
In youthful games to win immortal praise:
Renown in martial combats to acquire,

And high in power, th' Adraſtian houſe to raiſe.

Birth from this venerable root
Æneſidamus and his Theron ſpring;
For whom I touch my Dorian flute,
For whom triumphant ſtrike my ſounding
ſtring.

Due to his glory is th' Aonian ſtrain, plain.
Whoſe virtue gain'd the prize in fam'd Olympia's

ANTISTROPHE III.

Alone in fam'd Olympia's ſand
The victor's chaplet Theron wore;
But with him on the Iſthmain ſtrand,
On ſweet Caſtalia's ſhore,
The verdant crowns, the proud reward
Of victory his brother ſhar'd,
Copartner in immortal praiſe,
As warm'd with equal zeal.

The light foot courſer's generous breed to raiſe,
And whirl around the goal the fervid wheel.
The painful triſte Olympia's wreath repays:
But wealth with nobler virtue join'd
The means and fair occaſions muſt procure;
In glory's chaſe muſt aid the mind,
Expece, and toil, and danger to endure;
With mingling rays they feed each other's flame,
And ſhine the brighteſt lamp in all the ſphere of
fame.

EPODE III.

The happy mortal, who theſe treaſures ſhares,
Well knows what fate attends his generous care:
Knows, that beyond the verge of life and light
In the ſad regions of infernal night,
The fierce, impracticable, churliſh mind
Avenging gods and penal woes ſhall find;
Where ſtrict inquiring juſtice ſhall bewray
The crimes committed in the realms of day.
Th' impartial Judge the rigid law declares,
No more to be revers'd by penitence or prayers.

STROPHE IV.

But in the happy fields of light,
Where Phœbus with an equal ray
Illuminates the balmy night,
And gilds the cloudleſs day,
In peaceful, unmoleſted joy,
The good their ſmiling hours employ.
Them no uneaſy wants conſtrain
To vex th' ungrateful ſoil,
To tempt the dangers of the billowy main,
And break their ſtrength with unabating toil:
A trail diſaſtrous being to maintain.
But in their joyous calm abodes,
The recompence of juſtice they receive;
And in the fellowſhip of gods
Without a tear eternal ages live.
While, baniſh'd by the Fates from joy and reſt,
Intolerable woes the impious ſoul infeſt.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

But they who, in true virtue ſtrong,
The third purgation can endure;
And keep their minds from fraudulent wrong
And guilt's contagion pure;
They through the ſtarry paths of Jove
To Saturn's bliſful ſeat remove;
Where fragrant breezes, vernal airs,
Sweet children of the main,
Purge the bleſt iſland from corroding cares,
And fan the boſom of each verdant plain:

Whoſe fertile ſoil immortal fruitage bears;
Trees, from whoſe flaming branches flow
Array'd in golden bloom refulgent beams;
And flowers of golden hue, that blow
On the freſh borders of their parent ſtreams.
Theſe, by the bleſt in ſolemn triumph worn,
Their unpolluted hands and cluſtering locks adorn.

EPODE IV.

Such is the righteous will, the high beſeſt,
Of Rhadamanthus, ruler of the bleſt:
The juſt aſſeſſor of the throne divine,
On which, high rais'd above all gods, recline,
Link'd in the golden bands of wedded love,
The great progenitors of thundering Jove.
There, in the number of the bleſt enroll'd,
Live Cadmus, Peleus, heroes fam'd of old;
And young Achilles, to thoſe iſles remov'd,
Soon as, by Thetis won, relenting Jove approv'd.

STROPHE V.

Achilles, whole reſtleſs might
Troy's ſtable pillar overthrow'd,
The valiant Hector, firm in fight,
And hardly Cygnus ſlew,
And Memnon, offspring of the morn,
In torrid Æthiopia born---
Yet in my well-ſtor'd breſt remain
Materials to ſupply

With copious argument my moral ſtrain,
Whoſe myſtic ſenſe the wiſe alone deſcry,
Still to the vulgar ſounding harſh and vain.
He only, in whoſe ample breſt
Nature hath true inherent genius pour'd,
The praiſe of wiſdom may conteſt;
Not they who, with loquacious learning ſtor'd,
Like crows and chattering jays, with clamo-
rous cries

Purſue the bird of Jove, that ſails along the ſkies.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Come on! thy brighteſt ſtaſts prepare,
And bend, O Muſe, thy ſounding bow;
Say, through what paths of liquid air
Our arrows ſhall we throw:
On Agrigentum fix thine eye,
Thither let all thy quiver fly.
And thou, O Agrigentum, hear,
While, with religious dread,
And taught the laws of juſtice to revere,
To heavenly vengeance I devote my head,
If aught to truth repugnant now I ſwear,
Swear, that no ſtate, revolving o'er
The long memorials of recorded days,
Can ſlow in all her boaſted ſtore
A name to parallel thy Theron's praiſe;
One to the acts of frienſhip ſo inclin'd, [kind.
So fam'd for bounteous deeds, and love of human

EPODE V.

Yet hath obſtreperous envy ſought to drown
The goodly muſic of his ſweet renown;
While, by ſome frantic ſpirits borne along
To mad attempts of violence and wrong,
She turn'd againſt him faction's raging flood,
And ſtrove with evil deeds to conquer good.
But who can number every ſandy grain
Waſh'd by Sicilia's hoarſe-reſounding main?
Or who can Theron's generous works expreſs,
And tell how many hearts his bounteous virtues
bleſs!

THE THIRD OLYMPIC ODE.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Ode is likewise inscribed to Theron king of Agrigentum, upon the occasion of another Victory obtained by him in the Chariot-Race at Olympia; the date of which is unknown.

The Scholiast acquaints us, that as Theron was celebrating the Theoxenia (a festival instituted by Castor and Pollux in honour of all the gods) he received the news of a victory obtained by his chariot in the Olympic Games: from this circumstance the poet takes occasion to address this Ode to those two deities and their sister Helena, in whose temple, the same Scholiast informs us, some people with greatest probability conjectured, it was sung, at a solemn sacrifice there offered by Theron to those deities, and to Hercules, also, as may be inferred from a passage in the third Strophe of the Translation. But there is another, and a more poetical propriety in Pindar's invoking these divinities, that is suggested in the Ode itself: for, after mentioning the occasion of his composing it, namely, the Olympic Victory of Theron, and saying that a triumphal song was a tribute due to that person upon whom the Hellanodic, or Judge of the Games, bestowed the sacred Olive, according to the institution of their first founder Hercules, he proceeds to relate the fabulous, but legendary story, of that Hero's having brought that plant originally from Scythia, the country of the Hyperboreans, to Olympia; having planted it there near the temple of Jupiter, and ordered that the victors in those games should, for the future, be crowned with the branches of this sacred tree. To this he adds, that Hercules, upon his being removed to heaven, appointed the twin-brothers, Castor and Pollux, to celebrate the Olympic Games, and execute the office of bestowing the Olive-crown upon those who obtained the victory; and now, continues Pindar, he comes a propitious guest, to this sacrifice of Theron, in company with the two sons of Leda, who, to reward the piety and zeal of Theron and his family, have given them success and glory; to the utmost limits of which he insinuates that Theron is arrived, and so concludes with affirming, that it would be in vain for any man, wife or unwise, to attempt to surpass him.

TO THERON KING OF AGRIGENTUM.

STROPHE I.

WHILE to the fame of Agragas I sing,
For Theron wake the Olympic string,
And with Aonian garlands grace
His steeds unwearied in the race,
O may the hospitable twins of Jove,
And bright-hair'd Helena, the song approve!
For this the Muse bestow'd her aid,
As in new measures I essay'd
To harmonise the tuneful words,
And set to Dorian airs my sounding chords.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And lo! the conquering steeds, whose tossing
Olympia's verdant wreath bespreads, [heads
The Muse-imparted tribute claim,
Due, Theron, to thy glorious name;
And bid me temper in their master's praise
The flute, the warbling lyre, and melting lays.
Lo! Pisa too the song requires!
Elean Pisa, that inspires
The glowing Bard with eager care
His heaven-directed present to prepare:

EPODE I.

The present offer'd to his virtuous fame,
On whose ennobled brows
The righteous umpire of the sacred game,
Th' Ætolian judge, bestows
The darksome olive, studious to fulfil
The mighty founder's will,
Who this fair ensign of Olympic toil
From distant Scythia's fruitful soil,

And Hyperborean Ister's woody shore,
With fair entreaties gain'd, to Grecian Elis
bore.

STROPHE II.

The blameless servants of the Delphic God
With joy the valued gifts bestow'd;
Mov'd by the friendly chief to grant,
On terms of peace, the sacred plant,
Destin'd at once to shade Jove's honour'd shrine,
And crown heroic worth with wreaths divine.
For now full-orb'd the wandering moon
In plenitude of brightness shone,
And on the spacious eye of night
Pour'd all the radiance of her golden light:

ANTISTROPHE II.

Now on Jove's altars blaz'd the hallow'd
flames,
And now were fix'd the mighty games,
Again, when e'er the circling sun
Four times his annual course had run,
Their period to renew, and shine again
On Alpheus' craggy shores and Pisa's plain:
But subject all the region lay
To the fierce sun's insulting ray,
While upon Pelops' burning vale
No shade arose his fury to repel.

EPODE II.

Then traversing the hills, whose jutting base
Indents Arcadia's meads,
To where the virgin goddess of the chase
Impells her foaming steeds,

To Scythian Ister he directs his way,
Doom'd by his father to obey
The rigid pleasures of Mycenæ's king,
And thence the rapid hind to bring,
Whom, sacred present for the Orthian maid,
With horns of branching gold, Táygeta array'd.

STROPHE III.

There as the longsome chase the chief pursued,
The spacious Scythian plains he view'd;
A land beyond the chilling blast
And northern caves of Boreas cast:
There too the groves of olive he survey'd,
And gaz'd with rapture on the pleasing shade,
Thence by the wondering hero borne
The goals of Elis to adorn.

And now to Theron's sacred feast
With Leda's twins he comes, propitious guest!

ANTISTROPHE III.

To Leda's twins (when heaven's divine abodes
He fought, and mingled with the Gods)

He gave th' illustrious Games to hold,
And crown the swift, the strong, and bold.
Then, Muse, to Theron and his house proclaim
The joyous tidings of success and fame,
By Leda's twins bestow'd to grace,
Emmenides, thy pious race,
Who, mindful of heaven's high behests,
With strictest zeal observe their holy feasts.

EPODE III.

As water's vital streams all things surpass,
As gold's all-workship'd ore
Holds amid fortune's stores the highest class;
So to that distant shore,
To where the pillars of Æcides rise,
Fame's utmost boundaries,
Theron, pursuing his successful way,
Hath deck'd with glory's brightest ray,
His lineal virtues.—Farther to attain,
Wife, and unwise, with me despair: th' attempt
were vain.

THE FIFTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Psaumis of Camarina (a town in Sicily, who, in the eighty-second Olympiad, obtained three victories; one in the race of chariots drawn by four horses: a second in the race of the Apné, or chariot drawn by mules, and a third in the race of single horses.

Some people (it seems) have doubted, whether this Ode be Pindar's, for certain reasons, which, together with the arguments on the other side, the learned reader may find in the Oxford edition and others of this author; where it is clearly proved to be genuine. But, besides the reasons there given for doubting if this Ode be Pindar's, there is another (though not mentioned, as I know of, by any one) which may have helped to bias people in their judgment upon this question. I shall therefore beg leave to consider it a little, because what I shall say upon that head, will tend to illustrate both the meaning and the method of Pindar in this Ode. In the Greek editions of this Author there are two Odes (of which this is the second) inscribed to the same Psaumis, and dated both in the same Olympiad. But they differ from each other in several particulars, as well in the matter as the manner. In the second Ode, notice is taken of three victories obtained by Psaumis; in the first, of only one, viz. that obtained by him in the race of chariots drawn by four horses: in the second, not only the city of Camarina, but the lake of the same name, many rivers adjoining to it, and some circumstances relating to the present state, and the rebuilding of that city (which had been destroyed by the Syracusians some years before) are mentioned; whereas in the first, Camarina is barely named, as the country of the conqueror, and as it were out of form: from all which I conclude, that these two Odes were composed to be sung at different times, and in different places; the first at Olympia, immediately upon Psaumis's being proclaimed conqueror in the chariot-race, and before he obtained his other two victories. This may with great probability be inferred, as well from no mention being there made of those two victories, as from the prayer which the poet subjoins immediately to his account of the first, viz. that heaven would in like manner be favourable to the rest of the victor's wishes; yet has a peculiar beauty and propriety, if taken to relate to the other two exercises, in which Psaumis was still to contend; and in which he afterwards came off victorious. That it was the custom for a conqueror, at the time of his being proclaimed, to be attended by a chorus, who sung a song of triumph in honour of his victory, I have observed in the Dissertation prefixed to these Odes. In the second, there are so many marks of its having been made to be sung at the triumphal entry of Psaumis into his own country, and those so evident, that, after this hint given, the reader cannot help observing them as he goes through the Ode. I shall therefore say nothing more of them in this place; but that they tend, by showing for what occasion this Ode was calculated, to confirm what I said relating to the other; and jointly with that to prove, that there is no reason to conclude from there being two Odes inscribed to the same person, and dated in the same Olympiad, that the latter is not Pindar's, especially as it appears, both in the style and spirit, altogether worthy of him.*

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet begins with addressing himself to Camarina, a sea nymph, from whom the city and lake were both named, to bespeak a favourable reception of his Ode, a present which he tells her was

made to her by Pſaumis, who rendered her city illustrious at the Olympic Games; where having obtained three victories, he consecrated his fame to Camarina, by ordering the herald, when he proclaimed him conqueror, to style him of that city. This he did at Olympia; but now, continues Pindar, upon his coming home, he is more particular, and inserts in his triumphal song the names of the principal places and rivers belonging to Camarina; from whence the Poet takes occasion to speak of the rebuilding of that city, which was done about this time, and of the state of glory, to which, out of her low and miserable condition, she was now brought by the means of Pſaumis, and by the lustre cast on her by his victories; victories (says he) not to be obtained without much labour and expence, the usual attendants of great and glorious actions; but the man who succeeded in such like undertakings, was sure to be rewarded with the love and approbation of his country. The poet then addresses himself to Jupiter in a prayer, beseeching him to adorn the city and state of Camarina with virtue and glory; and to grant to the victor Pſaumis a joyful and contented old age, and the happiness of dying before his children: after which he concludes with an exhortation to Pſaumis, to be contented with his condition; which he insinuates was as happy as that of a mortal could be, and it was to no purpose for him to wish to be a god.

STROPHE.

* FARE Camarina, daughter of the main,
With gracious smiles this choral song receive,
Sweet fruit of virtuous toils; whose noble strain
Shall to th' Olympic wreath new lustre
give:
This Pſaumis, whom on Alpheus' shore
With unabating speed
The harness'd mules to conquest bore,
This gift to thee decreed;
Thee, Camarina, whose well-peopled towers
Thy Pſaumis render'd great in fame,
When to the twelve Olympian powers
He fed with victims the triumphal flame.
When, the double altars round,
Slaughter'd bulls bestrew'd the ground;
When, on five selected days,
Jove survey'd the list of praise;
• While along the dusty course
Pſaumis urg'd his straining horse,
Or beneath the social yoke
Made the well-match'd couriers smoke;
Or around th' Elean goal
Taught his mule-drawn car to roll.
Then did the victor dedicate his fame
To thee, and bade the herald's voice proclaim
Thy new-establish'd walls, and Acron's honour'd
name.

ANTISTROPHE.

But now return'd from where the pleasant seat
Once of Oenomaus and Pelops stood.
The, civic Pallas, and thy chaste retreat,
He bids me sing, and fair Oanus' flood,
And Camarina's sleeping wave,
And those sequester'd shores,
Through which the thirsty town to lave
Smooth flow the watery stores
Of sily Hipparis, profoundest streams,
Adown whose wood-envelop'd tide

The solid pile and lofty beam,
Materials for the future palace, glide.
Thus, by war's rude tempests torn,
Plung'd in misery and scorn,
Once again, with power array'd,
Camarina lifts her head,
Gayley brightening in the blaze,
Pſaumis, of thy hard-earn'd praise.
Trouble, care, expence, attend
Him who labours to ascend
Where, approaching to the skies,
Virtue holds the sacred prize,
That tempts him to atchieve the dangerous deed;
But, if his well-concerted toils succeed,
His country's just applause shall be his glorious
meed.

EPODE.

O Jove! protector of mankind!
• O cloud-enthron'd king of gods!
Who, on the Chronian mount reclin'd,
With honour-crown'd the wide-stream'd floods
Of Alpheus, and the solemn gloom
Of Ida's cave! to thee I come
Thy suppliant, to soft Lydian reeds,
Sweet breathing forth my tuneful prayer,
That, grac'd with noble, valiant deeds,
This state may prove thy guardian care;
And thou on whose victorious brow
Olympia bound the sacred bough,
Thou whom Neptunian steeds delight,
With age, content, and quiet crown'd,
Calm may'st thou sink to endless night,
Thy children, Pſaumis, weeping round.
And since the gods have given thee fame and
wealth,
Join'd with that prime of earthly treasures, health,
Enjoy the blessings they to man assign,
Nor fondly sigh for happiness divine.

THE SEVENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Diagoras, the son of Damagetus of Rhodes, who, in the Seventy-ninth Olympiad, obtained the victory in the exercise of the Cæstus.

This Ode was in such esteem among the ancients, that it was deposited in a temple of Minerva, written in letters of gold.

TRANS.

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THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet begins this noble song of triumph with a simile, by which he endeavours to show his great esteem for those who obtain the victory in the Olympic and other games; as also the value of the present that he makes them upon that occasion; a present always acceptable, because fame and praise is that which delights all mortals; wherefore the Muse, says he, is perpetually looking about for proper objects to bestow it upon; and seeing the great actions of Diagoras, takes up a resolution of celebrating him, the Isle of Rhodes his country, and his father Damagetus (according to the form observed by the herald in proclaiming the conquerors); Damagetus, and consequently Diagoras, being descended from Tlepolemus, who led over a colony of Grecians from Argos to Rhodes, where he settled, and obtained the dominion of that island. From Tlepolemus, therefore, Pindar declares he will deduce his song; which he addresses to all the Rhodians in common with Diagoras, who were descended from Tlepolemus, or from those Grecians that came over with him; that is, almost all the people of Rhodes, who indeed are as much (if not more) interested in the greatest part of this Ode, as Diagoras the conqueror. Pindar accordingly relates the occasion of Tlepolemus's coming to Rhodes, which he tells was in obedience to an oracle, that commanded him to seek out that island; which, instead of telling us its name, Pindar, in a more poetical manner, characterizes by relating of it some legendary stories (if I may so speak) that were peculiar to the Isle of Rhodes; such as the Golden Shower, and the occasion of Apollo's choosing that island for himself; both which stories he relates at large with such a flame of poetry as shows his imagination to have been extremely heated and elevated with his subjects. Neither does he seem to cool in the short account that he gives, in the next place, of the passion of Apollo for the nymph Rhodos, from whom the island received its name, and from whom were descended its original inhabitants (whom just before the poet therefore called the sons of Apollo): and particularly the three brothers, Camirus, Lindus, and Jalyfus; who divided that country into three kingdoms, and built the three principal cities which retained their names. In this island Tlepolemus (says the Poet, returning to the story of that hero) found rest, and a period to all his misfortunes, and at length grew into such esteem with the Rhodians, that they worshipped him as a God, appointing sacrifices to him, and instituting games in his honour. The mention of those games, naturally brings back the Poet to Diagoras; and gives him occasion, from the two victories obtained by Diagoras in those games, to enumerate all the prizes won by that famous conqueror in all the games of Greece: after which enumeration, he begs of Jupiter, in a solemn prayer, to grant Diagoras the love of his country, and the admiration of all the world, as a reward for the many virtues for which he and his family had always been distinguished, and for which their country had so often triumphed: and then, as if he had been a witness of the extravagant transports of the Rhodians (to which, not the festival only occasioned by the triumphal entry of their countryman, and the glory reflected upon them by his victories, but much more the flattering and extraordinary elogium bestowed upon the whole nation in this Ode, might have given birth), the Poet on a sudden changes his hand, and checks their pride by a moral reflection on the vicissitude of fortune, with which he exhorts them to moderation, and so concludes.

HEROIC STANZAS.

As when a father in the golden vale,

The pride and glory of his wealthy stores,
Bent his lov'd daughter's nuptial torch to grace,
'The vineyard's purple dew profusely pours;

Then to his lips the foaming chalice rears,
With blessings hallow'd, and auspicious vows,
And mingling with the draught transporting tears,
On the young bridegroom the rich gut bestows;

The precious earnest of esteem sincere,
Of friendly union and conjugal love:
The bridal train the sacred pledge revere,
And round the youth in sprightly measures move.

He to his home the valued present bears,
The grace and ornament of future feasts;
Where, as his father's bounty he declares,
Wonder shall seize the gratulating guest.

Thus on the valiant, on the swift, and strong,
Castalio's genuine nectar I bestow;
And, pouring forth the Muse-descended song,
And to their praises the rich numbers flow.
Grateful to them resounds th' harmonic Ode,
The gift of friendship and the pledge of fame.

Happy the mortal, whom th' Aethian God
Cheers with the music of a glorious name!

The Muse her piercing glances throws around,
And quick discovers every worthy deed:
And now she wakes the lyre's enchanting sound,
Now fills with various strains the vocal reed:

But here each instrument of song divine,
The vocal reed and lyre's enchanting string,
She tunes; and bids their harmony combine
Thee, and thy Rhodos, Diagoras, to sing;

Thee and thy country, native of the flood,
Which from bright Rhodes draws her honour'd
name, {God,
Fair nymph, whose charms subdued the Delphic
Fair blooming daughter of the Cyprian dame:

To sing thy triumphs in th' Olympic sand,
Where Alpheus saw thy giant-temples crown'd;
Fam'd Pythia too proclaim'd thy conquering
hand,
Where sweet Castalia's mystic currents sound.

Nor Damagetus will I pass unsung,
Thy fire, the friend of Justice and of Truth;
From noble ancestors whose lineage sprung,
The chiefs who led to Rhodes the Atræide youth,

There near to Asia's wide-extended strand,
Where jutting Embolus the waves divides,
In three divisions they possess'd the land,
Enthron'd amid the hoarse-echoing tides.

To their descendants will I tune my lyre,
The offspring of Alcides bold and strong;
And from Tlepolemus, their common fire,
Deduce the national historic song.

Tlepolemus of great Alcides came,
The fruits of fair Aftydameia's love,
Jove-born Amyntor got the Argive dame:
So either lineage is deriv'd from Jove.

But wrapt in error the human mind,
And human bliss is ever insecure:
Know we what fortune yet remains behind?
Know we how long the present shall endure?

For lo! the founder of the Rhodian state,
Who from Saturnian Jove his being drew,
While his fell bosom swell'd with vengeful hate,
The bastard-brother of Alcmena slew.

With his rude mace, in fair Tirynta's walls,
Tlepolemus inflicts the horrid wound:
Ev'n at his mother's door Lycymnius falls, [ground.
Yet warm from her embrace, and bites the
Passion may oft the wisest heart surprise;
Conscious and trembling for the murderous deed,
To Delphi's Oracle the hero flies,
Solicitous to learn what Heaven decreed.

Him bright-hair'd Phœbus, from his odorous sanc-
Bade set his flying sails from Lerna's shore,
And, in the bosom of the Eastern Main,
That sea-girt region hasten to explore;
That blissful island where a wonderful cloud
Once rain'd, at Jove's command, a golden
What time, alighted by the Lemnian God, [shower;
The King of Heaven brought forth the Virgin
Power.

By Vulcan's art the father's teeming head
Was open'd wide, and forth impetuous sprung,
And shouted fierce and loud, the warrior Maid:
Old Mother Earth and Heaven affrighted rung.

Then Hyperion's son, pure fount of day,
Did to his children the strange tale reveal:
He warn'd them strait the sacrifice to slay,
And worship the young Power with earliest zeal,

So would they sooth the mighty father's mind,
Pleas'd with the honours to his daughter paid;
And so propitious ever would they find
Minerva, warlike formidable maid.

On staid precaution, vigilant and wise,
True virtue and true happiness depend;
But oft Oblivion's darkening clouds arise,
And from the destin'd scope our purpose bend.

The Rhodians, mindful of their fire's behest,
Strait in the citadel an altar rear'd;
But with imperfect rites the power address'd,
And without fire their sacrifice prepar'd.

Yet Jove approving o'er th' assembly spread
A yellow cloud, that dropp'd with golden dews;
While in their opening hearts the blue-ey'd maid
Deign'd her celestial science to infuse.

* Tlepolemus,

Thence in all arts the sons of Rhodes excel,
Tho' best their forming hands the chisfel guide;
This in each street the breathing marbles tell,
The stranger's wonder, and the city's pride.

Great praise the works of Rhodian artists find,
Yet to their heavenly mistress much they owe;
Since art and learning cultivate the mind,
And make the seeds of genius quicker grow.

Some say, that when by lot th' immortal gods
With Jove these earthly regions did divide,
All undiscover'd lay Phœbean Rhodes,
Whelm'd deep beneath the salt Carpathian tide;

That, absent on his course, the God of Day
By all the heavenly synod was forgot,
Who, his incessant labours to repay,
Nor land nor sea to Phœbus did allot;

That Jove reminded would again renew
Th' unjust partition, but the God deny'd;
And said, beneath yon hoary surge I view
An idle emerging through the briny tide:

A region pregnant with the fertile seed
Of plants, and herbs, and fruits, and foodful
grain;

Each verdant hill unnumber'd flocks shall feed;
Unnumber'd men possess each flowery plain.

Then strait to Lachesis he gave command,
Who binds in golden coils her jetty hair;
He bade the fatal sister stretch her hand,
And by the Stygian rivers bade her swear;

Swear to confirm the Thunderer's decree,
Which to his rule that fruitful island gave,
When from the oozy bottom of the sea
Her head she rear'd above the Lycian wave.

The fatal sister swore, nor swore in vain;
Nor did the tongue of Delphi's Prophet err;
Up-sprung the blooming island through the main;
And Jove on Phœbus did the boon confer.

In this fam'd isle, the radiant fire of light,
The god whose reins the fiery steeds obey,
Fair Rhodes saw, and, kindling at the sight,
Seiz'd, and by force enjoy'd the beauteous prey;

From whose divine embraces sprung a race
Of mortals, wisest of all human-kind;
Seven sons, endow'd with every noble grace;
The noble graces of a sapient mind.

Of these Ialysus and Lindus came,
Who with Camirus shar'd the Rhodian lands
Apart they reign'd, and sacred to his name
Apart each brother's royal city stands.

Here a secure retreat from all his woes
Aftydameia's hapless offspring found;
Here, like a God in undiscover'd repose,
And like a God with heavenly honours crown'd.

His priests and blazing altars he surveys,
And hecatombs, that feed the odorous flame;
With games, memorial of his deathless praise;
Where twice Diagoras, unmatched in fame,

Twice on thy head the livid poplar shone,
Mix'd with the darksome pine, that binds the
brows

Of Isthmian victors, and the Nemean crown,
And every palm that Attica bestows.

Diagoras th' Arcadian vase obtain'd ;
 Argos to him adjudg'd her brazen shield ;
 His mighty hands the Theban tripod gain'd,
 And bore the prize from each Boeotian field.
 Six times in rough Ægina he prevail'd ;
 As oft Pellene's robe of honour won ;
 And still at Megara in vain assail'd,
 He with his name hath fill'd the victor's stone.
 O chou, who, high on Atabyrius thron'd,
 See'st from his summits all this happy isle,
 By thy protection be my labours crown'd ;
 Vouchsafe, Saturnius, on my verse to smile !
 And grant to him whose virtue is my theme,
 Whose valiant heart th' Olympic wreaths pro-
 claim,

At home his country's favour and esteem,
 Abroad, eternal, universal fame.
 For well to thee Diagoras is known ;
 Ne'er to injustice have his paths declin'd :
 Nor from his fires degenerates the son ;
 Whose precepts and examples fire his mind.
 Then from obscurity preserve a race,
 Who to their country joy and glory give ;
 Their country, that in them views every grace,
 Which from their great forefather's they receive.
 Yet as the gales of Fortune various blow,
 To-day tempestuous, and to-morrow fair,
 Due bounds, ye Rhodians, let your transports
 know ;
 Perhaps to-morrow comes a storm of care.

THE ELEVENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Agefidamus of Locris, who, in the Seventy-fourth Olympiad, obtained the victory in the exercise of the Cæstus, and in the class of boys.

The preceding Ode in the original is inscribed to the same person ; and in that we learn, that Pindar had for a long time promised Agefidamus an Ode upon his victory, which he at length paid him, acknowledging himself to blame for having been so long in his debt. To make him some amends for having delayed payment so long, he sent him by way of interest, together with the preceding Ode, which is of some length, the short one that is here translated, and which in the Greek title is for that reason styled *εἰς ἱκετήν*, or interest.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet, by two comparisons, with which he begins his Ode, insinuates how acceptable to successful merit those songs of triumph are, which give stability and duration to their fame : then declaring that these songs are due to the Olympic Conquerors, he proceeds to celebrate the victory of Agefidamus, and the praises of the Locrians, his countrymen, whom he commends for their having been always reputed a brave, wife, and hospitable nation ; from whence he insinuates, that their virtues being hereditary and innate, there was no more likelihood of their departing from them, than there was of the fox and lion's changing their natures.

STROPHE.

To wind-bound mariners most welcome blow
 The breezy zephyrs through the whistling
 shrouds :
 Most welcome to the thirfty mountains flow
 Soft showers, the pearly daughters of the
 clouds ;
 And when on virtuous toils the gods bestow
 Success, most welcome sound mellifluous odes,
 Whose numbers ratify the voice of Fame.
 And to illustrious worth insure a lasting name.

ANISTROPHE.

Such fame, superior to the hostile dart
 Of canker'd envy, Pity's Chiefs attends.
 Fain would my Muse the immortal boon impart,
 Th' immortal boon which from high Heaven
 descends.
 And now inspir'd by Heaven thy valiant heart,
 Agefidamus, be to Fame commends ;
 Now adds the ornament of tuneful praise,
 And decks thy olive-crown with sweetly-sound-
 ing lays.

EPODE.

But while thy bold achievements I rehearse,
 Thy youthful victory in Pisa's land,
 With thee partaking in the friendly verse
 Not unregarded shall thy Locris stand.
 Then haste, ye Muses, join the choral band
 Of festive youths upon the Locrian plain ;
 To an unciviliz'd and savage land
 Think not I now invite your virgin train,
 Where barbarous ignorance and foul disdain
 Of social Virtue's hospitable lore
 Prompts the unmanner'd and inhuman swain
 To drive the stranger from his churlish door.
 A nation shall ye find, renown'd of yore
 For martial valour, and for worthy deeds ;
 Rich in a vast and unexhausted store
 Of innate wisdom, whose prolific seeds
 Spring in each age. So Nature's laws require :
 And the great laws of Nature ne'er expire.
 Unchang'd the lion's valiant race remains,
 And all his father's wiles the youthful fox re-
 tains.

THE TWELFTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Ergoteles, the Son of Philanor of Himera, who, in the Seventy-seventh Olympiad, gained the prize in the Foot Race called Dolichos, or the Long Course.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ergoteles was originally of Crete, but being driven from thence by the fury of a prevailing faction, he retired to Himera, a town of Sicily, where he was honourably received, and admitted to the freedom of the city; after which he had the happiness to obtain, what the Greeks esteemed the highest pitch of glory, the Olympic Crown. Pausanius says he gained two Olympic Crowns; and the same number in each of the other three sacred Games, the Pythian, Isthmian, and Nemean. From these remarkable vicissitudes of Fortune in the life of Ergoteles, Pindar takes occasion to address himself to that powerful directress of all human affairs, imploring her protection for Himera, the adopted country of Ergoteles. Then, after describing in general terms the universal influence of that deity upon all the actions of mankind, the uncertainty of events, and the vanity of hope, ever fluctuating in ignorance and error, he assigns a reason for that vanity, viz. That the gods have not given to mortal men any certain evidence of their future fortunes, which often happen to be the very reverse both of their hopes and fears. Thus, says he, it happened to Ergoteles, whose very misfortunes were to him the occasion of happiness and glory; since, had he not been banished from his country, he had probably passed his life in obscurity, and wasted in domestic broils and quarrels that strength and activity, which his more peaceful situation at Himera enabled him to improve, and employ for the obtaining the Olympic Crown.

This Ode, one of the shortest, is, at the same time, in its order and connection, the clearest and most compact of any to be met with in Pindar.

STROPHE.

DAUGHTER of Eleutherian Jove,
To thee my supplications I prefer !
For potent Himera my suit I move ;
Protectress fortune, hear !
Thy deity along the pathless main
In her wild course the rapid vessel guides ;
Rules the fierce conflict on the embattled
plain,
And in deliberating states presides.
Tois'd by thy uncertain gale
On the seas of error sail
Human hopes now mounting high
On the swelling surge of joy ;
Now with unexpected woe
Sinking to the depths below.

ANTISTROPHE.

For sure presage of things to come
None yet on mortals have the gods bestow'd ;
Nor of futurity's impervious gloom
Can wisdom pierce the cloud.
Oft our most sanguine views th' event deceives,
And veils in sudden grief the smiling ray :
Oft, when with woe the mournful bosom heaves,
Caught in a storm of anguish and dismay,

Pass some fleeting moments by,
All at once the tempests fly :
Instant shifts the clouded scene ;
Heaven renews its smiles serene ;
And on Joy's untroubled tides
Smooth to port the vessel glides.

EPODE.

* Son of Philanor ! in the secret shade
Thus had thy speed unknown to fame decay'd ;
Thus, like the † crested bird of Mars, at home
Engag'd in foul domestic jars,
And wasted with intestine wars,
Inglorious hadst thou spent thy vigorous bloom ;
Had not sedition's civil broils
Expell'd thee from thy native Crete,
And driven thee with more glorious toils
Th' Olympic crown in Pisa's plain to meet.
With olive now, with Pythian laurels grac'd,
And the dark chaplets of the Isthmian pine,
In Himera's adopted city plac'd,
To all, Ergoteles, thy honours shine,
And raise her lustre by imparting thine.

• Ergoteles, † The Cock:

THE FOURTEENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Asopichus, the Son of Cleodemus of Orchodemus, who, in the Seventy-sixth Olympiad, gained the victory in the simple Foot Race, and in the Class of Boys.

THE ARGUMENT.

ORCHODEMUS, a city of Boeotia, and the country of the victor Asopichus, being under the protection of the Graces, her tutelary deities, to them Pindar addresses this Ode ; which was probably sung

the very temple of those goddesses, at a sacrifice offered by Alophicus on occasion of his victory. The Poet begins this invocation with styling the Graces queens of Orchomenus, and guardians of the children of Minyas, the first king of that city; whose fertile territories, he says, were by lot assigned to their protection. Then, after describing in general the properties and operations of these deities, both in earth and heaven, he proceeds to call upon each of them by name to assist at the singing of this Ode; which was made, he tells them, to celebrate the victory of Alophicus, in the glory of which Orchomenus had her share. Then addressing himself to Echo, a nymph that formerly resided on the banks of Cephissus, a river of that country, he charges her to repair to the mansion of Proserpine, and impart to Cleodemus, the father of Alophicus (who from hence appears to have been dead at that time) the happy news of his son's victory; and so concludes.

MONOSTROPHAIĆ.

STROPHE I.

Ye powers, o'er all the flowery meads,
Where deep Cephissus rolls his lucid tide,
Allotted to preside,
And haunt the plains renown'd for beauteous
Queens of Orchomenus the fair, [steeds,
And sacred guardians of the ancient line
Of Minyas divine,
Hear, O ye Graces, and regard my prayer!
All that's sweet and pleasing here
Mortals from your hands receive:
Splendor ye and fame confer,
Genius, wit, and beauty give.
Nor, without your shining train,
Ever on th' ætherial plain
In harmonious measures move
The celestial choirs above;
When the figur'd dance they lead,
Or the nectar'd banquet spread.
But with thrones immortal plac'd,
And by Pythian Phœbus plac'd,
Ordering through the blest abodes
All the splendid works of gods,
Sit the sisters in a ring,
Round the golden-dialed king:
And with reverential love
Worshipping th' Olympian throne,
The majestic brow of Jove
With unfading honours crown.

STROPHE II.

Aglaia, graceful virgin, hear!
And thou, Euphrosyne, whose ear
Delighted listens to the warbled strain!
Bright daughters of Olympian Jove,
The best, the greatest power above;
With your illustrious presence deign
To grace our choral song!
Whose notes to victory's glad sound
In wanton measures lightly bound.
Thalia, come along!
Come, tuneful maid! for, lo! my string
With meditated skill prepares
In softly soothing Lydian airs
Alophicus to sing;
Alophicus, whose speed by thee sustain'd
The wreath for his Orchomenus obtain'd.
Go then, sportive Echo, go,
To the fable dome below,
Proserpine's black dome, repair,
There to Cleodemus bear
Tidings of immortal fame:
Tell, how in the rapid game
O'er Pisa's vale his son victorious fled;
Tell, for thou saw'st him bear away
The winged honours of the day;
And deck'd with wreaths of fame his youthful
head.

THE FIRST PYTHIAN ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Hiero of Ætna, King of Syracuse, who, in the Twenty-ninth Pythiad, (which answers to the Seventy-eighth Olympiad) gained the Victory in the Chariot Race.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet, addressing himself in the first place to his harp, launches out immediately into a description of the wonderful effects produced in heaven by the enchanting harmony of that divine instrument, when play'd upon by Apollo, and accompanied by the Muses; these effects, says he, are to celestial minds delight and rapture; but the contrary to the wicked, who cannot hear, without horror, this heavenly music. Having mentioned the wicked, he falls into an account of the punishment of Typhœus, an impious giant; who, having presumed to defy Jupiter, was by him cast into Tartarus, and then chained under Mount Ætna, whose fiery eruptions he ascribes to this giant, whom he therefore styles Vulcanian Monster. The description of these eruptions of Mount Ætna, he closes with a short prayer to Jupiter, who had a temple upon that mountain, and from thence passes to, what indeed is more properly the subject of this Ode, the Pythian victory of Hiero. This part of the Poem is connected with what went before by the means of Ætna, a city built by Hiero, and named after the mountain in whose neighbourhood it stood. Hiero had ordered himself to be styled of Ætna, by the herald who proclaimed his victory in the Pythian Games; from which glorious beginning, says Pindar, the happy city presages to herself all kinds of glory and felicity for the

future. Then addressing himself to Apollo, the patron of the Pythian Games, he beseeches him to make the citizens of *Ætna* great and happy, all human excellencies being the gifts of heaven. To *Hiero*, in like manner, he wishes felicity and prosperity for the future, not to be disturbed by the return or remembrance of any past afflictions. The toils indeed and troubles which *Hiero* had undergone, before he and his brother *Gelo* obtained the sovereignty of *Syracuse*, having been crowned with success, will doubtless, says *Pindar*, recur often to his memory with great delight; and then taking notice of the condition of *Hiero*, who, it seems, being at that time troubled with the stone, was carried about in the army in a litter, or chariot, he compares him to *Philoctetes*—this hero, having been wounded in the foot by one of *Hercules's* arrows, staid in *Lemnos* to get cured of his wound, but it being decreed by the Fates, that *Troy* should not be taken without those arrows, of which *Philoctetes* had the possession, the Greeks fetched him from *Lemnos*, lame and wounded as he was, and carried him to the siege. As *Hiero* resembled *Philoctetes* in one point, may he also, adds the Poet, resemble him in another, and recover his health by the assistance of a divinity. Then addressing himself to *Dinomenes*, the son of *Hiero*, whom that prince intended to make king of *Ætna*, he enters into an account of the colony, which *Hiero* had settled in that city—the people of this colony being originally descended from *Sparta*, were, at their own request, governed by the laws of that famous commonwealth. To this account *Pindar* subjoins a prayer to *Jupiter*, imploring him to grant that both the king and people of *Ætna* may, by answerable deeds, maintain the glory and splendor of their race; and that *Hiero*, and his son *Dinomenes* taught to govern by the precepts of his father, may be able to dispose their minds to peace and unity. For this purpose, continues he, do thou, O *Jupiter*, prevent the *Carthaginians* and the *Iulcans* from invading *Sicily* any more, by receding to their minds the great losses they had lately sustained from the valour of *Hiero* and his brothers, into a more particular detail of whose courage and virtue, *Pindar* insinuates he would gladly enter, was he not afraid of being too prolix and tedious, a fault which is apt to breed in the reader satiety and disgust, and though, continues he, excessive fame produces often the same effects in envious minds, yet do not thou, O *Hiero*! upon that consideration, omit doing any great or good action, it being far better to be envied than to be pitied. With this, and some precepts useful to all kings in general and others more particularly adapted to the temple of *Hiero*, whom, as he was somewhat inclined to avarice, he encourages to acts of generosity and munificence from the consideration of the same accruing to the princes of that character, and the misamy reduction to tyrants, he concludes, winding up all with observing, that the first of all human blessings consists in being virtuous, the second in being praised, and that he who has the happiness to enjoy both the one and the other at the same time, is arrived at the highest point of earthly felicity.

DECADE I

HAIL golden lyre! whose heaven-invented string
To Phoebus and the black-haired Nine belongs
Who in sweet chorus round their tuneful king
Mix with thy sounding chords their sacred
songs
The dance, gay queen of pleasure thee attend,
Thy joyful strains her listening feet in pace
And with melodious tongue its voice depends
Till the great ideas of the heavenly quire,
With wilton art precluding gift the strain—
Swell the full concert then with harmony divine

DECADE II

Then, of their streaming lightnings all disarm'd,
The imol'd fire thunderbolts of Jove expire
Then, by the music of thy Numbers charm'd,
The birds' fierce monarch drops his vengeful
ire,
Perch'd on the sceptre of the Olympian king,
The thund'ring darts of harmony he flies,
And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
While gentle sleep his closing eyelids seals,
And o'er his heaving limbs in slott array
To every balmy gale the rustling feathers play

DECADE III.

Ev'n Mars, stern god of violence and war,
Soothes with thy lulling strains his furious
breast,
And, driving from his heart each bloody care,
His pointed lance consigns to peaceful rest
— The eagle,

Nor less enraptur'd each immortal mind
Owns the potent influence of charming songs,
When, in melodious symphony combin'd,
The solemn strains, and the tuneful throng
Of Muses, shall dwell in wicket's deepest line,
The subtle powers of verse and harmony ex-
plore

DECADE IV

But they, on earth, at the devoting man,
Whom thou, let out Jove with detection views,
With envious horror hear the heavenly strains,
Exult omnipotent from virtue, and the Muse.
Such a thy house impious too of Gods,
Whose sacred circle'd from Cithæra's cave
Once token'd in her infamous abodes,
Holding with presumptuous arms to brave
The might of thund'ring Jove, subdued he fell,
Plung'd in the hoar'd dangers of profoundest hell.

DECADE V

Nox under sulphurous Cumea's sea-bound coast,
And vast Sicily's lies his shaggy couch,
By snowy *Ætna*, nurse of endless frost,
The pill'd prop of heaven, for ever press'd
Forth from whole nitrous caverns issuing tide
Pure liquid streams of tempestuous fire,
And veil in midday mists the noon-day skies,
While wrapt in smoke the eddying flames
aspire,
Or gleaming through the night with hideous roar
Tear the reddening main huge to ky in
— ments pour

DECADE VI.

But he, Vulcanian Monster, to the clouds
The fiercest, hottest inundations throws,
While, with the burthen of incumbent woods
And Ætna's gloomy cliffs o'erwhelm'd, he
glows.

There on his stony bed outstretch'd he lies,
Whose pointed rock his tossing carcase wounds:
There with dismay he strikes beholding eyes,
Or frights the distant ear with horrid sounds.

'O save us from thy wrath, Sicilian Jove!
Thou, that here reign'st, ador'd in Ætna's sa-
cred grove!

DECADE VII.

Ætna, fair forehead of this fruitful land!
Whose borrow'd name adorns the royal town,
Rais'd by illustrious Hiero's generous hand,
And render'd glorious with his high renown.
By Pythian heralds were her praises sung,
When Hiero triumph'd in the dusty course,
When sweet Castalia with applauses rung,
And glorious laurels crown'd the conquer-
ing horse.

The happy city for her future days
Prefages hence increase of victory and praise.

DECADE VIII.

Thus when the mariners to prosperous winds,
The port forsaking, spread the swelling sails;
The fair departure cheers their jocund minds
With pleasing hopes of favourable gales,
While o'er the dangerous desarts of the main,
To their lov'd country they pursue their way.
Ev'n so, Apollo, thou, whom Lycia's plain,
Whom Delus, and Castalia's springs obey,
These hopes regard, and Ætna's glory raise
With valiant sons, triumphant steeds, and hez-
venly lays!

DECADE IX.

For human virtue from the gods proceeds;
They the wise mind bestow'd, and smooth'd
the tongue
With elocution, and for mighty deeds
The nervous arm with manly vigour strung.
All these are Hiero's: these to rival lays
Call forth the Bard: arise then, Muse, and
speed
To this contention; strive in Hiero's praise,
Nor fear thy efforts shall his worth exceed;
Within the lines of truth secure to throw,
Thy dart shall still surpass each vain attempting
sue.

DECADE X.

So may succeeding ages as they roll,
Great Hiero still in wealth and bliss maintain,
And, joyous health recalling, on his soul
Oblivion pour of life-consuming pain.
Yet may thy memory with sweet delight
The various dangers and the toils recount,
Which in intestine wars and bloody fight
Thy patient virtue, Hiero, did surmount;
What time, by heaven above all Grecians
crown'd, [found.
'The prize of sovereign sway with thee thy brother

DECADE XI.

Then like the son of Pæan didst thou war,
Smit with the arrows of a sore disease;
† Gelo,

While, as along slow rolls thy sickly car,
Love and amaze the haughtiest bosoms
seize,

In Lemnos pining with th' envenom'd wound
The son of Pæan, Philoctetes, lay:
There, after tedious quest, the heroes found,
And bore the limping archer thence away;
By whom fell Priam's towers (so fate ordain'd)
And the long harass'd Greeks their wish'd re-
pose obtain'd.

DECADE XII.

May Hiero too, like Pæan's son, receive
Recover'd vigour from celestial hands!
And may the healing god proceed to give
The power to gain whatever his wish de-
mands.

But now, O Muse, address thy sounding lays
To young Dinomenes, his virtuous heir.
Sing to Dinomenes, his father's praise;
His father's praise shall glad his filial ear.
For him hereafter shalt thou touch the string,
And chant in friendly strains fair Ætna's future
king.

DECADE XIII.

Hiero, for him th' illustrious city rear'd,
And fill'd with sons of Greece her stately
towers,
Where, by the free-born citizen rever'd,
The Spartan laws exert their virtuous powers.
For by the statutes, which their fathers gave,
Still must the restive Dorian youth be led;
Who dwelling once on cold Eurotas' wave,
Where proud Taygetus exalts his head,
From the great stock of Hercules divine
And warlike Pamphilus deriv'd their noble line.

DECADE XIV.

These, from Thessalian Pindus rushing down,
The walls of fam'd Amyclæ once possess'd,
And, rich in fortune's gifts and high renown,
Dwelt near the twins of Leda, where they
press'd
Their milky couriers, and the pastures o'er
Of neighbouring Argos rang'd, in arms su-
preme.

To king and people on the flowery shore
Of lucid Amena, Sicilian stream,
Grant the like fortune, Jove, with like desert
The splendor of their race and glory to assert.

DECADE XV.

And do thou aid Scilia's hoary Lord
To form and rule his son's obedient mind;
And still in golden chains of sweet accord,
And mutual peace the friendly people bind,
Then grant, O Son of Saturn, grant my prayer!
The bold Phœnician on his shore detain;
And may the hardy Tuscan never dare
To vex with clamorous war Scilia's main;
Remembering Hiero, how on Cuma's coast
Wreck'd by his stormy arms their groaning fleets
were lost.

DECADE XVI.

What terror! what destruction them assail'd!
Hurl'd from their riven decks what numbers
dy'd!

When o'er their mighty Scilia's Chief prevail'd,
Their youth o'erwhelming in the foamy
tide;

Greece from impending servitude to save.

Thy favour, glorious Athens! to acquire,

Would I record the Salaminian wave

Fam'd in thy triumphs: and my tuneful lyre

To Sparta's sons with sweetest praise should tell,

Beneath Githeron's shade what Medish archers
fell.

DECADE XVII.

But on fair Himera's wide-water'd shores

Thy sons, Dinomenes, my lyre demand,

To grace their virtues with the various stores

Of sacred verse, and sing th' illustrious band

Of valiant brothers, who from Carthage won

The glorious meed of conquest, deathless
praise.

A pleasing theme! but censure's dreaded frown

Compels me to contract my spreading lays.

— In verse conciseness pleases every guest,

While each impatient blames and lothes a tedious
feast.

DECADE XVIII.

Nor less distasteful is excessive fame

To the sour palate of the envious mind;

Who hears with grief his neighbour's goodly
name,

And hates the fortune that he ne'er shall find.

Yet in thy virtue, Hiero, persevere!

Since to be envied is a nobler fate

Than to be pitied: Let strict Justice steer

With equitable hand the helm of state,

And arm thy tongue with truth: O King, be-
ware

Of every step! a Prince can never lightly err.

DECADE XIX.

Q'er many nations art thou set, to deal

The goods of Fortune with impartial hand;

And, ever watchful of the public weal,

Unnumber'd witnesses around thee stand.

Then, would thy virtuous ear for ever feast

On the sweet melody of well-earn'd fame,

In generous purposes confirm thy breast,

Nor dread expences that will grace thy
name;

But, scorning fordid and unprincely gain,

Spread all thy bounteous sails, and launch into
the Main.

DECADE XX.

When in the mouldering urn the monarch lies,

His fame in lively characters remains,

Or grav'd in monumental histories,

Or deck'd and painted in Aonian strains.

Thus fresh, and fragrant, and immortal, blooms

The virtue, Cræsus, of thy gentle mind:

While fate to infamy and hatred dooms

Sicilia's tyrant, scorn of human kind;

Whose ruthless bosom swell'd with cruel pride,

When in his brazen bull the broiling wretches
dy'd.

DECADE XXI.

Him therefore nor in sweet society

The generous youth conversing ever name;

Nor with the harp's delightful melody

Mingle his odious inharmonious fame.

The first, the greatest bliss on man confer'd

Is, in the acts of virtue to excel;

The second, to obtain their high reward,

The soul-exalting praise of doing well.

Who both these lots attains, is blest indeed,

Since Fortune here below can give no richer
meed.

THE FIRST NEMEAN ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Chromius of Ætna (a city of Sicily) who gained the victory in the Chariot-Race, in the Nemean Games.

THE ARGUMENT.

From the praises of Ortygia (an island near Sicily, and part of the city of Syracuse, to which it was joined by a bridge) Pindar passes to the subject or occasion of this Ode, viz. the Victory obtained by Chromius in the Nemean Games; which, as it was the first of that kind gained by him, the Poet styles the basis of his future fame, laid by the co-operation of the Gods, who assisted and seconded his divine virtues; and, adds he, if Fortune continues to be favourable, he may arrive at the highest summit of glory: by which is meant chiefly, though not solely, the gaining more prizes in the Great or Sacred Games (particularly the Olympic), where the Muses constantly attend to celebrate and record the Conquerors. From thence, after a short digression to the general praise of Sicily, he comes to an enumeration of the particular virtues of Chromius, viz. his hospitality, liberality, prudence in council, and courage in war. Then, returning to the Nemean Victory, he takes occasion from so auspicious a beginning, to promise Chromius a large increase of glory, in like manner as Tiresias, the famous Poet and Prophet of Thebes (the country of Pindar) upon viewing the first exploit of Hercules, which was killing in his cradle the two serpents sent by Juno to devour him, foretold the subsequent achievements of that hero; and the great reward he should receive for all his labours, by being admitted into the number of the Gods, and married to Hebe; with which story he concludes the Ode.

STROPHE I.

Sister of Delos! pure abode

Of Virgin-Cynthia, Goddess of the chase!

In whose recesses rests th' emerging flood
Of Alpheus, breathing from his amorous
race!

Divine Ortygia! to thy name
 The Muse preluding tunes her strings,
 Pleas'd with the sweet preamble of thy fame,
 To usher in the verse, that sings
 Thy triumphs, Chromius; while Sicilian Jove
 Hears with delight through Ætna's sounding
 grove
 The gratulations of the hymning choir,
 Whom thy victorious car and Nemea's palms
 inspire.

ANTISTROPHE I.

'The basis of his future praise
 Assisted by the Gods hath Chromius laid;
 And to its height the towering pile may raise,
 If Fortune lends her favourable aid:
 Affur'd that all th' Aonian train
 Their wonted friendship will afford,
 Who with delight frequent the list'd plain,
 The toils of Virtue to record,
 Mean time around this isle, harmonious Muse!
 The brightest beams of shining verse diffuse:
 This fruitful island, with whose flowery pride
 Heaven's awful King endow'd great Pluto's beau-
 tiful bride.

EPODE I.

Sicilia with transcendent plenty crown'd
 Jove to Proserpina consign'd;
 Then with a nod his solemn promise bound,
 Still farther to enrich her fertile shores
 With peopled cities, stately towers,
 And sons in arts and arms refin'd;
 Skill'd to the dreadful works of war
 The thundering feed to train;
 Or mounted on the whirling car
 Olympia's all-priz'd olive to obtain.—
 Abundant is my theme; nor need I wrong
 The fair occasion with a flattering song.

STROPHE II.

To Chromius no unwelcome guest
 I come, high sounding my Dircean chord;
 Who for his Poet hath prepar'd the feast,
 And spread with luxury his friendly board,
 For never from his generous gate
 Unentertain'd the stranger flies. [great,
 While Envy's scorching flame, that blasts the
 Quench'd with his flowing bounty, dies.
 But Envy ill becomes the human mind;
 Since various parts to various men assign'd
 All to perfection and to praise will lead,
 Would each those paths pursue, which Nature
 bids him tread.

ANTISTROPHE II.

In action thus heroic might,
 In council shines the mind sagacious, wise,
 Which to the future casts her piercing sight,
 And sees the train of consequences rise,
 With either talent Chromius blest
 Suppresses not his active powers.
 I hate the miser, whose unsocial breast
 Locks from the world his useless stores.
 Wealth by the bounteous only is enjoy'd,
 Whose treasures in diffusive good employ'd
 The rich returns of fame and friends procure;
 And 'gainst a sad reverse, a safe retreat insure.

EPODE II.

Thy early virtues, Chromius, deck'd with praise,
 And these first-fruits of Fame inspire

The Muse to promise for thy future days
 A large increase of merit and renown.
 So when of old Jove's mighty son,
 Worthy his great immortal sire,
 Forth from Alcmena's teeming bed
 With his twin-brother came,
 safe throu

To view the

Th' Where slept the twins in saffron bands array'd.

STROPHE III.

Then, glowing with immortal rage,
 The gold-enthron'd Empress of the Gods
 Her eager thirst of vengeance to assuage,
 Straight to her hated rival's curs'd abodes
 Bade her vindictive serpents haste.
 They through the opening valves with speed,
 On to the chamber's deep recesses past,
 To perpetrate their murderous deed:
 And now in knotty mazes to unfold
 Their destin'd prey, on curling spires they roll'd,
 His dauntless brow when young Alcides rear'd,
 And for their first attempt his infant arms pre-
 par'd.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Fast by the azure necks he held
 And grip'd in either hand his scaly foes;
 Till from their horrid carcases expell'd,
 At length the poisonous soul unwilling flows.
 Mean time intolerable dread
 Congeal'd each female's curdling blood,
 All who, attendant on the genial bed,
 Around the languid mother stood.
 She with distracting fear and anguish stung,
 Forth from her sickly couch impatient sprang
 Her cumbersome robe regardless off she threw.
 And to protect her child with fondest ardour
 slew.

EPODE III.

But, with her shrill, distressful cries alarm'd,
 In ruth'd each bold Cadmean Lord,
 In bras refulgent, as to battle arm'd;
 With them Amphitryon, whose tumultuous
 breast

A crowd of various cares infest:
 High brandishing his gleaming sword
 With eager, anxious step he came;
 A wound so near his heart
 Shook with dismay his inmost frame,
 And rous'd the active spirits in every part.
 To our own sorrows serious heed we give;
 But for another's woe soon cease to grieve.

STROPHE IV.

Amaz'd the trembling father stood,
 While doubtful pleasure, mix'd with wild sur-
 prise,
 Drove from his troubled heart the vital blood.
 His son's stupendous deed with wondering eye
 He view'd, and how the gracious will
 Of Heaven to joy had chang'd his fear
 And falsify'd the messengers of ill.
 Then straight he calls th' unerring seer,
 Divine Tiresias, whose prophetic tongue
 Jove's sacred mandates from the Tripod sung
 Who then to all th' attentive throng explain'd
 What fate th' immortal Gods for Heracles
 dain'd.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

What fell despoilers of the land
 The Prophet told, what monsters of the Main
 Should feel the vengeance of his righteous
 hand:
 What savage, proud, pernicious tyrant vain
 To Hercules should bow his head,
 Hurl'd from his arbitrary throne,
 Whose glittering pomp his curs'd ambition fed,
 And made indignant nations groan.
 Lo! when the giant sons of earth shall dare
 To wage against the gods rebellious war,
 Pierced by his rapid shafts on Phlegra's plain
 With dust their radiant locks the haughty foe
 shall stain.

EPODE IV.

Then shall his generous toils for ever cease,
 With fame, with endless life repaid;
 With pure tranquillity and heavenly peace:
 Then led in triumph to his starry dome,
 To grace his spousal bed shall come,
 In Beauty's glowing bloom array'd,
 Immortal Hebe, ever young.
 In Jove's august abodes
 Then shall he hear the bridal song;
 Then, in the blest society of Gods,
 The nuptial banquet share, and, rapt in praise
 And wonder, round the glittering mansion gaze.

THE ELEVENTH NEMEAN ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Aristagoras, upon occasion of his entering on his office of President or Governor of the island of Tenedos; so that, although it is placed among the Nemean Odes, it has no sort of relation to those games, and is indeed properly an Inauguration Ode, composed to be sung by a Chorus at the Sacrifices and the Feast made by Aristagoras and his colleagues, in the Town-hall, at the time of their being invested with the Magistracy, as is evident from many expressions in the first Strophe and Antistrophe.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pindar opens this Ode with an invocation to Vesta (the Goddess who presided over the Courts of Justice, and whose statue and altar were for that reason placed in the Town-halls, or Prytanæums, as the Greeks called them); beseeching her to receive favourably Aristagoras and his colleagues, who were then coming to offer sacrifices to her, upon their entering on their office of Prytans or magistrates of Tenedos; which office continuing for a year, he begs the Goddess to take Aristagoras under her protection during that time, and to conduct him to the end of it without trouble or disgrace. From Aristagoras Pindar turns himself, in the next place, to his father Arcefilas, whom he pronounces happy, as well upon account of his son's merit and honour, as upon his own great endowments, and good fortune; such as beauty, strength, courage, riches, and glory resulting from his many victories in the games. But, lest he should be too much puffed up with these praises, he reminds him at the same time of his mortality, and tells him that his clothing of flesh is perishable, and that he must ere long be clothed with earth, the end of all things; and yet, continues he, it is but justice to praise and celebrate the worthy and deserving, who from good citizens ought to receive all kinds of honour and commendation; as Aristagoras, for instance, who hath rendered both himself and his country illustrious by the many victories he hath obtained, to the number of sixteen, over the neighbouring youth, in the games exhibited in and about his own country. From whence, says the Poet, I conclude he would have come off victorious even in the Pythian and Olympic Games, had he not been restrained from engaging in those famous lists by the too timid and cautious love of his parents; upon which he falls into a moral reflection upon the vanity of men's hopes and fears, by the former of which they are oftentimes excited to attempts beyond their strength, which accordingly issue in their disgrace; as, on the other hand, they are frequently restrained by unreasonable and ill-grounded fears, from enterprizes, in which they would, in all probability, have come off with honour. This reflection he applies to Aristagoras, by saying it was very easy to foresee what success he was like to meet with, who both by father and mother was descended from a long train of great and valiant men. But here again, with a very artful turn of flattery to his father Arcefilas, whom he had before represented as strong and valiant, and famous for his victories in the games, he observes, that every generation, even of a great and glorious family, is not equally illustrious, any more than the fields and trees are every year equally fruitful; that the gods had not given mortals any certain tokens, by which they might foreknow when the rich years of virtue should succeed; whence it comes to pass that men, out of self-conceit and presumption, are perpetually laying schemes, and forming enterprizes, without previously consulting Prudence or Wisdom, whose streams, says he, lie remote, and out of the common road. From all which he infers, that it is better to moderate our desires, and set bounds to our avarice and ambition; with which moral precept he concludes the

STROPHE I.

DAUGHTER of Rhea ! thou, whose holy fire
Before the awful seat of Justice flames !
Sister of Heaven's Almighty Sire !
Sister of Juno, who co-equal claims
With Jove to share the empire of the gods !
O Virgin Vesta ! To thy dread abodes,
Lo ! Aristagoras directs his pace !
Receive, and near thy sacred sceptre place
Him, and his colleagues, who with honest zeal
For Tenedos preside, and guard the public weal.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And lo ! with frequent offerings they adore
Thee, first invoc'd in every solemn prayer !
To thee unmix'd libations pour,
And fill with odorous fumes the fragrant air.
Around in festive songs the hymning choir
Mix the melodious voice and sounding lyre.
While still, prolong'd with hospitable love,
Are solemniz'd the rites of Genial Jove :
Then guard him, Vesta, through his long career,
And let him close in joy his ministerial year.

EPODE I.

But hail, Arcefilas ! all hail
To thee ! blest'd father of a son so great !
Thou, whom on Fortune's highest scale
The favourable hand of Heaven hath set,
Thy manly form with beauty hath refin'd,
And match'd that beauty with a valiant mind.
Yet let not man too much presume,
Tho' grac'd with Beauty's fairest bloom ;
Though for superior strength renown'd ;
Though with triumphal chaplets crown'd ;
Let him remember, that in flesh array'd
Soon shall he see that mortal vestment fade ;
Till last imprison'd in the mouldering urn
To earth, the end of all things, he return.

STROPHE II.

Yet should the worthy by the public tongue
Receive their recompence of virtuous praise ;
By every zealous patriot sung,
And deck'd with every flower of heavenly lays.
Such retribution in return for fame.
Such, Aristagoras, thy virtues claim ;
Claim from thy country, on whose glorious brows
The wrestler's chaplet still unsfaded blows :
Mix'd with the great Pancratiastic crown,
Which from the neighbouring youth thy early valour won.

ANTISTROPHE II.

And (but his timid parents' cautious love.
Distrusting ever his too forward hand,
Forbade their tender son to prove
The toils of Pythia, or Olympia's sand)
Now by the Gods I swear, his valorous might
Had 'scap'd victorious in each bloody fight :
And from Castalia, or where dark with shade
The Mount of Saturn rears its olive-head,

Great and illustrious home had not restrain'd,
While by his fame eclips'd his vanquish'd foes had mourn'd.

EPODE II.

Then his triumphal tresses bound
With the dark verdure of th' Olympic grove,
With joyous banquets had he crown'd
The great Quinquennial Festival of Jove ;
And cheer'd the solemn pomp with choral lays,
Sweet tribute, which the Mule to Virtue pays.
But, such is man's preposterous fate !
Now with o'er-weening pride elate,
Too far he aims his shafts to throw,
And straining bursts his feeble bow.
Now pusillanimous, depress'd with fear,
He checks his virtue in the mid-career ;
And of his strength distrustful coward flies
The contest, though empower'd to gain the prize.

STROPHE III.

But who could err in prophesying good
Of him, whose undegenerating breast
Swells with a tide of Spartan blood,
From fire to fire in long succession trac'd
Up to Pisander : who in days of yore
From old Amyclæ to the Lesbian shore
And Tenedos, collegued in high command
With great Orestes, led th' Æolian band ?
Nor was his mother's race less strong and brave,
Sprung from a stock that grew on fair Ixmenus' wave.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Though for long intervals obscur'd, again
 Oft-times the seeds of lineal worth appear.
For neither can the furrow'd plain
Full harvests yield with each returning year :
Nor in each period will the pregnant bloom
 Invest the smiling tree with rich perfume.
So, barren often and inglorious pass
The generations of a noble race ;
While Nature's vigour, working at the root,
In after-ages swells, and blossoms into fruit.

EPODE III.

Nor hath Jove given us to foreknow
When the rich years of virtue shall succeed ;
Yet bold and daring on we go,
Contriving schemes of many a mighty deed.
While Hope, fond inmate of the human mind,
And self-opinion, active, rash, and blind,
Hold up a false illusive ray,
That leads our dazzled feet astray
Far from the springs, where calm and slow
The secret streams of wisdom flow.
Hence ~~we~~ we learn our ardour to restrain :
And limit to due bounds the thirst of gain.
To rage and madness oft that passion turns,
Which with forbidden flames despairing burns.

THE SECOND ISTHMIAN ODE.

This Ode was written upon occasion of a victory obtained in the Chariot-Race by Xenocrates of Agri-
gentum in the Isthmian games ; it is however addressed not to Xenocrates himself, but to his son

Thraſybulus; from whence, and from Pindar's always ſpeaking of Xenocrates in the perfect tense, it is most probable it was written after the death of Xenocrates; and for this reason it has, by some, been reckoned among the *Spſma* or *Elegies* of Pindar.

THE ARGUMENT.

The introduction contains a sort of an apology for a Poet's taking money for his compositions; a thing, says Pindar, not practised formerly by the servants of the Muses, who drew their inspiration from love alone, and wrote only from the heart: but as the world is grown interested, so are the Poets become mercenary; observing the truth of that famous saying of Aristodemus the Spartan, "Money makes the man:" a truth, he says, which he himself experienced, having with his riches lost all his friends; and of this truth, continues Pindar, you, Thraſybulus, are not ignorant, for you are a wise man: I shall therefore say no more about it, but proceed to celebrate the victories of Xenocrates: after an enumeration of which, he passes on to the mention of the virtues of Xenocrates, whom he praises for his benevolence, his public spirit, his devotion to the gods, and his constant uninterrupted course of hospitality in all changes of fortune. These virtues of his father he encourages Thraſybulus not to conceal through the fear of exciting the envy of mankind, and bids Nicasippus (by whom this Ode was sent to Thraſybulus) to tell him to publish it; concluding with observing, that a Poem is not made to continue always, like a mute and motionless statue, in one place.

STROPHE I.

THEY, Thraſybulus, who in ancient days
Triumphant mounted in the Muses' car,
Tuning their harps to soft and tender lays,
Aim'd their sweet numbers at the young and fair;
Whose beauties, ripe for love, with rapturous fires
Their wanton hearts inflam'd, and waken'd strong desires.

ANTISTROPHE I.

As yet the Muse, despising sordid gain,
Strung not for gold her mercenary lyre:
Nor did Terpsichore adorn her strain
In gilded curtesy and gay attire,
With fair appearances to move the heart,
And recommend to sale her prostituted art.

EPODE I.

But now she suffers all her tuneful train
Far other principles to hold;
And with the Spartan Sage maintain,
That Man is worthless without Gold.
This truth himself by sad experience prov'd,
Deserted in his need by those he lov'd.
Nor to thy wisdom is this truth unknown,
No longer therefore shall the Muse delay
To sing the rapid steeds, and Isthmian crown,
Which the great monarch of the briny flood
On lov'd Xenocrates bestow'd

His generous cares with honour to repay.

STROPHE II.

Him too, his Agrigentum's brightest star,
Latona's son with favourable eyes
At Crisa view'd, and bless'd his conquering car;
Nor, when, contending for the noble prize,
Nicomachus, on Athens' craggy plain, [rein.
With dextrous art control'd the chariot-steering

ANTISTROPHE II.

Did Phœbus blame the driver's skilful hand;
But with Athenian palms his master grac'd:
His master, greeted in th' Olympic sand;
And evermore with grateful zeal embrac'd
By the great priests, whose herald voice proclaims
Th' Eleian feasts of Jove, and Pisa's sacred games.

EPODE II.

Him, on the golden lap of victory
Reclining his illustrious head,
They hail'd with sweetest melody;
And through the land his glory spread,
Through the fam'd Altis of Olympic Jove;
Where in the honours of the sacred grove
The children of Æneſidamus shar'd;
For not unknown to victory and praise
Oft, Thraſybulus, hath thy mansion heard
The pleasing concerts of the youthful choir,
Attender'd to the warbling lyre,
And the sweet mixture of triumphal lays.

STROPHE III.

In smooth and flow'ry paths th' encomiast treads,
When to the mansions of the good and great
In pomp the nymphs of Helicon he leads:
Yet thee, Xenocrates, to celebrate,
Thy all-surpassing gentleness to sing
In equal strains, requires an all-surpassing string.

ANTISTROPHE III.

To all benevolent, revered, belov'd,
In every social virtue he excell'd;
And with his conquering steeds at Corinth prov'd,
How sacred the decrees of Greece he held;
With equal zeal th' immortals he ador'd,
And spread with frequent feasts his consecrated board.

EPODE III.

Nor did he e'er when rose a stormy gale
Relax his hospitable course,
Or gather in his swelling sail:
But, finding ever some resource

The fierce extremes of fortune to allay,
Held on with equal pace his constant way.
Permit not then, through dread of envious
tongues,

Thy father's worth to be in silence lost;
Nor from the public keep these choral songs,
Not in one corner is the Poet's strain
Form'd, like a statue, to remain,
This, Nicasippus, tell my honour'd host.

